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THE VIRGINIANS;

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY

W. M. THACKERAY.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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THE VIRGINIANS.

VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

New Acquaintances.

COUSIN MARIA made her appearance, attended by a couple of gardener's boys bearing baskets of flowers, with which it was proposed to decorate Madame de Bernstein's drawing-room against the arrival of her ladyship's company. Three footmen in livery, gorgeously laced with worsted, set out twice as many card-tables. A major-domo in black and a bag, with fine laced ruffles, and looking as if he ought to have a sword by his side, followed the lacqueys bearing fascies of wax candles, which he placed, a pair on each card-table, and in the silver sconces on the wainscoted wall that was now gilt with the slanting rays of the sun, as was the prospect of the green common beyond, with its rocks and clumps of trees and houses twinkling in the sunshine. Groups of many-coloured figures in hoops and powder and brocade sauntered over the green, and dappled the plain with their shadows. On the other side from the Baroness's windows you saw the Pantiles, where a perpetual fair was held, and heard the clatter

and buzzing of the company. A band of music was here performing for the benefit of the visitors to the Wells. Madame Bernstein's chief sitting-room might not suit a recluse or a student, but for those who liked bustle, gaiety, a bright cross light, and a view of all that was going on in the cheery busy place, no lodging could be pleasanter. And when the windows were lighted up, the passengers walking below were aware that her ladyship was at home and holding a card assembly, to which an introduction was easy enough. By the way, in speaking of the past, I think the night-life of society a hundred years since was rather a *dark* life. There was not one wax candle for ten which we now see in a lady's drawing-room: let alone gas and the wondrous new illuminations of clubs. Horrible guttering tallow smoked and stunk in passages. The candle-snuffer was a notorious officer in the theatre. See Hogarth's pictures: how dark they are, and how his feasts are as it were begrimed with tallow! In *Marriage à la Mode*, in Lord Viscount Squanderfield's grand saloons, where he and his wife are sitting yawning before the horror-stricken steward when their party is over — there are but eight candles — one on each card-table, and half-a dozen in a brass chandelier. If Jack Briefless convoked his friends to oysters and beer in his chambers, Pump Court, he would have twice as many. Let us comfort ourselves by thinking that Louis Quatorze in all his glory held his revels in the dark, and bless Mr. Price and other Luciferous benefactors of mankind, for banishing the abominable mutton of our youth.

So Maria with her flowers (herself the fairest flower), popped her roses, sweetwilliams, and so forth,

in vases here and there, and adorned the apartment to the best of her art. She lingered fondly over this bowl and that dragon jar, casting but sly timid glances the while at young Cousin Harry, whose own blush would have become any young woman, and you might have thought that she possibly intended to outstay her aunt; but that Baroness, seated in her arm-chair, her crooked tortoise-shell stick in her hand, pointed the servants imperiously to their duty; rated one and the other soundly: Tom for having a darn in his stocking; John for having greased his locks too profusely out of the candle-box; and so forth — keeping a stern domination over them. Another remark concerning poor Jeames of a hundred years ago: Jeames slept two in a bed, four in a room, and that room a cellar very likely, and he washed in a trough such as you would hardly see anywhere in London now out of the barracks of her Majesty's Foot Guards.

If Maria hoped a present interview, her fond heart was disappointed. "Where are you going to dine, Harry?" asks Madame de Bernstein. "My niece Maria and I shall have a chicken in the little parlour — I think you should go to the best ordinary. There is one at the White Horse at three, we shall hear his bell in a minute or two. And you will understand, sir, that you ought not to spare expense, but behave like Princess Pocahontas's son. Your trunks have been taken over to the lodging I have engaged for you. It is not good for a lad to be always hanging about the aprons of two old women. Is it, Maria?"

"No," says her ladyship, dropping her meek eyes: whilst the other lady's glared in triumph. I think Andromeda had been a good deal exposed to the

Dragon in the course of the last five or six days: and if Perseus had cut the latter's cruel head off he would have committed not unjustifiable monsticide. But he did not have sword or shield; he only looked mechanically at the lacqueys in tawny and blue as they creaked about the room.

"And there are good mercers and tailors from London always here to wait on the company at the Wells. You had better see them, my dear, for your suit is not of the very last fashion — a little lace —"

"I can't go out of mourning, ma'am," said the young man, looking down at his sables.

"Ho, sir," cried the lady, rustling up from her chair and rising on her cane, "wear black for your brother till you are as old as Methuselah, if you like. I am sure I don't want to prevent you. I only want you to dress, and to do like other people, and make a figure worthy of your name."

"Madam," said Mr. Warrington with great state, "I have not done anything to disgrace it that I know."

Why did the old woman stop, and give a little start as if she had been struck? Let bygones be bygones. She and the boy had a score of little passages of this kind in which swords were crossed and thrusts rapidly dealt or parried. She liked Harry none the worse for his courage in facing her. "Sure a little finer linen than that shirt you wear will not be a disgrace to you, sir," she said, with rather a forced laugh.

Harry bowed and blushed. It was one of the homely gifts of his Oakhurst friends. He felt pleased somehow to think he wore it; thought of the new friends, so good, so pure, so simple, so kindly, with immense tenderness, and felt, while invested in this

garment, as if evil could not touch him. He said he would go to his lodging, and make a point of returning arrayed in the best linen he had.

"Come back here, sir," said Madame Bernstein, "and if our company has not arrived, Maria and I will find some ruffles for you!" And herewith, under a footman's guidance, the young fellow walked off to his new lodgings.

Harry found not only handsome and spacious apartments provided for him, but a groom in attendance waiting to be engaged by his honour, and a second valet, if he was inclined to hire one to wait upon Mr. Gumbo. Ere he had been many minutes in his rooms, emissaries from a London tailor and bootmaker waited him with the cards and compliments of their employers Messrs. Regnier and Tull; the best articles in his modest wardrobe were laid out by Gumbo, and the finest linen with which his thrifty Virginian mother had provided him. Visions of the snow-surrounded home in his own country, of the crackling logs and the trim quiet ladies working by the fire, rose up before him. For the first time a little thought that the homely clothes were not quite smart enough, the home-worked linen not so fine as it might be, crossed the young man's mind. That he should be ashamed of anything belonging to him or to Castlewood! That was strange. The simple folks there were only too well satisfied with all things that were done or said, or produced at Castlewood; and Madam Esmond, when she sent her son forth on his travels, thought no young nobleman need be better provided. The clothes might have fitted better and been of a later fashion, to be sure — but still the young fellow presented a comely figure enough when

he issued from his apartments, his toilette over; and Gumbo calling a chair, marched beside it, until they reached the ordinary where the young gentleman was to dine.

Here he expected to find the beau whose acquaintance he had made a few hours before at his Aunt's lodging, and who had indicated to Harry that the White Horse was the most modish place for dining at the Wells, and he mentioned his friend's name to the host: but the landlord and waiters leading him into the room with many smiles and bows assured his honour that his honour did not need any other introduction than his own, helped him to hang up his coat and sword on a peg, asked him whether he would drink Burgundy, Pontac, or Champagne to his dinner, and led him to a table.

Though the most fashionable ordinary in the village, the White Horse, did not happen to be crowded on this day, Monsieur Barbeau, the landlord, informed Harry that there was a great entertainment at Summer Hill, which had taken away most of the company; indeed, when Harry entered the room, there were but four other gentlemen in it. Two of these guests were drinking wine, and had finished their dinner: the other two were young men in the midst of their meal, to whom the landlord, as he passed, must have whispered the name of the new comer, for they looked at him with some appearance of interest, and made him a slight bow across the table as the smiling host bustled away for Harry's dinner.

Mr. Warrington returned the salute of the two gentlemen who bade him welcome to Tunbridge, and hoped he would like the place upon better acquaintance.

Then they smiled and exchanged waggish looks with each other, of which Harry did not understand the meaning, nor why they cast knowing glances at the two other guests over their wine.

One of these persons was in a somewhat tarnished velvet coat with a huge queue and bag, and voluminous ruffles and embroidery. The other was a little beetle-browed, hook-nosed, high-shouldered gentleman, whom his opposite companion addressed as Milor, or my lord, in a very high voice. My lord, who was sipping the wine before him, barely glanced at the new comer, and then addressed himself to his own companion.

"And so you know the nephew of the old woman — the Crœsus who comes to arrive?"

"You're thrown out there, Jack!" says one young gentleman to the other.

"Never could manage the lingo," said Jack. The two elders had begun to speak in the French language.

"But assuredly, my dear lord!" says the gentleman with the long queue.

"You have shown energy, my dear Baron! He has been here but two hours. My people told me of him only as I came to dinner."

"I knew him before! — I have met him often in London with the Baroness and my lord, his cousin," said the Baron.

A smoking soup for Harry here came in, borne by the smiling host. "Behold, sir! Behold a potage of my fashion!" says my landlord, laying down the dish and whispering to Harry the celebrated name of the nobleman opposite. Harry thanked Monsieur Barbeau in his own language, upon which the foreign gentleman, turning round, grinned most graciously at Harry,

and said, "Fous bossédez notre langue barfaidement, Monsieur." Mr. Warrington had never heard the French language pronounced in that manner in Canada. He bowed in return to the foreign gentleman.

"Tell me more about the Crœsus, my good Baron," continued his lordship, speaking rather superciliously to his companion, and taking no notice of Harry, which perhaps somewhat nettled the young man.

"What will you, that I tell you, my dear lord? Crœsus is a youth like other youths; he is tall, like other youths; he is awkward, like other youths; he has black hair, as they all have who come from the Indies. Lodgings have been taken for him at Mrs. Rose's toy-shop."

"I have lodgings there, too," thought Mr. Warrington. "Who is Crœsus they are talking of? How good the soup is!"

"He travels with a large retinue," the Baron continued, "four servants, two post-chaises, and a pair of outriders. His chief attendant is a black man who saved his life from the savages in America, and who will not hear, on any account, of being made free. He persists in wearing mourning for his elder brother from whom he inherits his principality."

"Could anything console you for the death of yours? Chevalier!" cried out the elder gentleman.

"Milor! His property might," said the Chevalier, "which you know is not small."

"Your brother lives on his patrimony — which you have told me is immense — you by your industry, my dear Chevalier."

"Milor!" cries the individual addressed as Chevalier.

"By your industry or your esprit, — how much more noble! Shall you be at the Baroness's to-night? She ought to be a little of your parents, Chevalier?"

"Again I fail to comprehend your lordship," said the other gentleman, rather sulkily.

"Why, she is a woman of great wit — she is of noble birth — she has undergone strange adventures — she has but little principle (there you happily have the advantage of her). But what care we men of the world? You intend to go and play with the young Creole, no doubt, and get as much money from him as you can. By the way, Baron, suppose he should be a *guet à pens*, that young Creole? Suppose our excellent friend has invented him up in London, and brings him down with his character for wealth to prey upon the innocent folks, here?"

"J'y ai souvent pensé, my lor," says the little Baron, placing his finger to his nose very knowingly, "that Baroness is capable of anything."

"A Baron — a Baroness, que voulez vous? my friend. I mean the late lamented husband. Do you know who he was?"

"Intimately. A more notorious villain never dealt a card. At Venice, at Brussels, at Spa, at Vienna — the gaols of every one of which places he knew. I knew the man, my lord."

"I thought you would. I saw him at the Hague, where I first had the honour of meeting you, and a more disreputable rogue never entered my doors. A minister must open them to all sorts of people, Baron, — spies, sharpers, ruffians of every sort."

"Parbleu, milor, how you treat them!" says my lord's companion.

"A man of my rank, my friend — of the rank I held then — of course, must see all sorts of people — *entre autres* your acquaintance. What his wife could want with such a name as his I can't conceive."

"Apparently, it was better than the lady's own."

"Effectively! So I have heard of my friend Paddy changing clothes with the scarecrow. I don't know which name is the most distinguished, that of the English bishop or the German baron."

"My lord," cried the other gentleman, rising and laying his hand on a large star on his coat, "you forget that I, too, am a baron and a Chevalier of the Holy Roman —"

"— Order of the Spur! — not in the least, my dear knight and baron! You will have no more wine? We shall meet at Madame de Bernstein's to-night." The knight and baron quitted the table, felt in his embroidered pockets, as if for money to give the waiter, who brought him his great laced hat, and waving that menial off with a hand surrounded by large ruffles and blazing rings, he stalked away from the room.

It was only when the person addressed as my lord had begun to speak of the bishop's widow and the German baron's wife that Harry Warrington was aware how his Aunt and himself had been the subject of the two gentlemen's conversation. Ere the conviction had settled itself on his mind, one of the speakers had quitted the room, and the other turning to a table at which two gentlemen sate, said, "What a little sharper it is! Everything I said about Bernstein relates *mutato nomine* to him. I knew the fellow to be a spy and a rogue. He has changed his religion, I don't know how many times. I had him turned out of the Hague my-

self when I was ambassador, and I know he was caned in Vienna."

"I wonder my Lord Chesterfield associates with such a villain!" called out Harry from his table. The other couple of diners looked at him. To his surprise the nobleman so addressed went on talking.

"There cannot be a more *fieffé coquin* than this Poellnitz. Why, Heaven be thanked, he has actually left me my snuff-box! You laugh? — the fellow is capable of taking it:" and my lord thought it was his own satire at which the young men were laughing.

"You are quite right, sir," said one of the two diners, turning to Mr. Warrington, "though, saving your presence, I don't know what business it is of yours. My lord will play with anybody who will set him. Don't be alarmed, he is as deaf as a post, and did not hear a word that you said; and that's why my lord will play with anybody who will put a pack of cards before him, and that is the reason why he consorts with this rogue."

"Faith, I know other noblemen who are not particular as to their company," says Mr. Jack.

"Do you mean because I associate with you? I know my company, my good friend, and I defy most men to have the better of me."

Not having paid the least attention to Mr. Warrington's angry interruption, my lord opposite was talking in his favorite French with Monsieur Barbeau, the landlord, and graciously complimenting him on his dinner. The host bowed again and again; was enchanted that his Excellency was satisfied: had not forgotten the art which he had learned when he was a young man in his Excellency's kingdom of Ireland.

The salmi was to my lord's liking? He had just served a dish to the young American seigneur who sate opposite the gentleman from Virginia.

"To *whom?*" My lord's pale face became red for a moment, as he asked this question, and looked towards Harry Warrington opposite to him.

"To the young gentleman from Virginia who has just arrived, and who perfectly possesses our beautiful language!" says Mr. Barbeau, thinking to kill two birds, as it were, with this one stone of a compliment.

"And to whom your lordship will be answerable for language reflecting upon my family, and uttered in the presence of these gentlemen," cried out Mr. Warrington, at the top of his voice, determined that his opponent should hear.

"You must go and call into his ear, and then he may perchance hear you," said one of the younger guests.

"I will take care that his lordship shall understand my meaning, one way or other," Mr. Warrington said, with much dignity; "and will not suffer calumnies regarding my relatives to be uttered by him or any other man!"

Whilst Harry was speaking, the little nobleman opposite to him did not hear him, but had time sufficient to arrange his own reply. He had risen, passing his handkerchief once or twice across his mouth, and laying his slim fingers on the table. "Sir," said he, "you will believe, on the word of a gentleman, that I had no idea before whom I was speaking, and it seems that my acquaintance, Monsieur de Poellnitz, knew you no better than myself. Had I known you, believe me that I should have been the last man in the world to

utter a syllable that should give you annoyance; and I tender you my regrets, and apologies before my Lord March and Mr. Morris here present."

To these words, Mr. Warrington could only make a bow, and mumble out a few words of acknowledgment: which speech having made believe to hear, my lord made Harry another very profound bow, and saying he should have the honour of waiting upon Mr. Warrington at his lodgings, saluted the company, and went away.

CHAPTER II.

In which we are at a very great distance from Oakhurst.

WITHIN the precinct of the White Horse Tavern, and coming up to the windows of the eating-room, was a bowling-green, with a table or two, where guests might sit and partake of punch or tea. The three gentlemen having come to an end of their dinner about the same time, Mr. Morris proposed that they should adjourn to the Green, and there drink a cool bottle. "Jack Morris would adjourn to the Dust Hole, as a pretext for a fresh drink," said my lord. On which Jack said he supposed each gentleman had his own favorite way of going to the deuce. His weakness, he owned, was a bottle.

"My Lord Chesterfield's deuce is deuce-ace," says my Lord March. "His lordship can't keep away from the cards or dice."

"My Lord March has not one devil, but several devils. He loves gambling, he loves horse racing, he loves betting, he loves drinking, he loves eating, he loves money, he loves women; and you have fallen into bad company, Mr. Warrington, when you lighted upon his lordship. He will play you for every acre you have in Virginia."

"With the greatest pleasure in life, Mr. Warrington!" interposes my lord.

"And for all your tobacco, and for all your spices, and for all your slaves, and for all your oxen and asses, and for everything that is yours."

"Shall we begin now? Jack, you are never without a dice-box or a bottle-screw. I will set Mr. Warrington for what he likes."

"Unfortunately, my lord, the tobacco, and the slaves, and the asses, and the oxen, are not mine, as yet. I am just of age, and my mother, scarce twenty years older, has quite as good chance of long life as I have."

"I will bet you that you survive her. I will pay you a sum now against four times the sum to be paid at her death. I will set you a fair sum over this table against the reversion of your estate in Virginia at the old lady's departure. What do you call your place?"

"Castlewood."

"A principality, I hear it is. I will bet that its value has been exaggerated ten times at least amongst the quidnuncs here. How came you by the name of Castlewood? — you are related to my lord? O stay, I know, — my lady, your mother, descends from the real head of the house. He took the losing side in 'fifteen. I have had the story a dozen times from my old Duchess. She knew your grandfather. He was friend of Addison and Steele, and Pope and Milton, I dare say, and the bigwigs. It is a pity he did not stay at home, and transport the other branch of the family to the plantations."

"I have just been staying at Castlewood with my cousin there," remarked Mr. Warrington.

"Hm! Did you play with him? He's fond of paste-board and bones."

"Never, but for sixpences and a pool of commerce with the ladies."

"So much the better for both of you. But you

played with Will Esmond if he was at home? I will lay ten to one you played with Will Esmond?"

Harry blushed, and owned that of an evening his cousin and he had had a few games at cards.

"And Tom Sampson, the chaplain," cried Jack Morris, "was he of the party? I wager that Tom made a third, and the Lord deliver you from Tom and Will Esmond together!"

"Nay; the truth is, I won of both of them," said Mr. Warrington.

"And they paid you? Well, miracles will never cease!"

"I did not say anything about miracles," remarked Mr. Harry, smiling over his wine.

"And you don't tell tales out of school — the *volto sciolto* — hey, Mr. Warrington?" says my lord.

"I beg your pardon," said downright Harry, "French is the only language besides my own of which I know a little."

"My Lord March has learned Italian at the Opera, and a pretty penny his lessons have cost him," remarked Jack Morris. "We must show him the Opera — musn't we, March?"

"Must we, Morris?" said my lord, as if he only half liked the other's familiarity.

Both of the two gentlemen were dressed alike, in small scratch-wigs without powder, in blue frocks with plate buttons, in buckskins, and riding-boots, in little hats with a narrow cord of lace, and no outward mark of fashion.

"I don't care about the Opera much, my lord," says Harry, warming with his wine; "but I should like to

go to Newmarket, and long to see a good English hunting-field."

"We will show you Newmarket and the hunting-field, sir. Can you ride pretty well?"

"I think I can," Harry said; "and I can shoot pretty well, and jump some."

"What's your weight? I bet you we weigh even, or I weigh most. I bet you Jack Morris beats you at birds or a mark, at five-and-twenty paces. I bet you I jump farther than you on flat ground, here on this green."

"I don't know Mr. Morris's shooting — I never saw either gentleman before — but I take your bets, my lord, at what you please," cries Harry, who by this time was more than warm with Burgundy.

"Ponies on each!" cried my lord.

"Done and done!" cried my lord and Harry together. The young man thought it was for the honour of his country not to be ashamed of any bet made to him.

"We can try the last bet now, if your feet are pretty steady," said my lord, springing up, stretching his arms and limbs, and looking at the crisp dry grass. He drew his boots off, then his coat and waistcoat, buckling his belt round his waist, and flinging his clothes down to the ground.

Harry had more respect for his garments. It was his best suit. He took off the velvet coat and waistcoat, folded them up daintily, and, as the two or three tables round were slopped with drink, went to place the clothes on a table in the eating-room, of which the windows were open.

Here a new guest had entered; and this was no

other than Mr. Wolfe, who was soberly eating a chicken and salad, with a modest pint of wine. Harry was in high spirits. He told the Colonel he had a bet with my Lord March — would Colonel Wolfe stand him halves? The Colonel said he was too poor to bet. Would he come out and see fair play? That he would with all his heart. Colonel Wolfe set down his glass, and stalked through the open window after his young friend.

"Who is that tallow-faced Put with the carrotty hair?" says Jack Morris, on whom the Burgundy had had its due effect.

Mr. Warrington explained that this was Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe, of the 20th Regiment.

"Your humble servant, gentlemen!" says the Colonel, making the company a rigid military bow.

"Never saw such a figure in my life!" cries Jack Morris. "Did you — March?"

"I beg your pardon, I think you said March?" said the Colonel, looking very much surprised.

"I am the Earl of March, sir, at Colonel Wolfe's service," said the nobleman, bowing. "My friend, Mr. Morris, is so intimate with me, that, after dinner, we are quite like brothers."

Why is not all Tunbridge Wells by to hear this? thought Morris. And he was so delighted that he shouted out "Two to one on my lord!"

"Done!" calls out Mr. Warrington; and the enthusiastic Jack was obliged to cry "Done!" too.

"Take him, Colonel," Harry whispers to his friend.

But the Colonel said he could not afford to lose, and therefore could not hope to win.

"I see you have won one of our bets already, Mr. Warrington," my Lord March remarked. "I am taller than you by an inch or two, but you are broader round the shoulders."

"Pooh, my dear Will! I bet you you weigh *twice* as much as he does!" cries Jack Morris.

"Done, Jack!" says my lord, laughing. "The bets are all ponies. Will you take him, Mr. Warrington?"

"No, my dear fellow — one's enough," says Jack.

"Very good, my dear fellow," says my lord: "and now we will settle the other wager."

Having already arrayed himself in his best silk stockings, black sattin-net breeches, and neatest pumps, Harry did not care to take off his shoes as his antagonist had done, whose heavy riding-boots and spurs were, to be sure, little calculated for leaping. They had before them a fine even green turf of some thirty yards in length, enough for a run and enough for a jump. A gravel-walk ran around this green, beyond which was a wall and gate-sign — a field azure, bearing the Hanoverian White Horse rampant between two skittles proper, and for motto the name of the landlord and of the animal depicted.

My lord's friend laid a handkerchief on the ground as the mark whence the leapers were to take their jump, and Mr. Wolfe stood at the other end of the grass-plat to note the spot where each came down. "My lord went first," writes Mr. Warrington, in a letter to Mrs. Mountain, at Castlewood, Virginia, still extant. "He was for having me take the lead; but, remembering the story about *the Battel of Fontanoy*

which my dearest George used to tell, I says, 'Monseigneur le Comte tirez le premier, s'il vous play.' So he took his run in his *stockon-feet*, and for the honour of Old Virginia, I had the *gratafacation* of beating his lordship by more than two feet — viz., two feet nine inches — me jumping twenty-one feet three inches, by the drawer's measured tape, and his lordship only eighteen six. I had won from him about my weight before (which I knew the moment I set my eye upon him). So he and *Mr. Jack* paid me these two *betts*. And with my best duty to my mother — she will not be displeased with me, for I bett for *the honor of the Old Dominion*, and my opponent was a nobleman of the first quality, himself holding *two Erldomes*, and heir to a Duke. Betting is all the *rage* here, and the bloods and young fellows of fashion are 'betting away from morning till night.

"I told them — and that was my mischief perhaps — that there was a gentleman at home who could beat me by *a good foot*; and when they asked who it was, and I said Col. G. Washington, of Mount Vernon — as you know he can, and he's the only man in his county or mine that can do it — Mr. Wolfe asked me ever so many questions about Col. G. W., and showed that he had heard of him, and talked over last year's *unhappy campane* as if he knew every inch of the ground, and he knew the names of all our rivers, only he called the Potowmac Pottamac, at which we *had a good laugh at him*. My Lord of March and Ruglen was not in the least *ill-houmour* about losing, and he and his friend handed me notes out of their pocket-books, which filled mine that was *getting very empty*, for the *vales* to the servants of my Cousin Castlewood's house

and buying a horse at Oakhurst have very nearly put me on the necessity of making another draft upon my honoured mother or her London or Bristol agent."

These feats of activity over, the four gentlemen now strolled out of the tavern garden into the public walk, where, by this time, a great deal of company was assembled: upon whom Mr. Jack, who was of a frank and free nature, with a loud voice, chose to make remarks that were not always agreeable. And here, if my Lord March made a joke, of which his lordship was not sparing, Jack roared, "O, ho, ho! O, good Gad! O, my dear earl! O, my dear lord, you'll be the death of me!" "It seemed as if he wished everybody to know," writes Harry sagaciously to Mrs. Mountain, "that his friend and companion was an *Erl!*"

There was, indeed, a great variety of characters who passed. M. Poellnitz, no finer dressed than he had been at dinner, grinned, and saluted with his great laced hat and tarnished feathers. Then came by my Lord Chesterfield, in a pearl coloured suit, with his blue ribbon and star, and saluted the young men in his turn.

"I will back the old boy for taking his hat off against the whole kingdom, and France, either," says my Lord March. "He has never changed the shape of that hat of his for twenty years. Look at it. There it goes again! Do you see that great, big, awkward, pock-marked, snuff-coloured man, who hardly touches his clumsy beaver in reply. D— his confounded impudence — do you know who that is?"

"No, curse him! Who is it, March?" asks Jack, with an oath.

"It's one Johnson, a Dictionary-maker, about whom my Lord Chesterfield wrote some most capital papers, when his dixonary was coming out, to patronize the fellow. I know they were capital. I've heard Horry Walpole say so, and he knows all about that kind of thing. Confound the impudent schoolmaster!"

"Hang him, he ought to stand in the pillory!" roars Jack.

"That fat man he's walking with is another of your writing fellows, — a printer, — his name is Richardson; he wrote 'Clarissa,' you know."

"Great heavens! my lord, is that the great Richardson? Is that the man who wrote 'Clarissa?'" called out Colonel Wolfe and Mr. Warrington, in a breath.

Harry ran forward to look at the old gentleman toddling along the walk with a train of admiring ladies surrounding him.

"Indeed, my very dear sir," one was saying, "you are too great and good to live in such a world; but sure you were sent to teach it virtue!"

"Ah, my Miss Mulso! Who shall teach the teacher?" said the good, fat old man, raising a kind, round face, skywards. "Even he has his faults and errors! Even his age and experience does not prevent him from stumbl—. Heaven bless my soul, Mr. Johnson! I ask your pardon if I have trodden on your corn."

"You have done both, sir. You have trodden on the corn, and received the pardon," said Mr. Johnson, and went on mumbling some verses, swaying to and fro, his eyes turned towards the ground, his hands behind him, and occasionally endangering with his great stick the honest, meek eyes of his companion-author.

"They do not see very well, my dear Mulso," he says to the young lady, "but such as they are, I would keep my *lash* from Mr. Johnson's cudgel. Your servant, sir." Here he made a low bow, and took off his hat to Mr. Warrington, who shrank back with many blushes, after saluting the great author. The great author was accustomed to be adored. A gentler wind never puffed mortal vanity. Enraptured spinsters flung tea-leaves round him, and incensed him with the coffee-pot. Matrons kissed the slippers they had worked for him. There was a halo of virtue round his nightcap. All Europe had thrilled, panted, admired, trembled, wept, over the pages of the immortal, little, kind, honest man with the round paunch. Harry came back quite glowing and proud at having a bow from him. "Ah!" says he, "my lord, I am glad to have seen him!"

"Seen him! why, dammy, you may see him any day in his shop, I suppose?" says Jack, with a laugh.

"My brother declared that he, and Mr. Fielding, I think, was the name, were the greatest geniuses in England; and often used to say, that when we came to Europe, his first pilgrimage would be to Mr. Richardson," cried Harry, always impetuous, honest, and tender, when he spoke of the dearest friend.

"Your brother spoke like a man," cried Mr. Wolfe, too, his pale face likewise flushing up. "I would rather be a man of genius, than a peer of the realm."

"Every man to his taste, Colonel," says my lord, much amused. "Your enthusiasm — I don't mean anything personal — refreshes me, on my honour it does."

"So it does me — by gad — perfectly refreshes me," cries Jack.

"So it does Jack — you see — it actually refreshes

Jack! I say, Jack, which would you rather be? — a fat old printer, who has written a story about a confounded girl and a fellow that ruins her, — or a peer of Parliament with ten thousand a year?"

"March — my Lord March, do you take me for a fool?" says Jack, with a tearful voice. "Have I done anything to deserve this language from you?"

"I would rather win honour than honours: I would rather have genius than wealth. I would rather make my name than inherit it, though my father's, thank God, is an honest one," said the young Colonel. "But pardon me, gentlemen," and here making them a hasty salutation, he ran across the parade towards a young and elderly lady, and a gentleman, who were now advancing.

"It is the beautiful Miss Lowther. I remember now," says my lord. "See! he takes her arm! The report is, he is engaged to her."

"You don't mean to say such a fellow is engaged to any of the Lowthers of the North?" cries out Jack. "Curse me, what is the world come to, with your printers, and your half-pay ensigns, and your schoolmasters, and your infernal nonsense?"

The Dictionary-maker, who had shown so little desire to bow to my Lord Chesterfield, when that famous nobleman courteously saluted him, was here seen to take off his beaver, and bow almost to the ground before a florid personage in a large round hat, with bands and a gown, who made his appearance in the Walk. This was my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, wearing complacently the blue riband and badge of the Garter, of which Noble Order his Lordship was prelate.

Mr. Johnson stood, had in hand, during the whole

time of his conversation with Dr. Gilbert; who made many flattering and benedictory remarks to Mr. Richardson, declaring that he was the supporter of virtue, the preacher of sound morals, the mainstay of religion, of all which points the honest printer himself was perfectly convinced.

Do not let any young lady trip to her grandpapa's bookcase in consequence of this eulogium, and rashly take down Clarissa from the shelf. She would not care to read the volumes, over which her pretty ancestresses wept and thrilled a hundred years ago; which were commended by divines from pulpits and belauded all Europe over. I wonder, are our women more virtuous than their grandmothers, or only more squeamish? If the former, then Miss Smith of New York is certainly more modest than Miss Smith of London, who still does not scruple to say, that tables, pianos, and animals have legs. O, my faithful, good old Samuel Richardson! Hath the news yet reached thee in Hades, that thy sublime novels are huddled away in corners, and that our daughters may no more read Clarissa than Tom Jones? Go up, Samuel, and be reconciled with thy brother scribe, whom in life thou didst hate so. I wonder whether a century hence the novels of to-day will be hidden behind locks and wires, and make pretty little maidens blush.

"Who is yonder queer person in the high head-dress of my grandmother's time, who stops and speaks to Mr. Richardson?" asked Harry, as a fantastically-dressed lady came up, and performed a curtsy and a compliment to the bowing printer.

Jack Morris nervously struck Harry a blow in the side with the butt-end of his whip. Lord March laughed.

"Yonder queer person is my gracious kinswoman, Katharine, Duchess of Dover and Queensberry, at your service, Mr. Warrington. She was a beauty once! She is changed now, isn't she? What an old Gorgon it is! She is a great patroness of your book-men; and when that old frump was young, they actually made verses about her."

The Earl quitted his friends for a moment to make his bow to the old Duchess, Jack Morris explaining to Mr. Warrington how, at the Duke's death, my Lord of March and Ruglin would succeed to his cousin's dukedoms.

"I suppose," says Harry simply, "his Lordship is here in attendance upon the old lady?"

Jack burst into a loud laugh.

"O yes! very much! exactly!" says he. "Why, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say you haven't heard about the little Opera-dancer?"

"I am but lately arrived in England, Mr. Morris," said Harry, with a smile, "and in Virginia, I own, we have not heard much about the little Opera-dancer."

Luckily for us, the secret about the little Opera-dancer never was revealed, for the young men's conversation was interrupted by a lady in a cardinal cape, and a hat by no means unlike those lovely headpieces which have returned into vogue a hundred years after the date of our present history, who made a profound curtsy to the two gentlemen, and received their salutation in return. She stopped opposite to Harry; she held out her hand rather to his wonderment:

"Have you so soon forgotten me, Mr. Warrington?" she said.

Off went Harry's hat in an instant. He started, blushed, stammered, and called out Good Heavens! as

if there had been any celestial wonder in the circumstance! It was Lady Maria come out for a walk. He had not been thinking about her. She was, to say truth, for the moment so utterly out of the young gentleman's mind, that her sudden re-entry there and appearance in the body startled Mr. Warrington's faculties, and caused those guilty blushes to crowd into his cheeks.

No. He was not even thinking of her! A week ago — a year, a hundred years ago it seemed — he would not have been surprised to meet her anywhere. Appearing from amidst darkling shrubberies, gliding over green garden terraces, loitering on stairs, or corridors, hovering even in his dreams, all day, or all night bodily or spiritually, he had been accustomed to meet her. A week ago his heart used to beat. A week ago, and at the very instant when he jumped out of his sleep there was her idea smiling on him. And it was only last Tuesday that his love was stabbed and slain, and he not only had left off mourning for her, but had forgotten her!

"You will come and walk with me a little?" she said. "Or would you like the music best? I daresay you will like the music best."

"You know," said Harry, "I don't care about any music much except" — he was thinking of the evening hymn — "except of your playing." He turned very red again as he spoke, he felt he was perjuring himself horribly.

The poor lady was agitated herself by the flutter and agitation which she saw in her young companion. Gracious Heaven! Could that tremor and excitement mean that she was mistaken, and that the lad was

still faithful? "Give me your arm, and let us take a little walk," she said, waving round a curtesy to the other two gentlemen: "my Aunt is asleep after her dinner." Harry could not but offer the arm, and press the hand that lay against his heart. Maria made another fine curtesy to Harry's bowing companions, and walked off with her prize. In her griefs, in her rages, in the pains and anguish of wrong and desertion, how a woman remembers to smile, curtesy, caress, dissemble! How resolutely they discharge the social proprieties; how they have a word, or a hand, or a kind little speech or reply for the passing acquaintance who crosses unknowing the path of the tragedy, drops a light airy remark or two (happy self-satisfied rogue!), and passes on. He passes on, and thinks that woman was rather pleased with what I said. "That joke I made was rather neat. I do really think Lady Maria looks rather favourably at me, and she's a dev'lish fine woman, begad she is!" O you wiseacre! Such was Jack Morris's observation and case as he walked away leaning on the arm of his noble friend, and thinking the whole Society of the Wells was looking at him. He had made some exquisite remarks about a particular run of cards at Lady Flushington's the night before, and Lady Maria had replied graciously and neatly, and so away went Jack perfectly happy.

The absurd creature! I declare we know nothing of anybody (but *that* for my part I know better and better every day). You enter smiling to see your new acquaintance, Mrs. A. and her charming family. You make your bow in the elegant drawingroom of Mr. and Mrs. B? I tell you that in your course through life you are for ever putting your great clumsy foot upon

the mute invisible wounds of bleeding tragedies. Mrs. B.'s closets for what you know are stuffed with skeletons. Look there under the sofa-cushion. Is that merely Missy's doll, or is it the limb of a stifled Cupid peeping out? What do you suppose are those ashes smouldering in the grate? — Very likely a suttee has been offered up there just before you came in: a faithful heart has been burned out upon a callous corpse, and you are looking on the *cineri doloso*. You see B. and his wife receiving their company before dinner. Gracious powers! Do you know that that bouquet which she wears is a signal to Captain C., and that he will find a note under the little bronze Shakespear on the mantelpiece in the study? And with all this you go up and say some uncommonly neat thing (as you fancy) to Mrs. B. about the weather (clever dog!), or about Lady E.'s last party (fashionable buck!), or about the dear children in the nursery (insinuating rogue!). Heaven and earth, my good Sir, how can you tell that B. is not going to pitch all the children out of the nursery window this very night, or that his lady has not made an arrangement for leaving them, and running off with the Captain? How do you know that those footmen are not disguised bailiffs? — that yonder large-looking Butler (really a skeleton) is not the pawnbroker's man? and that there are not skeleton rotis and entrees under every one of the covers? Look at their feet peeping from under the tablecloth. Mind how you stretch out your own lovely little slippers, Madam, lest you knock over a rib or two. Remark the Death's-head moths fluttering among the flowers. See, the pale winding-sheets gleaming in the wax-candles! I know it is an old story, and especially

that this preacher has yelled *vanitas vanitatum* five hundred times before. I can't help always falling upon it, and cry out with particular loudness and wailing, and become especially melancholy, when I see a dead love tied to a live love. Ha! I look up from my desk, across the street: and there come in Mr. and Mrs. D. from their walk in Kensington Gardens. How she hangs on him! how jolly and happy he looks, as the children frisk round! My poor dear benighted Mr. D., there is a Regent's Park as well as a Kensington Gardens in the world. Go in, fond wretch! Smilingly lay before him what you know he likes for dinner. Show him the childrens' copies and the reports of their masters. Go with Missy to the piano, and play your artless duet together; and fancy you are happy!

There go Harry and Maria taking their evening walk on the common, away from the village which is waking up from its afterdinner siesta, and where the people are beginning to stir and the music to play. With the music Maria knows Madame de Bernstein will waken: with the candles she must be back to the tea-table and the cards. Never mind. Here is a minute. It may be my love is dead, but here is a minute to kneel over the grave and pray by it. He certainly was not thinking about her: he was startled and did not even know her. He was laughing and talking with Jack Morris and my Lord March. He is twenty years younger than she. Never mind. To-day is to-day in which we are all equal. This moment is ours. Come, let us walk a little way over the heath, Harry. She will go, though she feels a deadly assurance that he will tell her all is over between them, and that he loves the dark-haired girl at Oakhurst.

CHAPTER III.

Plenum opus Aleæ.

"LET me hear about those children, child, whom I saw running about at the house where they took you in, poor dear boy, after your dreadful fall?" says Maria, as they paced the common. "O that fall, Harry! I thought I should have died when I saw it! You needn't squeeze one's arm so. You know you don't care for me."

"The people are the very best, kindest, dearest people I have ever met in the world," cries Mr. Warrington. "Mrs. Lambert was a friend of my mother when she was in Europe for her education. Colonel Lambert is a most accomplished gentleman, and has seen service everywhere. He was in Scotland with his Royal Highness, in Flanders, at Minorca. No natural parents could be kinder than they were to me. How can I show my gratitude to them? I want to make them a present: I *must* make them a present," says Harry, clapping his hand into his pocket, which was filled with the crisp spoils of Morris and March.

"We can go to the toy-shop, my dear, and buy a couple of dolls for the children," says Lady Maria. "You would offend the parents by offering anything like payment for their kindness.

"Dolls for Hester and Theo! Why, do you think a woman is not woman till she is forty, Maria?" (The arm under Harry's here gave a wince perhaps, — ever

so slight a wince.) "I can tell you Miss Hester by no means considers herself a child, and Miss Theo is older than her sister. They know ever so many languages. They have read books — oh! piles and piles of books! They play on the harpsichord and sing together admirable; and Theo composes, and sings songs of her own."

"Indeed! I scarcely saw them. I thought they were children. They looked quite childish. I had no idea they had all these perfections, and were such wonders of the world."

"That's just the way with you women! At home, if me or George praised a woman, Mrs. Esmond and Mountain, too, would be sure to find fault with her!" cries Harry.

"I am sure I would find fault with no one who is kind to *you*, Mr. Warrington," sighed Maria, "though you are not angry with me for envying them because they had to take care of you when you were wounded and ill — whilst I — I had to leave you?"

"You dear good Maria!"

"No, Harry! I am *not* dear and good. There, sir, you needn't be so pressing in your attentions. Look! There is your black man walking with a score of other wretches in livery. The horrid creatures are going to fuddle at the tea-garden, and get tipsy like their masters. That dreadful Mr. Morris was perfectly tipsy when I came to you, and frightened you so."

"I had just won great bets from both of them. What shall I buy for you, my dear cousin?" And Harry narrated the triumphs which he had just achieved. He was in high spirits: he laughed, he bragged a little. "For the honour of Virginia I was determined to show

them what jumping was," he said. "With a little practice I think I could leap two foot further."

Maria was pleased with the victories of her young champion. "But you must beware about play, child," she said. "You know it hath been the ruin of our family. My brother Castlewood, Will, our poor father, our aunt Lady Castlewood herself, they have all been victims to it: as for my Lord March, he is the most dreadful gambler and the most successful of all the nobility."

"I don't intend to be afraid of him, nor of his friend Mr. Jack Morris neither," says Harry, again fingering the delightful notes. "What do you play at Aunt Bernstein's? Cribbage, all-fours, brag, whist, commerce, picquet, quadrille? I'm ready at any of 'em. What o'clock is that striking — sure 'tis seven!"

"And you want to begin now," said the plaintive Maria. "You don't care about walking with your poor cousin. Not long ago you did."

"Hey! Youth is youth, cousin!" cried Mr. Harry, tossing up his head, "and a young fellow must have his fling!" and he strutted by his partner's side, confident, happy, and eager for pleasure. Not long ago, he did like to walk with her. Only yesterday, he liked to be with Theo and Hester, and good Mrs. Lambert; but pleasure, life, gaiety, the desire to shine and to conquer, had also their temptations for the lad, who seized the cup like the other lads, and did not care to calculate on the head-ache in store for the morning. Whilst he and his cousin were talking, the fiddles from the open orchestra on the Parade made a great tuning and squeaking, preparatory to their usual evening concert. Maria knew her aunt was awake

again, and that she must go back to her slavery. Harry never asked about that slavery, though he must have known it, had he taken the trouble to think. He never pitied his cousin. He was not thinking about her at all. Yet when his mishap befel him, she had been wounded far more cruelly than he was. He had scarce ever been out of her thoughts, which of course she had had to bury under smiling hypocrisies, as is the way with her sex. I know, my dear Mrs. Grundy, you think she was an old fool? Ah! do you suppose fools' caps do not cover grey hair, as well as jet or auburn? Bear gently with our elderly *fredaines*, O you Minerva of a woman! Or perhaps you are so good and wise that you don't read novels at all. This I know, that there are late crops of wild oats, as well as early harvests of them; and (from observation of self and neighbour) I have an idea that the *avena fatua* grows up to the very last days of the year.

Like worldly parents anxious to get rid of a troublesome child, and go out to their evening party, Madame Bernstein and her attendants had put the sun to bed, whilst it was as yet light, and had drawn the curtains over it, and were busy about their cards and their candles, and their tea and negus, and other refreshments. One chair after another landed ladies at the Baroness's door, more or less painted, patched, brocaded. To these came gentlemen in gala raiment. Mr. Poellnitz's star was the largest, and his coat the most embroidered of all present. My Lord of March and Ruglen, when he made his appearance, was quite changed from the individual with whom Harry had made acquaintance at the White Horse. His tight brown scratch was exchanged for a neatly curled

feather top, with a bag and grey powder, his jockey-dress and leather breeches replaced by a rich and elegant French suit. Mr. Jack Morris had just such another wig and a suit of stuff as closely as possible resembling his lordship's. Mr. Wolfe came in attendance upon his beautiful mistress, Miss Lowther, and her aunt, who loved cards, as all the world did. When my Lady Maria Esmond made her appearance, 'tis certain that her looks belied Madame Bernstein's account of her. Her shape was very fine, and her dress showed a great deal of it. Her complexion was by nature exceeding fair, and a dark frilled ribbon, clasped by a jewel, round her neck, enhanced its snowy whiteness. Her cheeks were not redder than those of other ladies present, and the roses were pretty openly purchased by everybody at the perfumery-shops. An artful patch or two, it was supposed, added to the lustre of her charms. Her hoop was not larger than the iron contrivances which ladies of the present day hang round their persons; and we may pronounce that the costume, if absurd in some points, was pleasing altogether. Suppose our ladies took to wearing of bangles and nose-rings? I dare say we should laugh at the ornaments, and not dislike them, and lovers would make no difficulty about lifting up the ring to be able to approach the rosy lips underneath.

As for the Baroness de Bernstein, when that lady took the pains of making a grand toilette, she appeared as an object, handsome still, and magnificent, but melancholy, and even somewhat terrifying to behold. You read the past in some old faces, while some others lapse into mere meekness and content. The fires go quite out of some eyes, as the crow's feet pucker round

them; they flash no longer with scorn, or with anger, or love; they gaze, and no one is melted by their sapphire glances; they look, and no one is dazzled. My fair young reader, if you are not so perfect a beauty as the peerless Lindamira, Queen of the Ball; if, at the end of it, as you retire to bed, you meekly own that you have had but two or three partners, whilst Lindamira has had a crowd round her all night—console yourself with thinking that, at fifty, you will look as kind and pleasant as you appear now eighteen. You will not have to lay down your coach and six of beauty and see another step into it, and walk yourself through the rest of life. You will have to forego no long-accustomed homage; you will not witness and own the depreciation of your smiles. You will not see fashion forsake your quarter; and remain all dust gloom cobwebs within your once splendid saloons, and placards in your sad windows, gaunt, lonely, and to let! You may not have known any grandeur, but you won't feel any desertion. You will not have enjoyed millions, but you will have escaped bankruptcy. "Our hostess," said my Lord Chesterfield to his friend in a confidential whisper, of which the utterer did not in the least know the loudness, "puts me in mind of Covent Garden in in my youth. Then it was the court end of the town, and inhabited by the highest fashion. Now, a nobleman's house is a gaming-house, or you may go in with a friend and call for a bottle."

"Hey! a bottle and a tavern are good things in their way," says my Lord March, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I was not born before the Georges came in, though I intend to live to a hundred. I never knew the Bernstein but as an old woman; and if

she ever had beauty, hang me if I know how she spent it."

"No, hang me, how did she spent it?" laughs out Jack Morris.

"Here's a table! Shall we sit down and have a game? — Don't let the Frenchman come in. He won't pay. Mr. Warrington, will you take a card?" Mr. Warrington and my Lord Chesterfield found themselves partners against Mr. Morris and the Earl of March. "You have come too late, Baron," says the elder nobleman to the elder nobleman who was advancing. "We have made our game. What, have you forgotten Mr. Warrington of Virginia — the young gentleman whom you met in London?"

"The young gentleman whom I met at Arthur's Chocolate House had black hair, a little cocked nose, and was by no means so fortunate in his personal appearance as Mr. Warrington," said the Baron with much presence of mind. "Warrington, Dorrington, Harrington? We of the continent cannot retain your insular names. I certify that this gentleman is not the individual of whom I spoke at dinner." And, glancing kindly upon him, the old Beau sidled away to a farther end of the room, where Mr. Wolfe and Miss Lowther were engaged in deep conversation in the embrasure of a window. Here the Baron thought fit to engage the Lieutenant-Colonel upon the Prussian manual exercise, which had lately been introduced into King George II.'s army — a subject with which Mr. Wolfe was thoroughly familiar, and which no doubt would have interested him at any other moment but that. Nevertheless the old gentleman uttered his criticisms and opinions, and

thought he perfectly charmed the two persons to whom he communicated them.

At the commencement of the evening the Baroness received her guests personally, and as they arrived engaged them in talk and introductory courtesies. But as the rooms and tables filled, and the parties were made up, Madame de Bernstein became more and more restless, and finally retreated with three friends to her own corner, where a table specially reserved for her was occupied by her Major Domo. And here the old lady sate down resolutely, never changing her place or quitting her game till cock-crow. The charge of receiving the company devolved now upon my Lady Maria, who did not care for cards, but dutifully did the honours of the house to her aunt's guests, and often rustled by the table where her young cousin was engaged with his three friends.

"Come and cut the cards for us," said my Lord March to her Ladyship, as she passed on one of her wistful visits. "Cut the cards, and bring us luck, Lady Maria! We have had none to-night, and Mr. Warrington is winning everything."

"I hope you are not playing high, Harry?" said the lady, timidly.

"O, no, only sixpences," cried my lord, dealing.

"Only sixpences," echoed Mr. Morris, who was Lord March's partner. But Mr. Morris must have been very keenly alive to the value of sixpence, if the loss of a few such coins could make his round face look so dismal. My Lord Chesterfield sate opposite Mr. Warrington, sorting his cards. No one could say, by inspecting that calm physiognomy whether good or ill fortune was attending his lordship.

Some word, not altogether indicative of delight, slipped out of Mr. Morris's lips, on which his partner cried out, "Hang it, Morris, play your cards, and hold your tongue!" Considering they were only playing for sixpences, his lordship, too, was strangely affected.

Maria, still fondly lingering by Harry's chair, with her hand at the back of it, could see his cards, and that a whole covey of trumps was ranged in one corner. She had not taken away his luck. She was pleased to think she had cut that back which had dealt him all those pretty trumps. As Lord March was dealing, he had said in a quiet voice to Mr. Warrington, "The bet as before, Mr. Warrington, or shall we double it?"

"Anything you like, my lord," said Mr. Warrington, very quietly.

"We will say, then, — shillings."

"Yes, shillings," says Mr. Warrington, and the game proceeded.

The end of the day's, and some succeeding days', sport may be gathered from the following letter, which was never delivered to the person to whom it was addressed, but found its way to America in the papers of Mr. Henry Warrington.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, August 10, 1756.

DEAR GEORGE,

As White's two bottles of Burgundy and a pack of cards constitute all the joys of your life, I take for granted that you are in London at this moment, preferring smoke and faro to fresh air and fresh haystacks. This will be delivered to you by a young gentleman with whom I have lately made acquaintance, and whom you will be charmed to know. He will play with you

at any game for any stake, up to any hour of the night, and drink any reasonable number of bottles during the play. Mr. Warrington is no other than the Fortunate Youth about whom so many stories have been told in the Public Advertiser and other prints. He has an estate in Virginia as big as Yorkshire, with the incumbrance of a mother, the reigning Sovereign: but, as the country is unwholesome, and fevers plentiful, let us hope that Mrs. Esmond will die soon, and leave this virtuous lad in undisturbed possession. She is aunt of that *polisson* of a Castlewood, who never pays his play-debts, unless he is more honourable in his dealings with you than he has been with me. Mr. W. is *de bonne race*. We must have him of our society, if it be only that I may win my money back from him.

He has had the devil's luck here, and has been winning everything, whilst his old card-playing beldam of an aunt has been losing. A few nights ago, when I first had the ill-luck to make his acquaintance, he beat me in jumping (having practised the art amongst the savages, and running away from bears in his native woods); he won bets of me and Jack Morris about my weight; and at night, when we sat down to play, at old Bernstein's, he won from us all round. If you can settle our last Epsom account, please hand over to Mr. Warrington £350, which I still owe him, after pretty well emptying my pocket-book. Chesterfield has dropped six hundred to him, too; but his lordship does not wish to have it known, having sworn to give up play, and live cleanly. Jack Morris, who has not been hit as hard as either of us, and can afford it quite as well, for the fat chuff has no houses nor *train*

to keep up, and all his misbegotten father's money in hand, roars like a bull of Bashan about his losses. We had a second night's play, en petit comité and Barbeau served us a fair dinner in a private room. Mr. Warrington holds his tongue like a gentleman, and none of us have talked about our losses; but the whole place does, for us. Yesterday the Cattarina looked as sulky as thunder, because I would not give her a diamond necklace, and says, I refuse her, because I have lost five thousand to the Virginian. My old Duchess of Q. has the very same story, besides knowing to a fraction what Chesterfield and Jack have lost.

Warrington treated the company to breakfast and music at the rooms: and you should have seen how the women tore him to pieces. That fiend of a Cattarina ogled him out of my vis-a-vis, and under my very nose, yesterday, as we were driving to Penshurst, and I have no doubt has sent him a *billet-doux* ere this. He shot Jack Morris all to pieces at a mark: we shall try him with partridges when the season comes.

He is a fortunate fellow, certainly. He has youth (which is not deboshed by evil courses in Virginia, as ours is in England), he has good health, good looks, and good luck.

In a word, Mr. Warrington has won our money in a very gentleman-like manner; and, as I like him, and wish to win some of it back again, I put him under your worship's saintly guardianship. Adieu! I am going to the North, and shall be back for Doncaster.

Yours ever, dear George,

M. & R.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., at White's Chocolate
House, St. James's Street.

CHAPTER IV.

The Way of the World.

OUR young Virginian found himself, after two or three days at Tunbridge Wells, by far the most important personage in that merry little watering-place. No nobleman in the place inspired so much curiosity. My Lord Bishop of Salisbury himself was scarce treated with more respect. People turned round to look after Harry as he passed, and country folks stared at him as they came into market. At the rooms, matrons encouraged him to come round to them, and found means to leave him alone with their daughters, most of whom smiled upon him. Everybody knew, to an acre and a shilling, the extent of his Virginian property, and the amount of his income. At every tea-table in the Wells, his winnings at play were told and calculated. Wonderful is the knowledge which our neighbours have of our affairs! So great was the interest and curiosity which Harry inspired, that people even smiled upon his servant, and took Gumbo aside and treated him with ale and cold meat, in order to get news of the young Virginian. Mr. Gumbo fattened under the diet, became a leading member of the Society of Valets in the place, and lied more enormously than ever. No party was complete unless Mr. Warrington attended it. The lad was not a little amused and astonished by this prosperity, and bore his new honours pretty well. He had been bred at home to think too well of himself, and

his present good fortune no doubt tended to confirm his self-satisfaction. But he was not too much elated. He did not brag about his victories or give himself any particular airs. In engaging in play with the gentlemen who challenged him, he had acted up to his queer code of honour. He felt as if he was bound to meet them when they summoned him, and that if they invited him to a horse-race, or a drinking-bout, or a match at cards, for the sake of Old Virginia he must not draw back. Mr. Harry found his new acquaintances ready to try him at all these sports and contests. He had a strong head, a skilful hand, a firm seat, an unflinching nerve. The representative of Old Virginia came off very well in his friendly rivalry with the mother country.

Madame de Bernstein, who got her fill of cards every night, and, no doubt, repaired the ill-fortune of which we heard in the last chapter, was delighted with her nephew's victories and reputation. He had shot with Jack Morris and beat him: he had ridden a match with Mr. Scamper and won it. He played tennis with Captain Batts, and, though the boy had never tried the game before, in a few days he held his own uncommonly well. He had engaged in play with those celebrated gamesters, my Lords of Chesterfield and March; and they both bore testimony to his coolness, gallantry, and good breeding. At his books Harry was not brilliant certainly: but he could write as well as a great number of men of fashion; and the *naïveté* of his ignorance amused the old lady. She had read books in her time, and could talk very well about them with bookish people: she had a relish for humour and delighted in Molière and Mr. Fielding, but she loved the

world far better than the library, and was never so interested in any novel but that she would leave it for a game of cards. She superintended with fond pleasure the improvements of Harry's toilette: rummaged out fine laces for his ruffles and shirt, and found a pretty diamond-brooch for his frill. He attained the post of prime favourite of all her nephews and kinsfolk. I fear Lady Maria was only too well pleased at the lad's successes: and did not grudge him his superiority over her brothers: but those gentlemen must have quaked with fear and envy when they heard of Mr. Warrington's prodigious successes, and the advance which he had made in their wealthy aunt's favour.

After a fortnight of Tunbridge, Mr. Harry had become quite a personage. He knew all the good company in the place. Was it his fault if he became acquainted with the bad likewise? Was he very wrong in taking the world as he found it, and drinking from that sweet sparkling pleasure-cup, which was filled for him to the brim? The old aunt enjoyed his triumphs, and for her part only bade him pursue his enjoyments. She was not a rigorous old moralist, nor, perhaps, a very wholesome preceptress for youth. If the Cattarina wrote him billets-doux, I fear Aunt Bernstein would have bade him accept the invitations: but the lad had brought with him from his colonial home a stock of modesty which he still wore along with the honest home-spun linen. Libertinism was rare in those thinly-peopled regions from which he came. The vices of great cities were scarce known or practised in the rough towns of the American Continent. Harry Warrington blushed like a girl at the daring talk of his new European associates: even Aunt Bernstein's con-

versation and jokes astounded the young Virginian, so that the worldly old woman would call him Joseph, or simpleton.

But, however innocent he was, the world gave him credit for being as bad as other folks. How was he to know that he was not to associate with that saucy Cattarina? He had seen my Lord March driving her about in his lordship's phaeton. Harry thought there was no harm in giving her his arm, and parading openly with her in the public walks. She took a fancy to a trinket at the toyshop; and, as his pockets were full of money, he was delighted to make her a present of the locket, which she coveted. The next day it was a piece of lace: again Harry gratified her. The next day it was something else: there was no end to Madam Cattarina's fancies: but here the young gentleman stopped, turning off her request with a joke and a laugh. He was shrewd enough, and not reckless or prodigal, though generous. He had no idea of purchasing diamond drops for the petulant little lady's pretty ears.

But who was to give him credit for his modesty? Old Bernstein insisted upon believing that her nephew was playing Don Juan's part, and supplanting my Lord March. She insisted the more when poor Maria was by; loving to stab the tender heart of that spinster, and enjoying her niece's piteous silence and discomfiture.

"Why, my dear," says the Baroness, "boys will be boys, and I don't want Harry to be the first milksop in his family!" The bread which Maria ate at her aunt's expense choked her sometimes. O me, how hard and indigestible some women know how to make it!

Mr. Wolfe was for ever coming over from Westersham to pay court to the lady of his love; and, knowing that the Colonel was entirely engaged in that pursuit, Mr. Warrington scarcely expected to see much of him, however much he liked that officer's conversation and society. It was different from the talk of the ribald people round about Harry. Mr. Wolfe never spoke of cards, or horses' pedigrees; or bragged of his performances in the hunting-field, or boasted of the favours of women; or retailed any of the innumerable scandals of the time. It was not a good time. That old world was more dissolute than ours. There was an old king with mistresses openly in his train, to whom the great folks of the land did honour. There was a nobility, many of whom were mad and reckless in the pursuit of pleasure; there was a looseness of words and acts which we must note, as faithful historians, without going into particulars, and needlessly shocking honest readers. Our young gentleman had lighted upon some of the wildest of these wild people, and had found an old relative who lived in the very midst of the rout.

Harry then did not remark how Colonel Wolfe avoided him, or when they casually met, at first, notice the Colonel's cold and altered demeanour. He did not know the stories that were told of him. Who does know the stories that are told of him? Who makes them? Who are the fathers of those wonderful lies? Poor Harry did not know the reputation he was getting; and that, whilst he was riding his horse and playing his game and taking his frolic, he was passing amongst many respectable persons for being the most abandoned and profligate and godless of young men.

Alas, and alas! to think that the lad whom we

liked so, and who was so gentle and quiet when with us, so simple and so easily pleased, should be a hardened profligate, a spendthrift, a confirmed gamester, a frequenter of abandoned women! These stories came to honest Colonel Lambert at Oakhurst: first one bad story, then another, then crowds of them, till the good man's kind heart was quite filled with grief and care, so that his family saw that something annoyed him. At first he would not speak on the matter at all, and put aside the wife's fond queries. Mrs. Lambert thought a great misfortune had happened; that her husband had been ruined; that he had been ordered on a dangerous service; that one of the boys was ill, disgraced, dead: who can resist an anxious woman, or escape the cross-examination of the conjugal pillow? Lambert was obliged to tell a part of what he knew about Harry Warrington. The wife was as much grieved and amazed as her husband had been. From papa's and mamma's bed-room the grief, after being stifled for a while under the bed-pillows there, came down stairs. Theo and Hester took the complaint after their parents, and had it very bad. O kind, little wounded hearts! At first Hester turned red, flew into a great passion, clenched her little fists, and vowed she would not believe a word of the wicked stories; but she ended by believing them. Scandal almost always does master people; especially good and innocent people. O, the serpent they had nursed by their fire! O, the wretched, wretched boy! To think of his walking about with that horrible painted Frenchwoman, and giving her diamond necklaces, and parading his shame before all the society at the Wells! The three ladies having cried over the story, and the father being deeply moved by it, took

the parson into their confidence. In vain he preached at church next Sunday his favourite sermon about scandal, and inveighed against our propensity to think evil. We repent: we promise to do so no more; but when the next bad story comes about our neighbour we believe it. So did those kind, wretched Oakhurst folks believe what they heard about poor Harry Warrington.

Harry Warrington meanwhile was a great deal too well pleased with himself to know how ill his friends were thinking of him, and was pursuing a very idle and pleasant, if unprofitable, life, without having the least notion of the hubbub he was creating, and the dreadful repute in which he was held by many good men. Coming out from a match at tennis with Mr. Batts, and pleased with his play and all the world, Harry overtook Colonel Wolfe, who had been on one of his visits to the lady of his heart. Harry held out his hand, which the Colonel took, but the latter's salutation was so cold, that the young man could not help remarking it, and especially noting how Mr. Wolfe, in return for a fine bow from Mr. Batts's hat, scarcely touched his own with his forefinger. The tennis Captain walked away looking somewhat disconcerted, Harry remaining behind to talk with his friend of Westerham. Mr. Wolfe walked by him for a while, very erect, silent, and cold.

"I have not seen you these many days," says Harry.

"You have had other companions," remarks Mr. Wolfe curtly.

"But I had rather be with you than any of them," cries the young man.

"Indeed I might be better company for you than some of them," says the other.

"Is it Captain Batts you mean?" asked Harry.

"He is no favourite of mine I own: he bore a rascally reputation when he was in the army, and I doubt has not mended it since he was turned out. You certainly might find a better friend than Captain Batts. Pardon the freedom which I take in saying so," says Mr. Wolfe, grimly.

"Friend! he is no friend: he only teaches me to play tennis: he is hand-in-glove with my lord, and all the people of fashion here who play."

"I am not a man of fashion," says Mr. Wolfe.

"My dear Colonel, what is the matter? Have I angered you in any way? You speak almost as if I had, and I am not conscious of having done anything to forfeit your regard," said Mr. Warrington.

"I will be free with you, Mr. Warrington," said the Colonel, gravely, "and tell you with frankness that I don't like some of your friends."

"Why, sure, they are men of the first rank and fashion in England," cries Harry, and choosing to be offended with his companion's bluntness.

"Exactly, they are men of too high rank and too great fashion for a hard-working poor soldier like me; and if you continue to live with such, believe me, you will find numbers of us humdrum people can't afford to keep such company. I am here, Mr. Warrington, paying my addresses to an honourable lady. I met you yesterday openly walking with a French ballet dancer, and you took off your hat. I must frankly tell you, that I had rather you would not take off your hat when you go out in such company."

"Sir," said Mr. Warrington, growing very red, "do

you mean that I am to forego the honour of Colonel Wolfe's acquaintance altogether?"

"I certainly shall request you to do so when you are in company with that person," said Colonel Wolfe, angrily; but he used a word not to be written at present, though Shakspeare puts it in the mouth of Othello.

"Great Heavens! what a shame it is to speak so of any woman!" cries Mr. Warrington. "How dare any man say that that poor creature is not honest?"

"You ought to know best, sir," says the other, looking at Harry with some surprise, "or the world belies you very much."

"What ought I to know best? I see a poor little French dancer who is come hither with her mother, and is ordered by the doctors to drink the waters. I know that a person of my rank in life does not ordinarily keep company with people of hers; but really, Colonel Wolfe, are you so squeamish? Have I not heard you say that you did not value birth, and that all honest people ought to be equal? Why should I not give this little unprotected woman my arm? there are scarce half a-dozen people here who can speak a word of her language. I can talk a little French, and she is welcome to it; and if Colonel Wolfe does not choose to touch his hat to me, when I am walking with her, by George he may leave it alone," cried Harry, flushing up.

"You don't mean to say," says Mr. Wolfe, eyeing him, "that you don't know the woman's character."

"Of course, sir, she is a dancer, and, I suppose, no better or worse than her neighbours. But I mean to

say that, had she been a duchess, or your grandmother, I couldn't have respected her more."

"You don't mean to say that you did not win her at dice, from Lord March."

"At what!"

"At dice, from Lord March. Everybody knows the story. Not a person at the Wells is ignorant of it. I heard it but now, in the company of that good old Mr. Richardson, and the ladies were saying that you would be a character for a colonial Love-lace."

"What on earth else have they said about me?" asked Harry Warrington; and such stories as he knew the Colonel told. The most alarming accounts of his own wickedness and profligacy were laid before him. He was a corruptor of virtue, an habitual drunkard and gamester, a notorious blasphemer and freethinker, a fitting companion for my Lord March, finally, and the company into whose society he had fallen. "I tell you these things," said Mr. Wolfe, "because it is fair that you should know what is said of you, and because I do heartily believe, from your manner of meeting the last charge brought against you, that you are innocent on most of the other counts. I feel, Mr. Warrington, that I, for one, have been doing you a wrong; and sincerely ask you to pardon me."

Of course, Harry was eager to accept his friend's apology, and they shook hands with sincere cordiality this time. In respect of most of the charges brought against him, Harry rebutted them easily enough: as for the play, he owned to it. He thought that a gentleman should not refuse a fair challenge from other gentlemen, if his means allowed him: and he never would play beyond his means. After winning con-

siderably at first, he could afford to play large stakes, for he was playing with other people's money. Play he thought was fair, — it certainly was pleasant. Why, did not all England, except the Methodists, play? Had he not seen the best company at the Wells over the cards — his aunt amongst them?

Mr. Wolfe made no immediate comment upon Harry's opinion as to the persons who formed the best company at the Wells, but he frankly talked with the young man, whose own frankness had won him, and warned him that the life he was leading might be the pleasantest, but surely was not the most profitable of lives. "It can't be, sir," said the Colonel, "that a man is to pass his days at horse-racing and tennis, and his nights carousing or at cards. Sure, every man was made to do some work; and a gentleman, if he has none, must make some. Do you know the laws of your country, Mr. Warrington? Being a great proprietor, you will doubtless one day be a magistrate at home. Have you travelled over the country, and made yourself acquainted with its trades and manufactures? These are fit things for a gentleman to study, and may occupy him as well as a cockfight or a cricket match. Do you know anything of our profession? That, at least, you will allow is a noble one; and, believe me, there is plenty in it to learn, and suited, I should think, to you. I speak of it rather than of books and the learned professions, because, as far as I can judge, your genius does not lie that way. But honour is the aim of life," cried Mr. Wolfe, "and every man can serve his country one way or the other. Be sure, sir, that idle bread is the most dangerous of all that is eaten; that cards and pleasure may be taken by way

of pastime after work, but not instead of work, and all day. And do you know, Mr. Warrington, instead of being the Fortunate Youth, as all the world calls you, I think you are rather Warrington the Unlucky, for you are followed by daily idleness, daily flattery, daily temptation, and the Lord, I say, send you a good deliverance out of your good fortune."

But Harry did not like to tell his aunt that afternoon why it was he looked so grave. He thought he would not drink, but there were some jolly fellows at the ordinary who passed the bottle round; and he meant not to play in the evening, but a fourth was wanted at his aunt's table, and how could he resist? He was the old lady's partner several times during the night, and he had Somebody's own luck to be sure; and once more he saw the dawn, and feasted on chickens and champagne at sunrise.

CHAPTER V.

In which Harry continues to enjoy otium sine dignitate.

WHILST there were card-players enough to meet her at her lodgings and the assembly-rooms, Madame de Bernstein remained pretty contentedly at the Wells, scolding her niece, and playing her rubber. At Harry's age almost all places are pleasant, where you can have lively company, fresh air, and your share of sport and diversion. Even all pleasure is pleasant at twenty. We go out to meet it with alacrity, speculate upon its coming, and when its visit is announced, count the days until it and we shall come together. How very gently and coolly we regard it towards the close of Life's long season! Madam, don't you recollect your first ball; and does not your memory stray towards that happy past, sometimes, as you sit ornamenting the wall whilst your daughters are dancing? I, for my part, can remember when I thought it was delightful to walk three miles and back in the country to dine with old Captain Jones. Fancy liking to walk three miles, now, to dine with Jones and drink his half-pay port! No doubt it was bought from the little country-town wine merchant, and cost but a small sum; but 'twas offered with a kindly welcome, and youth gave it a flavour which no age of wine or man can impart to it now-a-days. *Viximus nuper*. I am not disposed to look so severely upon young Harry's conduct and idleness, as his friend the stern Colonel of the Twentieth Regi-

ment. O blessed idleness! Divine lazy nymph! Reach me a novel as I lie in my dressing-gown at three o'clock in the afternoon; compound a sherry-cobler for me, and bring me a cigar! Dear slatternly — smiling Enchantress! They may assail thee with bad names — swear thy character away, and call thee the Mother of Evil; but, for all that, thou art the best company in the world!

My Lord of March went away to the North; and my Lord Chesterfield, finding the Tunbridge waters did no good to his deafness, returned to his solitude at Blackheath; but other gentlemen remained to sport and take their pleasure, and Mr. Warrington had quite enough of companions at his ordinary at the White Horse. He soon learned to order a French dinner as well as the best man of fashion out of St. James's; could talk to Monsieur Barbeau, in Monsieur B.'s native language, much more fluently than most other folks, — discovered a very elegant and decided taste in wines, and could distinguish between Clos Vougeot and Romanée with remarkable skill. He was the young King of the Wells, of which the general frequenters were easy-going men of the world, who were, by no means, shocked at that reputation for gallantry and extravagance which Harry had got, and which had so frightened Mr. Wolfe.

Though our Virginian lived amongst the revellers, and swam and sported in the same waters with the loose fish, the boy had a natural shrewdness and honesty which kept him clear of the snares and baits which are commonly set for the unwary. He made very few foolish bets with the jolly idle fellows round about him, and the oldest hands found it difficult to take him in. He engaged in games out-doors and in,

because he had a natural skill and aptitude for them, and was good to hold almost any match with any fair competitor. He was scrupulous to play only with those gentlemen whom he knew, and always to settle his own debts on the spot. He would have made but a very poor figure at a college examination; though he possessed prudence and fidelity, keen, shrewd perception, great generosity, and dauntless personal courage.

And he was not without occasions for showing of what stuff he was made. For instance, when that unhappy little Cattarina, who had brought him into so much trouble, carried her importunities beyond the mark at which Harry thought his generosity should stop; he withdrew from the advance of the Opera-House Syren with perfect coolness and skill, leaving her to exercise her blandishments upon some more easy victim. In vain the mermaid's hysterical mother waited upon Harry, and vowed that a cruel bailiff had seized all her daughter's goods for debt, and that her venerable father was at present languishing in a London gaol. Harry declared that between himself and the bailiff there could be no dealings, and that because he had had the good fortune to become known to Mademoiselle Cattarina, and to gratify her caprices by presenting her with various trinkets and knickknacks for which she had a fancy, he was not bound to pay the past debts of her family, and must decline being bail for her papa in London, or settling her outstanding accounts at Tunbridge. The Cattarina's mother first called him a monster and an ingrate, and then asked him, with a veteran smirk, why he did not take pay for the services he had rendered to the young person? At first, Mr. Warrington could not understand what the nature

of the payment might be: but when that matter was explained by the old woman, the honest lad rose up in horror, to think that a woman should traffic in her child's dishonour, told her that he came from a country where the very savages would recoil from such a bargain; and, having bowed the old lady ceremoniously to the door, ordered Gumbo to mark her well, and never admit her to his lodgings again. No doubt she retired breathing vengeance against the Iroquois: no Turk or Persian, she declared, would treat a lady so: and she and her daughter retreated to London as soon as their anxious landlord would let them. Then Harry had his perils of gaming, as well as his perils of gallantry. A man who plays at bowls, as the phrase is, must expect to meet with rubbers. After dinner at the ordinary, having declined to play picquet any further with Captain Batts, and being roughly asked his reason for refusing, Harry fairly told the Captain that he only played with gentlemen who paid, like himself: but expressed himself so ready to satisfy Mr. Batts, as soon as their outstanding little account was settled that the Captain declared himself satisfied *d'avance*, and straightway left the Wells without paying Harry or any other creditor. Also he had an occasion to show his spirit by beating a chairman who was rude to old Miss Whiffler one evening as she was going to the assembly: and finding that the calumny regarding himself and that unlucky opera-dancer was repeated by Mr. Hector Buckler, one of the fiercest frequenters of the Wells, Mr. Warrington stepped up to Mr. Buckler in the pump-room, where the latter was regaling a number of water-drinkers with the very calumny, and publicly informed Mr. Buckler that the story was a falsehood, and that

he should hold any person accountable to himself who henceforth uttered it. So that though our friend, being at Rome, certainly did as Rome did, yet he showed himself to be a valorous and worthy Roman; and, *hurlant avec les loups*, was acknowledged by Mr. Wolfe himself to be as brave as the best of the wolves.

If that officer had told Colonel Lambert the stories which had given the latter so much pain, we may be sure that when Mr. Wolfe found his young friend was innocent, he took the first opportunity to withdraw the odious charges against him. And there was joy among the Lamberts, in consequence of the lad's acquittal — something, doubtless, of that pleasure, which is felt by higher natures than ours, at the recovery of sinners. Never had the little family been so happy — no, not even when they got the news of Brother Tom winning his scholarship, as when Colonel Wolfe rode over with the account of the conversation which he had with Harry Warrington. "Hadst thou brought me a regiment, James, I think I should not have been better pleased," said Mr. Lambert. Mrs. Lambert called to her daughters who were in the garden, and kissed them both when they came in, and cried out the good news to them. Hetty jumped for joy, and Theo performed some uncommonly brilliant operations upon the harpsichord that night; and when Dr. Boyle came in for his backgammon, he could not, at first, account for the illumination in all their faces, until the three ladies, in a happy chorus, told him how right he had been in his sermon, and how dreadfully they had wronged that poor dear, good young Mr. Warrington.

"What shall we do, my dear?" says the Colonel to his wife. "The hay is in, the corn won't be cut for

a fortnight, — the horses have nothing to do. Suppose we . . .” And here he leans over the table and whispers in her ear.

“My dearest Martin! The very thing!” cries Mrs. Lambert, taking her husband’s hand and pressing it.

“What’s the very thing, mother?” cries young Charley, who is home for his Bartlemy-tide holidays.

“The very thing is to go to supper. Come, Doctor! We will have a bottle of wine to-night, and drink repentance to all who think evil.”

“Amen,” says the Doctor; “with all my heart!” And with this the worthy family went to their supper.

CHAPTER VI.

Contains a letter to Virginia.

HAVING repaired one day to his accustomed dinner at the White Horse Ordinary, Mr. Warrington was pleased to see amongst the faces round the table the jolly good-looking countenance of Parson Sampson, who was regaling the company when Harry entered, with stories and *bons mots*, which kept them in roars of laughter. Though he had not been in London for some months, the Parson had the latest London news, or what passed for such with the folks at the Ordinary: what was doing in the King's house at Kensington; and what in the Duke's in Pall Mall: how Mr. Byng was behaving in prison, and who came to him: what were the odds at New Market, and who was the last reigning toast in Covent Garden; — the jolly Chaplain could give the company news upon all these points, — news that might not be very accurate indeed, but was as good as if it were for the country gentlemen who heard it. For suppose that my Lord Viscount Squanderfield was ruining himself for Mrs. Polly, and Sampson called her Mrs. Lucy? that it was Lady Jane who was in love with the actor, and not Lady Mary? that it was Harry Hilton, of the Horse Grenadiers, who had the quarrel with Chevalier Solingen, at Marybone Garden, and not Tommy Ruffler, of the Foot Guards? The names and dates did not matter much. Provided the stories were lively and wicked, their correctness

was of no great importance; and Mr. Sampson laughed and chattered away amongst his country gentlemen, charmed them with his spirits and talk, and drank his share of one bottle after another, for which his delighted auditory persisted in calling. A hundred years ago, the *Abbé* Parson, the clergyman who frequented the theatre, the tavern, the race-course, the world of fashion, was no uncommon character in English society: his voice might be heard the loudest in the hunting-field: he could sing the jolliest song at the Rose or the Bedford Head, after the play was over at Covent Garden, and could call a main as well as any at the gaming table.

It may have been modesty, or it may have been claret, which caused his reverence's rosy face to redden deeper, but when he saw Mr. Warrington enter, he whispered *maxima debetur* to the laughing country squire who sat next him in his drab coat and gold-laced red waistcoat, and rose up from his chair and ran, nay, stumbled forward, in his haste to greet the Virginian: "My dear sir, my very dear sir, my conqueror of spades, and clubs, and hearts, too, I am delighted to see your honour looking so fresh and well," cries the Chaplain.

Harry returned the clergyman's greeting with great pleasure: He was glad to see Mr. Sampson; he could also justly compliment his reverence upon his cheerful looks and rosy gills.

The Squire in the drab coat knew Mr. Warrington; he made a place beside himself; he called out to the parson to return to his seat on the other side, and to continue his story about Lord Ogle and the grocer's wife in — where he did not say, for his sentence was

interrupted by a shout, and an oath addressed to the parson for treading on his gouty toe.

The Chaplain asked pardon, hurriedly turned round to Mr. Warrington, and informed him, and the rest of the company indeed, that my Lord Castlewood sent his affectionate remembrances to his cousin, and had given special orders to him (Mr. Sampson) to come to Tunbridge Wells and look after the young gentleman's morals; that my Lady Viscountess and my Lady Fanny were gone to Harrowgate for the waters; that Mr. Will had won his money at New Market, and was going on a visit to my Lord Duke; that Molly, the housemaid, was crying her eyes out about Gumbo, Mr. Warrington's valet, — in fine, all the news of Castlewood and its neighbourhood. Mr. Warrington was beloved by all the country round, Mr. Sampson told the company, managing to introduce the names of some persons of the very highest rank into his discourse. "All Hampshire had heard of his successes at Tunbridge, successes of every kind," says Mr. Sampson, looking particularly arch; my lord hoped, their ladyships hoped, Harry would not be spoilt for his quiet Hampshire home.

The guests dropped off one by one, leaving the young Virginian to his bottle of wine and the Chaplain.

"Though I have had plenty," says the jolly Chaplain, "that is no reason why I should not have plenty more," and he drank toast after toast, and bumper after bumper, to the amusement of Harry, who always enjoyed his society.

By the time when Sampson had had his "plenty more," Harry, too, was become specially generous, warm-hearted, and friendly. A lodging? — why should

Mr. Sampson go to the expense of an inn, when there was a room at Harry's quarters? The Chaplain's trunk was ordered thither, Gumbo was bidden to make Mr. Sampson comfortable — most comfortable; nothing would satisfy Mr. Warrington but that Sampson should go down to his stables and see his horses; he had several horses now; and when at the stable Sampson recognised his own horse, which Harry had won from him; and the fond beast whinnied with pleasure, and rubbed his nose against his old master's coat; Harry rapped out a brisk energetic expression or two, and vowed by Jupiter that Sampson should have his old horse back again: He would give him to Sampson, that he would; a gift which the Chaplain accepted by seizing Harry's hand, and blessing him, — by flinging his arms round the horse's neck, and weeping for joy there, weeping tears of Bordeaux and gratitude. Arm-in-arm the friends walked to Madame Bernstein's, from the stable of which they brought the odours into her ladyship's apartment. Their flushed cheeks and brightened eyes showed what their amusement had been. Many gentlemen's cheeks were in the habit of flushing in those days, and from the same cause.

Madame Bernstein received her nephew's chaplain kindly enough. The old lady relished Sampson's broad jokes and rattling talk from time to time, as she liked a highly-spiced dish or a new entrée composed by her cook, upon its two or three first appearances. The only amusement of which she did not grow tired, she owned was cards. "The cards don't cheat," she used to say. "A bad hand tells you the truth to your face: and there is nothing so flattering in the world as a good suite of trumps." And when she was in a good

humour, and sitting down to her favourite pastime, she would laughingly bid her nephew's chaplain say grace before the meal. Honest Sampson did not at first care to take a hand at Tunbridge Wells. Her ladyship's play was too high for him, he would own, slapping his pocket with a comical piteous look, and its contents had already been handed over to the fortunate youth at Castlewood. Like most persons of her age and indeed her sex, Madame Bernstein was not prodigal of money. I suppose it must have been from Harry Warrington, whose heart was overflowing with generosity as his purse with guineas, that the Chaplain procured a small stock of ready coin, with which he was presently enabled to appear at the card table.

Our young gentleman welcomed Mr. Sampson to his coin, as to all the rest of the good things which he had gathered about him. 'Twas surprising how quickly the young Virginian adapted himself to the habits of life of the folks amongst whom he lived. His suits were still black, but of the finest cut and quality. "With a star and ribbon, and his stocking down, and his hair over his shoulder, he would make a pretty Hamlet," said the gay old Duchess Queensberry, "And I make no doubt he has been the death of a dozen Ophelias already, here and amongst the Indians," she added, thinking not at all the worse of Harry for his supposed successes among the fair. Harry's lace and linen were as fine as his aunt could desire. He purchased fine shaving-plate of the toyshop women, and a couple of magnificent brocade bed-gowns, in which his worship lolled at ease, and sipped his chocolate of a morning. He had swords and walking-canes, and French watches with painted backs and diamond

settings, and snuff-boxes enamelled by artists of the same cunning nation. He had a levée of grooms, jockeys, tradesmen, daily waiting in his ante-room, and admitted one by one to him and Parson Sampson, over his chocolate, by Gumbo the groom of the chambers. We have no account of the number of men whom Mr. Gumbo now had under him. Certain it is that no single negro could have taken care of all the fine things which Mr. Warrington now possessed, let alone the horses and the post-chaise which his honour had bought. Also Harry instructed himself in the arts which became a gentleman in those days. A French fencing-master, and a dancing-master of the same nation, resided at Tunbridge during that season when Harry made his appearance: these men of science the young Virginian sedulously frequented, and acquired considerable skill and grace in the peaceful and warlike accomplishments which they taught. Ere many weeks were over he could handle the foils against his master or any frequenter of the fencing school, — and, with a sigh, Lady Maria (who danced very elegantly herself) owned that there was no gentleman at Court who could walk a minuet more gracefully than Warrington. As for riding, though Mr. Warrington took a few lessons on the great horse from a riding-master who came to Tunbridge, he declared that their own Virginian manner was well enough for him, and that he saw no one amongst the fine folks and the jockeys who could ride better than his friend Colonel George Washington of Mount Vernon.

The obsequious Sampson found himself in better quarters than he had enjoyed for ever so long a time. He knew a great deal of the world, and told a great

deal more, and Harry was delighted with his stories, real or fancied. The man of twenty looks up to the man of thirty, admires the latter's old jokes, stale puns, and tarnished anecdotes that are slopped with the wine of a hundred dinner-tables. Sampson's town and college pleasantries were all new and charming to the young Virginian. A hundred years ago, — no doubt there are no such people left in the world now, — there used to be grown men in London who loved to consort with fashionable youths entering life; to tickle their young fancies with merry stories; to act as Covent-Garden Mentors and masters of ceremonies at the Round-house; to accompany lads to the gaming-table, and perhaps have an understanding with the punters, to drink lemonade to Master Hopeful's Burgundy, and to stagger into the streets with perfectly cool heads when my young lord reeled out to beat the watch. Of this, no doubt extinct race, Mr. Sampson was a specimen: and a great comfort it is to think (to those who choose to believe the statement) that in Queen Victoria's reign there are no flatterers left, such as existed in the reign of her royal great-grand-father, no parasites pandering to the follies of young men; in fact, that all the toads have been eaten off the face of the island (except one or two that are found in stones, where they have lain *perdus* these hundred years), and the toadeaters have perished for lack of nourishment.

With some sauces, as I read, the above-mentioned animals are said to be exceedingly fragrant, wholesome, and savoury eating. Indeed, no man could look more rosy and healthy, or flourish more cheerfully, than friend Sampson upon the diet. He became our young friend's confidential leader, and, from the following

letter, which is preserved in the Warrington correspondence, it will be seen that Mr. Harry not only had dancing and fencing-masters, but likewise a tutor, chaplain, and secretary.

TO MRS. ESMOND WARRINGTON, OF CASTLEWOOD,
AT HER HOUSE AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Mrs. Bligh's lodgings, Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells,
August 25th, 1756.

HONOURED MADAM,

Your honoured letter of 20 June, per Mr. Trail of Bristol, has been forwarded to me duly, and I have to thank your goodness and kindness for the good advice which you are pleased to give me, as also for the remembrances of *dear home*, which I shall love never the worse for having been to the *home of our ancestors in England*.

I writ you a letter by the last monthly packet, informing my honoured mother of the little accident I had on the road hither, and of the kind friends who I found and whom took me in. Since then I have been profiting of the fine weather and the good company here, and have made many friends among our nobility, whose acquaintance I am sure you will not be sorry that I should make. Among their lordships I may mention the famous Earl of Chesterfield, late Ambassador to Holland, and Viceroy of the Kingdom of Ireland; the Earl of March and Ruglen, who will be Duke of Queensberry at the death of his Grace; and her Grace the Duchess, a celebrated beauty of the Queen's time, when she remembers my grandpapa at Court. These and many more persons of the first fashion attend my aunt's assemblies, which are the

most crowded at this crowded place. Also on my way hither I stayed at Westerham, at the house of an officer, Lieut. Gen. Wolfe, who served with my Grandfather and General Webb in the famous wars of the Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Wolfe has a son, Lieut. Col. James Wolfe, engaged to be married to a beautiful lady now in this place, Miss Lowther of the North — and though but 30 years old he is looked up to as much as any officer in the whole army, and hath served with honour under His Royal Highness the Duke wherever our arms have been employed.

I thank my honoured mother for announcing to me that a quarter's allowance of £52.10 will be paid me by Mr. Trail. I am in no present want of cash, and by practising a rigid economy, which will be necessary (as I do not disguise) for the maintenance of horses, Gumbo, and the equipage and apparel requisite *for a young gentleman of good family*, hope to be able to maintain my credit without unduly trespassing upon yours. The linnen and clothes which I brought with me will with due care last for some years — as you say. 'Tis not quite so fine as worn here by persons of fashion, and I may have to purchase a few *very* fine shirts for *great days*: but those I have are excellent for daily wear.

I am thankful that I have been quite without occasion to use your excellent family pills. Gumbo hath taken them with great benefit, who grows fat and saucy upon English beef, ale, and air. He sends his humble duty to his mistress, and prays Mrs. Mountain to remember him to all his fellow-servants, especially Dinah and Lily, for whom he has bought posey-rings at Tunbridge Fair.

Besides partaking of all the pleasures of the place, I hope my honoured mother will believe that I have not been unmindful of *my education*. I have had masters in fencing and dancing, and my Lord Castlewood's chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Sampson, having come hither to drink the waters, has been so good as to take a vacant room at my lodging. Mr. S. breakfasts with me, and we read together of a morning — he saying that I am not *quite such a dunce* as I used to appear at home. We have read in Mr. Rapin's History, Dr. Barrow's Sermons, and for amusement, Shakspeare, Mr. Pope's Homer, and (in French) the translation of an Arabian Work of Tales, very diverting. Several men of learning have been staying here besides the persons of fashion, and amongst the former was Mr. Richardson, the author of the famous books which you and Mountain and my dearest brother used to love so. He was pleased when I told him that his works were in your closet in Virginia, and begged me to convey his respectful compliments to my lady mother. Mr. R. is a short fat man, with little of the *fire of genius* visible in his eye or person.

My aunt and my cousin, the Lady Maria, desire their affectionate compliments to you, and with best regards for Mountain, to whom I enclose a note, I am,

Honoured Madam,

Your dutiful Son,

H. ESMOND WARRINGTON.

Note in Madam Esmond's handwriting.

From my son. Received October 15 at Richmond.
Sent 16 jars preserved peaches, 224 lbs. best tobacco,

24 finest hams, per Royal William of Liverpool, 8 jars peaches, 12 hams for my nephew, the Rt. Honourable the Earl of Castlewood. 4 jars, 6 hams for the Baroness Bernstein, ditto ditto for Mrs. Lambert of Oakhurst, Surrey, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. tobacco. Packet of Infallible Family Pills for Gumbo. My Papa's large silver-gilt shoe-buckles for H, and red silver-laced saddle cloth.

II. (enclosed in No. I.)

For Mrs. Mountain.

What do you *mien*, you silly old Mountain, by sending an order for your poor old divadends dew at Xmas? I'd have you to know I don't want your 7.10 £, and have *toar your order up* into 1000 *bitts*. I've plenty of money. But I'm *ableaged* to you all same. A kiss to Fanny from

Your loving

HARRY.

Note in Madam Esmond's handwriting. This note which I desired M. to show to me, proves that she *hath a good heart*, and that she wished to show her gratitude to the family, by giving up her half-yearly divd. (on 500 £ 3 per ct.) to my boy. Hence I reprimanded her *very slightly* for daring to send money to Mr. E. Warrington, unknown to his mother. Note to Mountain not so well spelt as letter to me.

Mem. to write to Revd. Mr. Sampson desire to know what *theolog.* books he reads with H. Recommend Law, Baxter, Drelincourt. — Request H. to say his catechism to Mr. S., which he has never quite been able to

master. By next ship peaches (3), tobacco $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. Hams for Mr. S.

The mother of the Virginians and her sons have long long since passed away. So how are we to account for the fact, that of a couple of letters sent under one enclosure and by one packet, one should be well spelt, and the other not entirely orthographical? Had Harry found some wonderful instructor such as exists in the present lucky times, and who would improve his writing in six lessons? My view of the case, after deliberately examining the two notes, is this. No. 1, in which there appears a trifling grammatical slip ("the kind friends *who* I found and *whom* took me in,") must have been re-written from a rough copy which had probably undergone the supervision of a tutor or friend. The more artless composition, No. 2, was not referred to the scholar who prepared No. 1 for the maternal eye, and to whose corrections of "who" and "whom" Mr. Warrington did not pay very close attention. Who knows how he may have been disturbed? A pretty milliner may have attracted Harry's attention out of window — a dancing bear with pipe and tabor may have passed along the common — a jockey come under his windows to show off a horse there? There are some days when any of us may be ungrammatical and spell ill. Finally, suppose Harry did not care to spell so elegantly for Mrs. Mountain as for his lady-mother, what affair is that of the present biographer, century, reader? And as for your objection that Mr. Warrington, in the above communication to his mother, showed some little hypocrisy and reticence in his dealings with that venerable person, I daresay, young

folks, you in your time have written more than one prim letter to your papas and mammas in which not quite all the transactions of your lives were narrated, or if narrated, were exhibited in the most favourable light for yourselves — I daresay, old folks! you, in your time, were not altogether more candid. There must be a certain distance between me and my son Jacky. There must be a respectful, an amiable, a virtuous hypocrisy between us. I do not in the least wish that he should treat me as his equal, that he should contradict me, take my arm-chair, read the newspaper first at breakfast, ask unlimited friends to dine when I have a party of my own, and so forth. No; where there is not equality there must be hypocrisy. Continue to be blind to my faults; to hush still as mice when I fall asleep after dinner; to laugh at my old jokes; to admire my sayings; to be astonished at the impudence of those unbelieving reviewers; to be dear filial humbugs, O my children! In my castle I am king. Let all my royal household back before me. 'Tis not their natural way of walking, I know; but a decorous, becoming, and modest behaviour highly agreeable to me. Away from me they may do, nay, they *do* do, what they like. They may jump, skip, dance, trot, tumble over head and heels, and kick about freely, when they are out of the presence of my majesty. Do not then, my dear young friends, be surprised at your mother and aunt when they cry out, "O, it was highly immoral and improper of Mr. Warrington to be writing home humdrum demure letters to his dear mamma, when he was playing all sorts of merry pranks!" — but drop a curtsy, and say, "Yes, dear grandmamma (or aunt as may be), it was very wrong of him: and I

suppose you never had your fun when *you* were young." Of course, she didn't! And the sun never shone, and the blossoms never budded, and the blood never danced, and the fiddles never sang, in her spring time. *Eh Babet! mon lait de poule et mon bonnet de nuit!* Ho, Betty! my gruel and my slippers! And go ye frisky, merry, little souls! and dance, and have your merry little supper of cakes and ale!

CHAPTER VII.

The Bear and the Leader.

OUR candid readers know the real state of the case regarding Harry Warrington and that luckless Cattarina; but a number of the old ladies at Tunbridge Wells supposed the Virginian to be as dissipated as any young English nobleman of the highest quality, and Madame de Bernstein was especially incredulous about her nephew's innocence. It was the old lady's firm belief that Harry was leading not only a merry life but a wicked one, and her wish was father to the thought that the lad might be no better than his neighbours. An old Roman herself, she liked her nephew to do as Rome did. All the scandal regarding Mr. Warrington's Lovelace adventures she eagerly and complacently accepted. We have seen how, on one or two occasions, he gave tea and music to the company at the Wells; and he was so gallant and amiable to the ladies (to ladies of a much better figure and character than the unfortunate Cattarina), that Madame Bernstein ceased to be disquieted regarding the silly love affair which had had a commencement at Castlewood, and relaxed in her vigilance over Lady Maria. Some folks — many old folks — are too selfish to interest themselves long about the affairs of their neighbours. The Baroness had her trumps to think of, her dinners, her twinges of rheumatism: and her suspicions regarding Maria and Harry, lately so lively, now dosed, and kept a careless unobservant watch. She may have

thought that the danger was over, or she may have ceased to care whether it existed or not, or that artful Maria, by her conduct, may have quite cajoled, soothed, and misguided the old Dragon, to whose charge she was given over. At Maria's age, nay, earlier indeed, maidens have learnt to be very sly, and at Madame Bernstein's time of life, dragons are not so fierce and alert. They cannot turn so readily, some of their old teeth have dropped out, and their eyes require more sleep than they needed in days when they were more active, venomous, and dangerous. I, for my part, know a few female dragons, *de par le monde*, and, as I watch them and remember what they were, admire the softening influence of years upon these whilome destroyers of man-and womankind. Their scales are so soft, that any knight with a moderate power of thrust can strike them: their claws, once strong enough to tear out a thousand eyes, only fall with a feeble pat that scarce raises the skin: their tongues, from their toothless old gums, dart a venom which is rather disagreeable than deadly. See them trailing their languid tails, and crawling home to their caverns at roosting time! How weak are their powers of doing injury! their maleficence how feeble! How changed are they since the brisk days when their eyes shot wicked fire; their tongue spat poison; their breath blasted reputation; and they gobbled up a daily victim at least!

If the good folks at Oakhurst could not resist the testimony which was brought to them regarding Harry's ill-doings, why should Madam Bernstein, who in the course of her long days had had more experience of evil than all the Oakhurst family put together, be less credulous than they? Of course every single old

woman of her ladyship's society believed every story that was told about Mr. Harry Warrington's dissipated habits, and was ready to believe as much more ill of him as you please. When the little dancer went back to London, as she did, it was because that heartless Harry deserted her. He deserted her for somebody else, whose name was confidently given, — whose name? — whose half-dozen names the society at Tunbridge Wells would whisper about; where there congregated people of all ranks and degrees, women of fashion, women of reputation, of demi-reputation, of virtue, of no virtue, — all mingling in the same rooms, dancing to the same fiddles, drinking out of the same glasses at the Wells, and alike in search of health, or society, or pleasure. A century ago, and our ancestors, the most free or the most straightlaced, met together at a score of such merry places as that where our present scene lies, and danced, and frisked, and gamed, and drank at Epsom, Bath, Tunbridge, Harrogate, as they do at Hombourg and Baden now.

Harry's bad reputation then comforted his old Aunt exceedingly, and eased her mind in respect to the boy's passion for Lady Maria. So easy was she in her mind, that when the Chaplain said he came to escort her ladyship home, Madame Bernstein did not even care to part from her niece. She preferred rather to keep her under her eye, to talk to her about her wicked young cousin's wild extravagances, to whisper to her that boys would be boys, to confide to Maria her intention of getting a proper wife for Harry, — some one of a suitable age, — some one with a suitable fortune, — all which pleasantries poor Maria had to bear with as much fortitude as she could muster.

There lived, during the last century, a certain French duke and marquis, who distinguished himself in Europe, and America likewise, and has obliged posterity by leaving behind him a choice volume of memoirs, which the gentle reader is specially warned not to consult. Having performed the part of Don Juan in his own country, in ours, and in other parts of Europe, he has kindly noted down the names of many court-beauties who fell victims to his powers of fascination; and very pleasant reading no doubt it must be for the grandsons and descendants of the fashionable persons amongst whom our brilliant nobleman moved, to find the names of their ancestresses adorning M. le Duc's sprightly pages, and their frailties recorded by the candid writer who caused them.

In the course of the peregrinations of this nobleman, he visited North America, and, as had been his custom in Europe, proceeded straightway to fall in love. And curious it is to contrast the elegant refinements of European society, where, according to Monseigneur, he had but to lay siege to a woman in order to vanquish her, with the simple lives and habits of the colonial folks, amongst whom this European enslaver of hearts did not, it appears, make a single conquest. Had he done so, he would as certainly have narrated his victories in Pennsylvania and New England, as he described his successes in this and his own country. Travellers in America have cried out quite loudly enough against the rudeness and barbarism of transatlantic manners; let the present writer give the humble testimony of his experience that the conversation of American gentlemen is generally modest, and, to the best of his belief, the lives of the women pure.

We have said that Mr. Harry Warrington brought his colonial modesty along with him to the old country; and though he could not help hearing the free talk of the persons amongst whom he lived, and who were men of pleasure and the world, he sat pretty silent himself in the midst of their rattle; never indulged in *double entendre* in his conversation with women; had no victories over the sex to boast of; and was shy and awkward when he heard such narrated by others.

This youthful modesty Mr. Sampson had remarked during his intercourse with the lad at Castlewood, where Mr. Warrington had more than once shown himself quite uneasy whilst cousin Will was telling some of his choice stories; and my lord had curtly rebuked his brother, bidding him keep his jokes for the usher's table at Kensington, and not give needless offence to their kinsman. Hence the exclamation of "*Reverentia pueris*," which the Chaplain had addressed to his neighbour at the ordinary on Harry's first appearance there. Mr. Sampson, if he had not strength sufficient to do right himself, at least had grace enough not to offend innocent young gentlemen by his cynicism.

The Chaplain was touched by Harry's gift of the horse; and felt a genuine friendliness towards the lad. "You see, sir," says he, "I am of the world, and must do as the rest of the world does. I have led a rough life, Mr. Warrington, and can't afford to be more particular than my neighbours. *Video meliora, deteriora sequor*, as we said at college. I have got a little sister, who is at boarding-school, not very far from here, and, as I keep a decent tongue in my head when I am talking with my little Patty, and expect others to do as much, sure I may try and do as much by you."

The Chaplain was loud in his praises of Harry to his aunt, the old Baroness. She liked to hear him praised. She was as fond of him as she could be of anything; was pleased in his company, with his good looks, his manly courageous bearing, his blushes, which came so readily, his bright eyes, his deep youthful voice. His shrewdness and simplicity constantly amused her; she would have wearied of him long before, had he been clever, or learned, or witty, or other than he was. "We must find a good wife for him, chaplain," she said to Mr. Sampson. "I have one or two in my eye, who, I think, will suit him. We must set him up here; he never will bear going back to his savages again, or to live with his little methodist of a mother."

Now about this point Mr. Sampson, too, was personally anxious, and had also a wife in his eye for Harry. I suppose he must have had some conversations with his lord at Castlewood, whom we have heard expressing some intention of complimenting his Chaplain with a good living or other provision, in event of his being able to carry out his lordship's wishes regarding a marriage for Lady Maria. If his good offices could help that anxious lady to a husband, Sampson was ready to employ them; and he now waited to see in what most effectual manner he could bring his influence to bear.

Sampson's society was most agreeable, and he and his young friend were intimate in the course of a few hours. The parson rejoiced in high spirits, good appetite, good humour; pretended to no sort of squeamishness, and indulged in no sanctified hypocritical conversation; nevertheless, he took care not to shock his

young friend, by any needless outbreaks of levity or immorality of talk, initiating his pupil, perhaps from compunction, only into the minor mysteries, as it were; and not telling him the secrets with which the unlucky adept himself was only too familiar. With Harry, Sampson was only a brisk, lively, jolly companion, ready for any drinking bout, or any sport, a cock-fight, a shooting match, a game at cards, or a gallop across the common; but his conversation was decent, and he tried much more to amuse the young man, than to lead him astray. The Chaplain was quite successful: he had immense animal spirits as well as natural wit, and aptitude as well as experience in that business of toad-eater which had been his calling and livelihood from his very earliest years, — ever since he first entered college as a servitor, and cast about to see by whose means he could make his fortune in life. That was but satire just now, when we said there were no toad-eaters left in the world. There are many men of Sampson's profession now, doubtless; nay, little boys at our public schools are sent thither at the earliest age, instructed by their parents, and put out apprentices to toad-eating. But the flattery is not so manifest as it used to be a hundred years since. Young men and old have hangers on, and led captains, but they assume an appearance of equality, borrow money, or swallow their toads in private, and walk abroad arm in arm with the great man, and call him by his name without his title. In those good old times, when Harry Warrington first came to Europe, a gentleman's toad-eater pretended to no airs of equality at all; openly paid court to his patron, called him by that name to other folks, went on his errands for him, — any sort

of errands which the patron might devise, — called him Sir in speaking to him, stood up in his presence until bidden to sit down, and flattered him *ex officio*. Mr. Sampson did not take the least shame in speaking of Harry as his young patron, — as a young Virginian nobleman recommended to him by his other noble patron, the Earl of Castlewood. He was proud of appearing at Harry's side, and as his humble retainer, in public talked about him to the company, gave orders to Harry's tradesmen, from whom, let us hope, he received a per centage in return for his recommendations, performed all the functions of aide-de-camp — others, if our young gentleman demanded them from the obsequious divine, who had gaily discharged the duties of *ami du prince* to ever so many young men of fashion, since his own entrance into the world. It must be confessed that, since his arrival in Europe, Mr. Warrington had not been uniformly lucky in the friendships which he had made.

“What a reputation, sir, they have made for you in this place!” cries Mr. Sampson coming back from the coffee-house to his patron. “Monsieur de Richelieu was nothing to you!”

“How do you mean, Monsieur de Richelieu? — Never was at Minorca in my life,” says down-right Harry, who had not heard of those victories at home, which made the French duke famous.

Mr. Sampson explained. The pretty widow Patcham who had just arrived was certainly desperate about Mr. Warrington: her way of going on at the rooms, the night before, proved that. As for Mrs. Hooper, that was a known case, and the Alderman had fetched his

wife back to London for no other reason. It was the talk of the whole Wells.

"Who says so?" cries out Harry, indignantly. "I should like to meet the man who dares say so, and confound the villain!"

"I should not like to show him to you," says Mr. Sampson, laughing. "It might be the worse for him."

"It's a shame to speak with such levity about the character of ladies or of gentlemen, either," continues Mr. Warrington, pacing up and down the room in a fume.

"So I told them," says the Chaplain, wagging his head and looking very much moved and very grave, though, if the truth were known, it had never come into his mind at all to be angry at hearing charges of this nature against Harry.

"It's a shame, I say, to talk away the reputation of any man or woman as people do here. Do you know, in our country, a fellow's ears would not be safe; and a little before I left home, three brothers shot down a man, for having spoken ill of their sister."

"Serve the villain right!" cries Sampson.

"Already they have had that calumny about me set a-going here, Sampson, — about me and the poor little French dancing-girl."

"I have heard," says Mr. Sampson, shaking powder out of his wig.

"Wicked; wasn't it?"

"Abominable."

"They said the very same thing about my Lord March. Isn't it shameful?"

"Indeed it is," says Mr. Sampson, preserving a face of wonderful gravity.

"I don't know what I should do if these stories were to come to my mother's ears. It would break her heart, I do believe it would. Why, only a few days before you came, a military friend of mine, Mr. Wolfe told me, how the most horrible lies were circulated about me. Good heavens! What do they think a gentleman of my name and country can be capable of — I a seducer of women? They might as well say I was a horse-stealer or a housebreaker. I vow if I hear any man say so, I'll have his ears!"

"I have read, sir, that the Grand Seignior of Turkey has bushels of ears sometimes sent in to him," says Mr. Sampson, laughing. "If you took all those that had heard scandal against you or others, what baskets full you would fill!"

"And so I would, Sampson, as soon as look at 'em: — any fellow's who said a word against a lady or a gentleman of honour!" cries the Virginian.

"If you'll go down to the Well, you'll find a harvest of 'em. I just came from there. It was the high tide of Scandal. Detraction was at its height. And you may see the *nymphas discentes* and the *aures satyrorum acutas*," cries the Chaplain, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"That may be as you say, Sampson," Mr. Warrington replies; "but if ever I hear any man speak against my character I'll punish him. Mark that."

"I shall be very sorry for his sake, that I should; for you'll mark him in a way he won't like, sir; and I know you are a man of your word."

"You may be sure of that, Sampson. And now shall we go to dinner, and afterwards to my Lady Trumpington's tea?"

"You know, sir, I can't resist a card or a bottle," says Mr. Sampson. "Let us have the last first and then the first shall come last." And with this the two gentlemen went off to their accustomed place of refection.

That was an age in which wine-bibbing was more common than in our politer time; and, especially since the arrival of General Braddock's army in his native country, our young Virginian had acquired rather a liking for the filling of bumpers and the calling of toasts; having heard that it was a point of honour among the officers, never to decline a toast or a challenge. So Harry and his Chaplain drank their claret in peace and plenty, naming, as the simple custom was, some favourite lady with each glass.

The chaplain had reasons of his own for desiring to know how far the affair between Harry and my Lady Maria had gone; whether it was advancing, or whether it was ended; and he and his young friend were just warm enough with the claret to be able to talk with that great eloquence, that candour, that admirable friendliness, which good wine taken in a rather injudicious quantity inspires. O kindly harvests of the Aquitanian grape! O sunny banks of Garonne! O friendly caves of Gledstane and Morel, where the dusky flasks lie recondite! May we not say a word of thanks for all the pleasure we owe you? Are the Temperance men to be allowed to shout in the public places? are the Vegetarians to bellow "Cabbage for ever?" and may we modest Cœnophilists not sing the praises of our favourite plant? After the drinking of good Bordeaux wine, there is a point (I do not say a pint) at which men arrive, when all the generous faculties of the soul

are awakened and in full vigour; when the wit brightens and breaks out in sudden flashes; when the intellects are keenest; when the pent up words and confined thoughts get a night-rule, and rush abroad and disport themselves; when the kindest affections come out and shake hands with mankind, and the timid Truth jumps up naked out of his well and proclaims himself to all the world. How, by the kind influence of the wine-cup, we succour the poor and humble! How bravely we rush to the rescue of the oppressed! I say, in the face of all the pumps which ever spouted, that there is a moment in a bout of good wine at which if a man could but remain, wit, wisdom, courage, generosity, eloquence, happiness, were his; but the moment passes, and that other glass somehow spoils the state of beatitude. There is a headache in the morning; we are not going into Parliament for our native town; we are not going to shoot those French officers who have been speaking disrespectfully of our country; and poor Jeremy Diddler calls about eleven o'clock for another half-sovereign, and we are unwell in bed, and can't see him, and send him empty away.

Well, then, as they sate over their generous cups, the company having departed, and the —th bottle of claret being brought in by Monsieur Barbeau, the Chaplain found himself in an eloquent state, with a strong desire for inculcating sublime moral precepts, whilst Harry was moved by an extreme longing to explain his whole private history, and impart all his present feelings to his new friend. Mark that fact. Why *must* a man say everything that comes uppermost in his noble mind, because forsooth he has swallowed a half-pint more of wine than he ordinarily drinks? Suppose

I had committed a murder (of course I allow the sherry and champagne at dinner), should I announce that homicide somewhere about the third bottle (in a small party of men) of claret at dessert? Of course: and hence the fidelity to water-gruel announced a few pages back.

"I am glad to hear what your conduct has really been with regard to the Cattarina, Mr. Warrington; I am glad from my soul!" says the impetuous Chaplain. "The wine is with you. You have shown that you can bear down calumny, and resist temptation. Ah! my dear sir, men are not all so fortunate. What famous good wine this is!" and he sucks up a glass with "A toast from you, my dear sir, if you please?"

"I give you 'Miss Fanny Mountain, of Virginia,'" says Mr. Warrington, filling a bumper as his thoughts fly straightway, ever so many thousand miles, to home.

"One of your American conquests, I suppose," says the Chaplain.

"Nay, she is but ten years old, and I have never made any conquests at all in Virginia, Mr. Sampson," says the young gentleman.

"You are like a true gentleman, and don't kiss and tell, sir."

"I neither kiss nor tell. It isn't the custom of our country, Sampson, to ruin girls, or frequent the society of low women. We Virginian gentlemen honour women: we don't wish to bring them to shame," cries the young toper, looking very proud and handsome. "The young lady whose name I mentioned hath lived in our family since her infancy, and I would shoot the man who did her a wrong; — by Heaven, I would."

"Your sentiments do you honour! Let me shake

hands with you! I *will* shake hands with you, Mr. Warrington," cried the enthusiastic Sampson. "And let me tell you, 'tis the grasp of honest friendship offered you, and not merely the poor retainer paying court to the wealthy patron. No! with such liquor as this, all men are equal; — faith, all men are rich, whilst it lasts! and Tom Sampson is as wealthy with his bottle as your honour with all the acres of your principality!"

"Let us have another bottle of riches," says Harry, with a laugh. "Encor du cachet jaune, mon bon Monsieur Barbeau!" and exit Monsieur Barbeau to the caves below.

"Another bottle of riches! Capital, capital! How beautifully you speak French, Mr. Harry."

"I *do* speak it well," says Harry. "At least, when I speak, Monsieur Barbeau understands me well enough."

"You do everything well, I think. You succeed in whatever you try. That is why they have fancied here you have won the hearts of so many women, sir."

"There you go again about the women! I tell you I don't like these stories about women. Confound me, Sampson, why is a gentleman's character to be blackened so?"

"Well, at any rate, there is one, unless my eyes deceive me very much indeed, sir!" cries the Chaplain.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Harry, flushing very red.

"Nay. I name no names. It isn't for a poor Chaplain to meddle with his betters' doings, or to know their thoughts," says Mr. Sampson.

"Thoughts! *what* thoughts, Sampson?"

"I fancied I saw on the part of a certain lovely and respected lady at Castlewood, a preference exhibited. I fancied on the side of a certain distinguished young gentleman a strong liking manifested itself: but I may have been wrong, and ask pardon."

"O Sampson, Sampson!" broke out the young man. "I tell you I am miserable. I tell you I have been longing for some one to confide in, or ask advice of. You *do* know, then, that there has been something going on — something between me and — Help Mr. Sampson, Monsieur Barbeau — and — and some one else?"

"I have watched it this month past," says the Chaplain.

"Confound me, sir, do you mean you have been a spy on me?" says the other hotly.

"A spy! You made little disguise of the matter, Mr. Warrington, and her ladyship wasn't a much better hand at deceiving. You were always together. In the shrubberies, in the walks, in the village, in the galleries of the house, — you always found a pretext for being together, and plenty of eyes besides mine watched you."

"Gracious powers! What *did* you see, Sampson?" cries the lad.

"Nay, sir, 'tis forbidden to kiss and tell. I say so again," says the Chaplain.

The young man turned very red. "O Sampson!" he cried, "can I — can I confide in you?"

"Dearest sir — dear generous youth — you know I would shed my heart's blood for you!" exclaims the Chaplain, squeezing his patron's hand, and turning a brilliant pair of eyes ceiling-wards.

"O Sampson! I tell you I am miserable. With all this play and wine, whilst I have been here, I tell you I have been trying to drive away care. I own to you that when we were at Castlewood there was things passed between a certain lady and me."

The parson gave a slight whistle over his glass of Bordeaux.

"And they've made me wretched, those things have. I mean, you see, that if a gentleman has given his word, why, it's his word, and he must stand by it you know. I mean that I thought I loved her, — and so I do very much, and she's a most dear, kind, darling, affectionate creature, and very handsome, too, — quite beautiful; but then, you know, our ages, Sampson. Think of our ages, Sampson! She's as old as my mother!"

"Who would never forgive you."

"I don't intend to let anybody meddle in my affairs, not Madam Esmond nor anybody else," cries Harry: "but you see, Sampson, she *is* old — and, O hang it! Why did Aunt Bernstein tell me? —"

"Tell you what?"

"Something I can't divulge to anybody, something that tortures me!"

"Not about the — the —" the chaplain paused: he was going to say about her ladyship's little affair with the French dancing master; about other little anecdotes affecting her character. But he had not drunk wine enough to be quite candid, or too much, and was past the real moment of virtue.

"Yes, yes, every one of 'em false — every one of 'em!" shrieks out Harry.

"Great powers, what do you mean?" asks his friend.

"These, sir, these!" says Harry, beating a tattoo on his own white teeth. "I didn't know it when I asked her. I swear I didn't know it. O, it's horrible — it's horrible! and it has caused me nights of agony, Sampson. My dear old grandfather had a set, a Frenchman at Charleston made them for him, and we used to look at 'em grinning in a tumbler, and when they were out, his jaws used to fall in — I never thought *she* had 'em."

"Had *what*, sir?" again asked the Chaplain.

"Confound it, sir, don't you see I mean *teeth*?" says Harry, rapping the table.

"Nay, only two."

"And how the devil do you know, sir?" asks the young man fiercely.

"I — I had it from her maid. She had two teeth knocked out by a stone which cut her lip a little, and they have been replaced."

"O, Sampson, do you mean to say they ain't *all* sham ones?" cries the boy.

"But two, sir, at least, so Peggy told me, and she would just as soon have blabbed about the whole two and thirty — the rest are as sound as yours, which are beautiful."

"And her hair, Sampson, is that all right, too?" asks the young gentleman.

"'Tis lovely — I have seen that. I can take my oath to that. Her ladyship can sit upon it; and her figure is very fine; and her skin is as white as snow; and her heart is the kindest that ever was; and I

know, that is I feel sure, it is very tender about you, Mr. Warrington."

"O, Sampson! Heaven, Heaven bless you! What a weight you've taken off my mind with those — those — never mind them! O, Sam! How happy — that is, no, no — O, how miserable I am! She's as old as Madam Esmond — by George she is — she's as old as my mother. You wouldn't have a fellow marry a woman as old as his mother? It's too bad: by George it is. It's too bad." And here, I am sorry to say, Harry Esmond Warrington, Esquire, of Castlewood, in Virginia, began to cry. The delectable point, you see, must have been passed several glasses ago.

"You don't want to marry her, then?" asks the Chaplain.

"What's that to you, sir? I've promised her, and an Esmond — a *Virginia* Esmond, mind that — Mr. What's your name — Sampson — has but his word!" The sentiment was noble, but delivered by Harry with rather a doubtful articulation.

"Mind you, I said a *Virginia* Esmond," continued poor Harry, lifting up his finger, "I don't mean the younger branch here. I don't mean Will, who robbed me about the horse, and whose bones I'll break. I give you Lady Maria — Heaven bless her, and Heaven bless *you*, Sampson, and you deserve to be a bishop, old boy!"

"There are letters between you, I suppose?" says Sampson.

"Letters! Dammy, she's always writing me letters! — never gets me into a window but she sticks one in my cuff. Letters, that *is* a good idea. Look here! Here's letters!" And he threw down a pocket-book

containing a heap of papers of the poor lady's composition.

"Those *are* letters, indeed. What a post-bag!" says the Chaplain.

"But any man who touches them — dies — on the spot!" shrieks Harry, starting from his seat, and reeling towards his sword; which he draws, and then stamps with his foot, and says "Ha! ha!" and then lunges at M. Barbeau who skips away from the lunge behind the Chaplain, who looks rather alarmed. I know we could have had a much more exciting picture than either of those we present of Harry this month, and the lad with his hair dishevelled, raging about the room *flamberge au vent*, and pinking the affrighted inn-keeper and chaplain would have afforded a good subject for the pencil. But O, to think of him stumbling over a stool, and prostrated by an enemy who has stole away his brains! Come Gumbo! and help your master to bed!

CHAPTER VIII.

In which a Family Coach is ordered.

OUR pleasing duty now is to divulge the secret which Mr. Lambert whispered in his wife's ear at the close of the antepenultimate chapter, and the publication of which caused such great pleasure to the whole of the Oakhurst family. As the hay was in, the corn not ready for cutting, and by consequence the farm horses disengaged, why, asked Colonel Lambert, should they not be put into the coach, and should we not all pay a visit to Tunbridge Wells, taking friend Wolfe at Westerham on our way?

Mamma embraced this proposal, and I dare say the honest gentleman who made it. All the children jumped for joy. The girls went off straightway to get together their best calamancoes, paduasoy, falbalas, furbelows, capes, cardinals, sacks, negligées, solitaires, caps, ribbons, mantuas, clocked stockings, and high-heeled shoes, and I know not what articles of toilette. Mamma's best robes were taken from the presses, whence they only issued on rare, solemn occasions, retiring immediately afterwards to lavender and seclusion; the brave Colonel produced his laced hat and waistcoat and silver-hilted hanger; Charley rejoiced in a *rasée* holiday suit of his father's, in which the Colonel had been married, and which Mrs. Lambert cut up, not without a pang. Ball and Dumpling had their tails and manes tied with ribbon, and Chump, the old white

cart-horse, went as unicorn leader, to help the carriage-horses up the first hilly five miles of the road from Oakhurst to Westerham. The carriage was an ancient vehicle, and was believed to have served in the procession which had brought George I. from Greenwich to London, on his first arrival to assume the sovereignty of these realms. It had belonged to Mr. Lambert's father, and the family had been in the habit of regarding it, ever since they could remember anything, as one of the most splendid coaches in the three kingdoms. Brian, coachman, and — must it also be owned? — ploughman, of the Oakhurst family, had a place on the box, with Mr. Charley by his side. The precious clothes were packed in imperials on the roof. The Colonel's pistols were put in the pockets of the carriage, and the blunderbuss hung behind the box, in reach of Brian, who was an old soldier. No highwayman, however, molested the convoy; not even an innkeeper levied contributions on Colonel Lambert, who, with a slender purse and a large family, was not to be plundered by those or any other depredators on the king's highway; and a reasonable cheap modest lodging had been engaged for them by young Colonel Wolfe, at the house where he was in the habit of putting up, and whither he himself accompanied them on horseback.

It happened that these lodgings were opposite Madame Bernstein's; and as the Oakhurst family reached their quarters on a Saturday evening, they could see chair after chair discharging powdered beaux and patched and brocaded beauties at the Baroness's door, who was holding one of her many card parties. The sun was not yet down (for our ancestors

began their dissipations at early hours, and were at meat, drink, or cards, any time after three o'clock in the afternoon until any time in the night or morning), and the young country ladies and their mother from their window could see the various personages as they passed into the Bernstein rout. Colonel Wolfe told the ladies who most of the characters were. 'Twas almost as delightful as going to the party themselves, Hetty and Theo thought, for they not only could see the guests arriving, but look into the Baroness's open case-ments and watch many of them there. Of a few of the personages we have before had a glimpse. When the Duchess of Queensberry passed, and Mr. Wolfe explained who she was, Martin Lambert was ready with a score of lines about "Kitty, beautiful and young," from his favourite Mat. Prior.

"Think that that old lady was once like you, girls!" cries the Colonel.

"Like us, papa? Well, certainly we never set up for being beauties!" says Miss Hetty, tossing up her little head.

"Yes, like you, you little baggage; like you at this moment, who want to go to that drum yonder: —

"Inflamed with rage at sad restraint
Which wise mamma ordained,
And sorely vexed to play the saint
Whilst wit and beauty reigned."

"We were never invited, papa; and I am sure if there's no beauty more worth seeing than that, the wit can't be much worth the hearing," again says the satirist of the family.

"O, but he's a rare poet, Mat. Prior!" continues the Colonel; "though, mind you, girls, you'll skip over all

the poems I have marked with a cross. A rare poet! and to think you should see one of his heroines! 'Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way' (she always will, Mrs. Lambert!) —

"Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way, —
Kitty at heart's desire
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire!"

"I am sure it must have been very inflammable," says mamma.

"So it was, my dear, twenty years ago, much more inflammable than it is now," remarks the Colonel.

"Nonsense, Mr. Lambert," is mamma's answer.

"Look, look!" cries Hetty, running forward and pointing to the little square, and the covered gallery, where was the door leading to Madame Bernstein's apartment's, and round which stood a crowd of street urchins, idlers and yokels, watching the company.

"It's Harry Warrington!" exclaims Theo, waving a handkerchief to the young Virginian: but Warrington did not see Miss Lambert. The Virginian was walking arm-in-arm with a portly clergyman in a crisp rustling silk gown, and the two went into Madame de Bernstein's door.

"I heard him preach a most admirable sermon here last Sunday," says Mr. Wolfe; "a little theatrical, but most striking and eloquent."

"You seem to be here most Sundays, James," says Mrs. Lambert.

"And Monday, and so on till Saturday," adds the Colonel. "See, Harry has beautified himself already, hath his hair in buckle, and I have no doubt is going to the drum too."

"I had rather sit quiet generally of a Saturday evening," says sober Mr. Wolfe; "at any rate away from card-playing and scandal; but I own, dear Mrs. Lambert, I am under orders. Shall I go across the way and sent Mr. Warrington to you?"

"No, let him have his sport. We shall see him tomorrow. He won't care to be disturbed amidst his fine folks by us country people," said meek Mrs. Lambert.

"I am glad he is with a clergyman who preaches so well," says Theo, softly; and her eyes seemed to say, You see, good people, he is not so bad as you thought him, and as I, for my part, never believed him to be. "The clergyman has a very kind, handsome face."

"Here comes a greater clergyman," cries Mr. Wolfe; "It is my lord of Salisbury, with his blue ribbon, and a chaplain behind him."

"And whom a mercy's name have we here?" breaks in Mrs. Lambert, as a sedan-chair, covered with gilding, topped with no less than five earl's coronets, carried by bearers in richly laced clothes, and preceded by three footmen in the same splendid livery, now came up to Madame de Bernstein's door. The Bishop, who had been about to enter, stopped, and ran back with the most respectful bows and curtsies to the sedan-chair, giving his hand to the lady who stepped thence.

"Who on earth is this?" asks Mrs. Lambert.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch. Ja mein herr. Nichts verstand," says the waggish colonel.

"Pooh, Martin."

"Well, if you can't understand High Dutch, my

love, how can I help it? Your education was neglected at school. Can you understand heraldry — I know you can?"

"I make," cries Charley, reciting the shield, "three merions on a field *or*, with an earl's coronet."

"A countess's coronet, my son. The Countess of Yarmouth, my son."

"And pray who is she?"

"It hath ever been the custom of our sovereigns to advance persons of distinction to honour," continues the colonel, gravely, "and this eminent lady hath been so promoted by our gracious monarch, to the rank of Countess of this kingdom."

"But why, papa?" asked the daughters together.

"Never mind, girls!" said mamma.

But that incorrigible colonel would go on.

"Y, my children, is one of the last and the most awkward letters of the whole alphabet. When I tell you stories, you are always saying Why. Why should my Lord Bishop be cringing to that lady? Look at him rubbing his fat hands together, and smiling into her face! It's not a handsome face any longer. It is all painted red and white like Scaramouch's in the pantomime. See, there comes another blue-riband, as I live. My Lord Bamborough. The descendant of the Hotspurs. The proudest man in England. He stops, he bows, he smiles; he is hat in hand, too. See, she taps him with her fan. Get away, you crowd of little blackguard boys, and don't tread on the robe of the lady whom the king delights to honour."

"But why does the King honour her?" ask the girls once more.

"There goes that odious last letter but one! Did

you ever hear of her Grace the Duchess of Kendal? No. Of the Duchess of Portsmouth? Non plus. Of the Duchess of La Vallière? Of Fair Rosamond, then?"

"Hush, papa! There is no need to bring blushes on the cheeks of my dear ones, Martin Lambert!" said the mother, putting her finger to her husband's lip.

"'Tis not I; it is their sacred Majesties who are the cause of the shame," cries the son of the old republican. "Think of the Bishops of the Church and the proudest nobility of the world cringing and bowing before that painted High Dutch Jezebel. O it's a shame! a shame!"

"Confusion!" here broke out Colonel Wolfe, and, making a dash at his hat, ran from the room. He had seen the young lady whom he admired and her guardian walking across the Pantiles on foot to the Baroness's party, and they came up whilst the Countess of Yarmouth-Walmoden was engaged in conversation with the two lords spiritual and temporal, and these two made the lowest reverences and bows to the Countess, and waited until she had passed in at the door on the Bishop's arm.

Theo turned away from the window with a sad, almost awe-stricken face. Hetty still remained there, looking from it with indignation in her eyes, and a little red spot on each cheek.

"A penny for little Hetty's thoughts," says mamma, coming to the window to lead the child away.

"I am thinking what I should do if I saw papa bowing to that woman," says Hetty."

Tea and a hissing kettle here made their appearance, and the family sate down to partake of their

evening meal, leaving however Miss Hetty, from her place, command of the window, which she begged her brother not to close. That young gentleman had been down amongst the crowd to inspect the armorial bearings of the Countess's and other sedans, no doubt, and also to invest sixpence in a cheese-cake by mamma's order and his own desire, and he returned presently with this delicacy wrapped up in a paper.

"Look, mother," he comes back and says, "do you see that big man in brown beating all the pillars with his stick? That is the learned Mr. Johnson. He comes to the Friars sometimes to see our master. He was sitting with some friends just now at the tea-table before Mrs. Brown's tart-shop. They have tea there, twopence a cup; I heard Mr. Johnson say he had had seventeen cups — that makes two-and-tenpence — what a *sight* of money for tea!"

"What would you have, Charley?" asks Theo.

"I think I would have cheese-cakes," says Charley, sighing, as his teeth closed on a large slice, "and the gentleman whom Mr. Johnson was with," continues Charley, with his mouth quite full, "was Mr. Richardson who wrote —"

"Clarissa!" cry all the women in a breath, and run to the window to see their favourite writer. By this time the sun was sunk, the stars were twinkling overhead, and the footmen came and lighted the candles in the Baroness's room opposite our spies.

Theo and her mother were standing together looking from their place of observation. There was a small illumination at Mrs. Brown's tart and tea-shop, by which our friends could see one lady getting Mr.

Richardson's hat and stick, and another tying a shawl round his neck, after which he walked home.

"O dear me! he does not look like Grandison!" cries Theo.

"I rather think I wish we had not seen him, my dear," says mamma, who has been described as a most sentimental woman and eager novel reader; and here again they were interrupted by Miss Hetty, who cried:

"Never mind that little fat man, but look yonder, mamma."

And they looked yonder. And they saw, in the first place, Mr. Warrington undergoing the honour of a presentation to the Countess of Yarmouth, who was still followed by the obsequious peer and prelate with the blue ribands. And now the Countess graciously sate down to a card-table, the Bishop and the Earl and a fourth person being her partners. And now Mr. Warrington came into the embrasure of the window with a lady whom they recognised as the lady whom they had seen for a few minutes at Oakhurst.

"How much finer he is," remarks mamma.

"How he is improved in his looks. What has he done to himself?" asks Theo.

"Look at his grand lace frills and ruffles! My dear, he has not got on our shirts any more," cries the matron.

"What are you talking about, girls?" asks papa, reclining on his sofa, where, perhaps, he was dozing after the fashion of honest house-fathers.

The girls said how Harry Warrington was in the window, talking with his cousin Lady Maria Esmond.

"Come away!" cries papa. "You have no right

to be spying the young fellow. Down with the curtains, I say!"

And down the curtains went, so that the girls saw no more of Madam Bernstein's guests or doings for that night.

I pray you be not angry at my remarking, if only by way of contrast between these two opposite houses, that while Madame Bernstein and her guests — bishop, dignitaries, noblemen, and what not — were gambling or talking scandal, or devouring champagne and chickens (which I hold to be venial sin), or doing honour to her ladyship the king's favourite, the Countess of Yarmouth-Walmoden, our country friends in their lodgings knelt round their table, whither Mr. Brian the coachman came as silently as his creaking shoes would let him, whilst Mr. Lambert, standing up, read in a low voice, a prayer that Heaven would lighten their darkness and defend them from the perils of that night, and a supplication that it would grant the request of those two or three gathered together.

Our young folks were up betimes on Sunday morning, and arrayed themselves in those smart new dresses which were to fascinate the Tunbridge folks, and, with the escort of brother Charley, paced the little town, and the quaint Pantiles, and the pretty common, long ere the company was at breakfast, or the bells had rung to church. It was Hester who found out where Harry Warrington's lodging must be, by remarking Mr. Gumbo in an undress, with his lovely hair in curl-papers, drawing a pair of red curtains aside, and opening a window sash, whence he thrust his head and inhaled the sweet morning breeze. Mr. Gumbo did not

happen to see the young people from Oakhurst, though they beheld him clearly enough. He leaned gracefully from the window; he waved a large feather-brush with which he condescended to dust the furniture of the apartment within; he affably engaged in conversation with a cherry-cheeked milk-maid, who was lingering under the casement, and kissed his lily hand to her. Gumbo's hand sparkled with rings, and his person was decorated with a profusion of jewellery — gifts, no doubt, of the fair who appreciated the young African. Once or twice more before breakfast-time the girls passed near that window. It remained open, but the room behind it was blank. No face of Harry Warrington appeared there. Neither spoke to the other of the subject on which both were brooding. Hetty was a little provoked with Charley who was clamorous about breakfast, and told him he was always thinking of eating. In reply to her sarcastic inquiry, he artlessly owned he should like another cheese-cake, and good-natured Theo, laughing, said she had a sixpence, and if the cake-shop were open on a Sunday morning Charley should have one. The cake-shop was open: and Theo took out her little purse, netted by her dearest friend at school, and containing her pocket-piece, her grandmother's guinea, her slender little store of shillings — nay, some copper money at one end; and she treated Charley to the meal which he loved.

“A great deal of fine company was at church. There was that funny old duchess, and old Madame Bernstein, with Lady Maria at her side, and Mr. Wolfe, of course, by the side of Miss Lowther, and singing with her out of the same psalm-book; and Mr. Richardson with a bevy of ladies. One of them is Miss

Fielding, papa tells them after church, Harry Fielding's sister. O girls, what good company he was! And his books are worth a dozen of your milk-sop Pamelas and Clarissas, Mrs. Lambert: but what woman ever loved true humour? And there was Mr. Johnson sitting amongst the charity-children. Did you see how he turned round to the altar at the Belief, and upset two or three of the scared little urchins in leather breeches? And what a famous sermon Harry's parson gave, didn't he? A sermon about scandal. How he touched up some of the old harridans who were seated round! Why wasn't Mr. Warrington at church? It was a shame he wasn't at church."

"I really did not remark whether he was there or not," says Miss Hetty, tossing her head up.

But Theo, who was all truth, said, "Yes, I thought of him, and was sorry he was not there; and so did you think of him, Hetty."

"I did no such thing, Miss," persists Hetty.

"Then why did you whisper to me it was Harry's clergyman who preached?"

"To think of Mr. Warrington's clergyman is not to think of Mr. Warrington. It was a most excellent sermon, certainly, and the children sang most dreadfully out of tune. And there is Lady Maria at the window opposite, smelling at the roses; and that is Mr. Wolfe's step, I know his great military tramp. Right left — right left! How do you do, Colonel Wolfe?"

"Why do you look so glum, James?" asks Colonel Lambert, good-naturedly. "Has the charmer been scolding thee, or is thy conscience pricked by the sermon. Mr. Sampson, isn't the parson's name? A famous preacher, on my word!"

"A pretty preacher, and a pretty practitioner!" says Mr. Wolfe, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Why I thought the discourse did not last ten minutes, and madam did not sleep one single wink during the sermon, didst thou, Molly?"

"Did you see when the fellow came into church?" asked the indignant Colonel Wolfe. "He came in at the open door of the common, just in time, and as the psalm was over."

"Well, he had been reading the service probably to some sick person, there are many here," remarks Mrs. Lambert.

"Reading the service! O, my good Mrs. Lambert! Do you know where I found him? I went to look for your young scapegrace of a Virginian."

"His own name is a very pretty name, I'm sure," cries out Hetty. "It isn't Scapegrace! It is Henry Esmond Warrington, Esquire."

"Miss Hester, I found the parson in his cassock, and Henry Esmond Warrington, Esquire, in his bedgown, at a quarter before eleven o'clock in the morning, when all the Sunday bells were ringing, and they were playing over a game of picquet they had had the night before!"

"Well, numbers of good people play at cards of a Sunday. The King plays at cards of a Sunday."

"Hush, my dear!"

"I know he does," says Hetty, "with that painted person we saw yesterday, that Countess what d'you call her?"

"I think, my dear Miss Hester, a clergyman had best take to God's books instead of the Devil's books on that day — and so I took the liberty of telling your

parson." Hetty looked as if she thought it *was* a liberty which Mr. Wolfe had taken. "And I told our young friend that I thought he had better have been on his way to church than there in his bed-gown."

"You wouldn't have Harry go to church in a dressing-gown and night-cap, Colonel Wolfe? That *would* be a pretty sight, indeed!" again says Hetty fiercely.

"I would have my little girl's tongue not wag quite so fast," remarks papa, patting the girl's flushed little cheek.

"Not speak when a friend is attacked, and nobody says a word in his favour? No; nobody!"

Here the two lips of the little mouth closed on each other; the whole little frame shook: the child flung a parting look of defiance at Mr. Wolfe, and went out of the room, just in time to close the door, and burst out crying on the stair.

Mr. Wolfe looked very much discomfited. "I am sure, Aunt Lambert, I did not intend to hurt Hester's feelings."

"No, James," she said, very kindly. The young officer used to call her Aunt Lambert, in quite early days, and she gave him her hand.

Mr. Lambert whistled his favourite tune of "Over the hills and far away," with a drum accompaniment performed by his fingers on the window. "I say, you musn't whistle on Sunday, papa!" cried the artless young gown-boy from Grey Friars; and then suggested that it was three hours from breakfast, and he should like to finish Theo's cheese cake.

"O, you greedy child!" cries Theo. But here, hearing a little exclamatory noise outside, she ran out of the room, closing the door behind her. And we will

not pursue her. The noise was that sob which broke from Hester's panting, over-loaded heart; and, though we cannot see, I am sure the little maid flung herself on her sister's neck, and wept upon Theo's kind bosom.

Hetty did not walk out in the afternoon when the family took the air on the common, but had a headache and lay on her bed, where her mother watched her. Charley had discovered a comrade from Grey Friars: Mr. Wolfe of course paired off with Miss Lowther: and Theo and her father, taking their sober walk in the Sabbath sunshine, found Madame Bernstein basking on a bench under a tree, her niece and nephew in attendance. Harry ran up to greet his dear friends: he was radiant with pleasure at beholding them — the elder ladies were most gracious to the colonel and his wife, who had so kindly welcomed their Harry.

How noble and handsome he looked! Theo thought — she called him by his Christian name, as if he were really her brother. "Why did we not see you sooner to-day, Harry?" she asked.

"I never thought you were here, Theo."

"But you might have seen us if you wished."

"Where?" asked Harry.

"*There*, sir," she said, pointing to the church. And she held her hand up as if in reproof; but a sweet kindness beamed in her honest face. Ah, friendly young reader, wandering on the world and struggling with temptation, may you also have one or two pure hearts to love and pray for you!

CHAPTER IX.

Contains a Soliloquy by Hester.

MARTIN LAMBERT'S first feeling, upon learning the little secret which his younger daughter's emotion had revealed, was to be angry with the lad who had robbed his child's heart away from him, and her family. "A plague upon all scapegraces, English or Indian!" cried the Colonel to his wife, "I wish this one had broke his nose against any door-post but ours."

"Perhaps we are to cure him of being a scapegrace, my dear," says Mrs. Lambert, mildly interposing, "and the fall at our door hath something providential in it. You laughed at me, Mr. Lambert, when I said so before; but if Heaven did not send the young gentleman to us, who did? And it may be for the blessing and happiness of us all that he came, too."

"It's hard, Molly!" groaned the Colonel. "We cherish and fondle and rear 'em: we tend them through sickness and health: we toil and we scheme: we hoard away money in the stocking, and patch our own old coats: if they've a headache we can't sleep for thinking of their ailment; if they have a wish or fancy, we work day and night to compass it, and 'tis darling daddy and dearest pappy, and whose father is like ours? and so forth. On Tuesday morning I am king of my house and family. On Tuesday evening Prince Whippersnapper makes his appearance, and my reign is over. A whole life is forgotten and forsworn for a

pair of blue eyes, a pair of lean shanks, and a head of yellow hair."

"'Tis written that we women should leave all to follow our husband. I think *our* courtship was not very long, dear Martin!" said the matron, laying her hand on her husband's arm.

"'Tis human nature, and what can you expect of the jade?" sighed the Colonel.

"And I think I did my duty to my husband, though I own I left *my* papa for him," added Mrs. Lambert, softly.

"Excellent wench! Perdition catch my soul! but I do love thee, Molly!" says the good Colonel; "but, then mind you, your father never did me; and if ever I am to have sons-in-law —"

"Ever, indeed! Of course my girls are to have husbands, Mr. Lambert!" cries mamma.

"Well, when they come. I'll hate them, madam, as your father did me, and quite right too, for taking his treasure away from him."

"Don't be irreligious and unnatural, Martin Lambert! I say you *are* unnatural, sir!" continues the matron.

"Nay, my dear, I have an old tooth in my left-jaw, here; and 'tis natural that the tooth should come out. But when the tooth-drawer pulls it, 'tis natural that I should feel pain. Do you suppose, madam, that I don't love Hetty better than any tooth in my head?" asks Mr. Lambert. But no woman was ever averse to the idea of her daughter getting a husband, however fathers revolt against the invasion of the son-in-law. As for mothers and grandmothers, those good folks are married over again in the marriage of their young

ones; and their souls attire themselves in the laces and muslins of twenty — forty years ago; the postilion's white ribbons bloom again, and they flutter into the post-chaise, and drive away. What woman, however old, has not the bridal-favours and raiment stowed away, and packed in lavender, in the inmost cupboards of her heart?

"It will be a sad thing, parting with her," continued Mrs. Lambert, with a sigh.

"You have settled that point already, Molly," laughs the Colonel. "Had I not best go out and order raisins and corinths for the wedding-cake?"

"And then I shall have to leave the house in their charge when I go to her, you know, in Virginia. How many miles is it to Virginia, Martin? I should think it must be thousands of miles."

"A hundred and seventy-three thousand three hundred and ninety-one and three-quarters, my dear, by the *near* way," answers Lambert, gravely; "that, through Prester John's country. By the other route, through Persia —"

"O give me the one where there is the least of the sea, and your horrid ships, which I can't bear!" cries the Colonel's spouse. "I hope Rachel Esmond and I shall be better friends. She had a very high spirit when we were girls at school."

"Had we not best go about the baby linen, Mrs. Martin Lambert?" here interposed her wondering husband. Now, Mrs. Lambert, I dare say, thought there was no matter for wonderment at all, and had remarked some very pretty lace caps and bibs in Mrs. Bobbinit's toy-shop. And on that Sunday afternoon, when the discovery was made, and while little Hetty

was lying upon her pillow with feverish cheeks, closed eyes, and a piteous face, her mother looked at the child with the most perfect ease of mind, and seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise at Hetty's woe.

The girl was not only unhappy, but enraged with herself for having published her secret. Perhaps she had not known it until the sudden emotion acquainted her with her own state of mind; and now the little maid chose to be as much ashamed as if she had done a wrong, and been discovered in it. She was indignant with her own weakness, and broke into transports of wrath against herself. She vowed she never would forgive herself for submitting to such a humiliation. So the young pard, wounded by the hunter's dart, chafes with rage in the forest, is angry with the surprise of the rankling steel in her side, and snarls and bites at her sister-cubs, and the leopardess, her spotted mother.

Little Hetty tore and gnawed, and growled, so that I should not like to have been her fraternal cub, or her spotted dam or sire. "What business has any young woman," she cried out, "to indulge in any such nonsense? Mamma, I ought to be whipped, and sent to bed. I know perfectly well that Mr. Warrington does not care a fig about me. I dare say he likes French actresses and the commonest little milliner-girl in the toyshop better than me. And so he ought, and so they *are* better than me. Why, what a fool I am to burst out crying like a ninny about nothing, and because Mr. Wolfe said Harry played cards of a Sunday! I know he is not clever, like papa. I believe he is stupid — I am certain he is stupid; but he is not so stupid as I am. Why, of course, I can't

marry him. How am I to go to America, and leave you and Theo? Of course, he likes somebody else, at America, or at Tunbridge, or at Jericho, or somewhere. He is a prince in his own country, and can't think of marrying a poor half-pay officer's daughter, with twopence to her fortune. Used not you to tell me how, when I was a baby, I cried and wanted the moon? I am a baby now, a most absurd, silly, little baby — don't talk to me, Mrs. Lambert, I *am*. Only there is this to be said, he don't know anything about it, and I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him."

Dire were the threats with which Hetty menaced Theo, in case her sister should betray her. As for the infantile Charley, his mind being altogether set on cheesecakes, he had not remarked or been moved by Miss Hester's emotion; and the parents and the kind sister of course all promised not to reveal the little maid's secret.

"I begin to think it had been best for us to stay at home," sighed Mrs. Lambert to her husband.

"Nay, my dear," replied the other. "Human nature will be human nature; surely Hetty's mother told me herself that she had the beginning of a liking for a certain young curate before she fell over head and heels in love with a certain young officer of Kingsley's. And as for me, my heart was wounded in a dozen places ere Miss Molly Benson took entire possession of it. Our sons and daughters must follow in the way of their parents before them, I suppose. Why, but yesterday, you were scolding me for grumbling at Miss Het's precocious fancies. To do the child justice, she disguises her feelings entirely, and I defy Mr. Warrington

to know from her behaviour how she is disposed towards him."

"A daughter of mine and yours, Martin," cries the mother with great dignity, "is not going to fling herself at a gentleman's head!"

"Neither herself nor the teacup, my dear," answers the Colonel. "Little Miss Het treats Mr. Warrington like a vixen. He never comes to us, but she boxes his ears in one fashion or t'other. I protest she is barely civil to him; but, knowing what is going on in the young hypocrite's mind, I am not going to be angry at her rudeness."

"She hath no need to be rude at all, Martin; and our girl is good enough for any gentleman in England or America. Why, if their ages suit, shouldn't they marry after all, sir?"

"Why, if he wants her, shouldn't he ask her, my dear? I am sorry we came. I am for putting the horses into the carriage, and turning their heads towards home again."

But mamma fondly said, "Depend on it, my dear, that these matters are wisely ordained for us. Depend upon it, Martin, it was not for nothing that Harry Warrington was brought to our gate in that way; and that he and our children are thus brought together again. If that marriage has been decreed in Heaven, a marriage it will be."

"At what age, Molly, I wonder, do women begin and leave off match-making? If our little chit falls in love and falls out again, she will not be the first of her sex, Mrs. Lambert. I wish we were on our way home again, and, if I had my will, would trot off this very night."

"He has promised to drink his tea here to-night. You would not take away our child's pleasure, Martin?" asked the mother, softly.

In his fashion, the father was not less good-natured. "You know, my dear," says Lambert, "that if either of 'em had a fancy to our ears, we would cut them off and serve them in a fricassée."

Mary Lambert laughed at the idea of her pretty little delicate ears being so served. When her husband was most tender-hearted, his habit was to be most grotesque. When he pulled the pretty little delicate ear, behind which the matron's fine hair was combed back, wherein twinkled a shining line or two of silver, I daresay he did not hurt her much. I daresay she was thinking of the soft, well-remembered times of her own modest youth and sweet courtship. Hallowed remembrances of sacred times! If the sight of youthful love is pleasant to behold, how much more charming the aspect of the affection that has survived years, sorrows, faded beauty perhaps, and life's doubts, differences, trouble!

In regard of her promise to disguise her feelings for Mr. Warrington in that gentleman's presence, Miss Hester was better, or worse if you will, than her word. Harry not only came to take tea with his friends, but invited them for the next day to an entertainment at the Rooms, to be given in their special honour.

"A dance, and given for us!" cries Theo. "O Harry, how delightful; I wish we could begin this very minute!"

"Why, for a savage Virginian, I declare, Harry Warrington, thou art the most civilised young man

possible!" says the Colonel. "My dear, shall we dance a minuet together?"

"We have done such a thing before, Martin Lambert!" says the soldier's fond wife. Her husband hums a minuet tune; whips a plate from the tea-table, and makes a preparatory bow and flourish with it as if it were a hat, whilst madam performs her best curtsy.

Only Hetty, of the party, persists in looking glum and displeased. "Why, child, have you not a word of thanks to throw to Mr. Warrington?" asks Theo of her sister.

"I never did care for dancing much," says Hetty. "What is the use of standing up opposite a stupid man, and dancing down a room with him?"

"*Merci du compliment!*" says Mr. Warrington.

"I don't say that you are stupid — that is — that is, I — I only meant country dances," says Hetty, biting her lips, as she caught her sister's eye. She remembered she *had* said Harry was stupid, and Theo's droll humorous glance was her only reminder.

But with this Miss Hetty chose to be as angry as if it had been quite a cruel rebuke. "I hate dancing — there — I own it," she says, with a toss of her head.

"Nay, you used to like it well enough, child!" interposes her mother.

"That was when she was a child: don't you see she is grown up to be an old woman?" remarks Hetty's father. "Or perhaps Miss Hester has got the gout?"

"Fiddle!" says Hester, snappishly, drubbing with her little feet.

"What's a dance without a fiddle?" says imper-turbed papa.

Darkness has come over Harry Warrington's face. "I come to try my best, and give them pleasure and a dance," he thinks, "and the little thing tells me she hates dancing. We don't practise kindness, or acknowledge hospitality so in our country. No — nor speak to our parents so, neither." I am afraid, in this particular, usages have changed in the United States during the last hundred years, and that the young folks there are considerably *Hettified*.

Not content with this, Miss Hester must proceed to make such fun of all the company at the Wells, and especially of Harry's own immediate pursuits and companions, that the honest lad was still farther pained at her behaviour; and, when he saw Mrs. Lambert alone, asked how or in what he had again offended, that Hester was so angry with him? The kind matron felt more than ever well disposed towards the boy, after her daughter's conduct to him. She would have liked to tell the secret which Hester hid so fiercely. Theo, too, remonstrated with her sister in private; but Hester would not listen to the subject, and was as angry in her bedroom, when the girls were alone, as she had been in the parlour before her mother's company. "Suppose he hates me?" says she. "I expect he will. I hate myself, I do, and scorn myself for being such an idiot. How ought he to do otherwise than hate me? Didn't I abuse him, call him goose, all sorts of names? And I know he is not clever all the time. I know I have better wits than he has. It is only because he is tall, and has blue eyes, and a pretty nose that I like him. What an absurd fool a girl must be to like a man merely because he has a blue nose

and hooked eyes! So I *am* a fool, and I won't have you say a word to the contrary, Theo!"

Now Theo thought that her little sister, far from being a fool, was a wonder of wonders, and that if any girl was worthy of any prince in Christendom, Hetty was that spinster. "You *are* silly sometimes, Hetty," says Theo, "that is when you speak unkindly to people who mean you well, as you did to Mr. Warrington at tea to-night. When he proposed to us his party at the Assembly Rooms, and nothing could be more gallant of him, why did you say you didn't care for music, or dancing, or tea? You know you love them all!"

"I said it merely to vex myself, Theo, and annoy myself, and whip myself, as I deserve, child. And, besides, how can you expect such an idiot as I am to say anything but idiotic things? Do you know it quite pleased me to see him angry. I thought, ah! now I have hurt his feelings! Now he will say, Hetty Lambert is an odious little set-up, sour-tempered vixen. And that will teach him, and you, and mamma, and papa, at any rate, that I am not going to set my cap at Mr. Harry. No; our papa is ten times as good as he is. I will stay by our papa, and if he asked me to go to Virginia with him to-morrow I wouldn't, Theo. My sister is worth all the Virginians that ever were made since the world began."

And here, I suppose, follow osculations between the sisters, and mother's knock comes to the door, who has overheard their talk through the wainscot, and calls out, "Children, 'tis time to go to sleep." Theo's eyes close speedily, and she is at rest; but, O, poor little Hetty! Think of the hours tolling one after another,

and the child's eyes wide open, as she lies tossing and wakeful with the anguish of the new wound!

"It is a judgment upon me," she says, "for having thought and spoke scornfully of him. Only, why should there be a judgment upon me? I was only in fun. I knew I liked him very much all the time: but I thought Theo liked him too, and I would give up anything for my darling Theo. If she had, no tortures should ever have drawn a word from me — I would have got a rope ladder to help her to run away with Harry, that I would, or fetched the clergyman to marry them. And then I would have retired alone, and alone, and alone, and taken care of papa and mamma, and of the poor in the village, and have read sermons, though I hate 'em, and have died without telling a word — not a word — and I shall die soon, I know I shall." But when the dawn rises, the little maid is asleep nestling by her sister, the stain of a tear or two upon her flushed downy cheek.

Most of us play with edged tools at some period of our lives, and cut ourselves accordingly. At first the cut hurts and stings, and down drops the knife, and we cry out like wounded little babies as we are. Some very very few and unlucky folks at the game cut their heads sheer off, or stab themselves mortally, and perish outright, and there is an end of them. But, — Heaven help us! — many people have fingered those *ardentes sagittas* which Love sharpens on his whetstone, and are stabbed, scarred, pricked, perforated, tattooed all over with the wounds, who recover, and live to be quite lively. - *Wir auch* have tasted *das irdische Glück*; we also have *gelebt und — und so weiter*. Warble your death song, sweet Thekla! Perish off the face of the

earth, poor pulmonary victim, if so minded! Had you survived to a later period of life, my dear, you would have thought of a sentimental disappointment without any reference to the undertaker. Let us trust there is no present need of a sexton for Miss Hetty. But meanwhile, the very instant she wakes, there, tearing at her little heart, will that Care be, which has given her a few hours respite, melted, no doubt, by her youth and her tears.

CHAPTER X.

In which Mr. Warrington treats the Company with Tea and a Ball.

GENEROUS with his very easily gotten money, hospitable and cordial to all, our young Virginian, in his capacity of man of fashion, could not do less than treat his country friends to an entertainment at the Assembly Rooms, whither, according to the custom of the day, he invited almost all the remaining company at the Wells. Card-tables were set in one apartment, for all those who could not spend an evening without the pastime then common to all European society: a supper with champagne in some profusion and bowls of negus was prepared in another chamber: the large assembly room was set apart for the dance, of which enjoyment Harry Warrington's guests partook in our ancestors' homely fashion. I cannot fancy that the amusement was especially lively. First, minuets were called; two or three of which were performed by as many couple. The spinsters of the highest rank in the assembly went out for the minuet, and my Lady Maria Esmond being an earl's daughter, and the person of the highest rank present (with the exception of Lady Augusta Crutchley, who was lame), Mr. Warrington danced the first minuet with his cousin, acquitting himself to the satisfaction of the whole room, and performing much more elegantly than Mr. Wolfe, who stood up with Miss Lowther. Having completed the dance with Lady Maria, Mr. Warrington begged Miss Theo to do him the honour of walking the next

minuet, and accordingly Miss Theo, blushing and looking very happy, went through her exercise to the great delight of her parents and the rage of Miss Humpleby, Sir John Humpleby's daughter, of Liphook, who expected, at least, to have stood up next after my Lady Maria. Then, after the minuets, came country dances, the music being performed by a harp, fiddle, and flageolet; perched in a little balcony, and thrumming through the evening rather feeble and melancholy tunes. Take up an old book of music, and play a few of those tunes now, and one wonders how people at any time could have found the airs otherwise than melancholy. And yet they loved and frisked and laughed and courted to that sad accompaniment. There is scarce one of the airs that has not an *amari aliquid*, a tang of sadness. Perhaps it is because they are old and defunct, and their plaintive echoes call out to us from the limbo of the past, whither they have been consigned for this century. Perhaps they *were* gay when they were alive; and our descendants when they hear — well, never mind names — when they hear the works of certain maestri now popular, will say: Bon Dieu, is this the music which amused our forefathers?

Mr. Warrington had the honour of a duchess's company at his tea-drinking — Colonel Lambert's and Mr. Prior's heroine, the Duchess of Queensberry. And though the duchess carefully turned her back upon a countess who was present, laughed loudly, glanced at the latter over her shoulder, and pointed at her with her fan, yet almost all the company pushed, and bowed, and cringed, and smiled, and backed before this countess, scarcely taking any notice of her Grace of Queens-

berry and her jokes, and her fan, and her airs. Now this countess was no other than the Countess of Yarmouth-Walmoden, the lady whom his Majesty George the Second, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, delighted to honour. She had met Harry Warrington in the walks that morning, and had been mighty gracious to the young Virginian. She had told him they would have a game at cards that night; and purblind old Colonel Blinkinsop, who fancied the invitation had been addressed to him, had made the profoundest of bows. "Pooh! pooh!" said the Countess of England and Hanover, "I don't mean you. I mean the young Firshinian!" And everybody congratulated the youth on his good fortune. At night, all the world, in order to show their loyalty, doubtless, thronged round my Lady Yarmouth; my Lord Bamborough was eager to make her *partie* at quadrille; my Lady Blanche Pendragon, that model of virtue; Sir Lancelot Quintain, that pattern of knighthood and valour; Mr. Dean of Ealing, that exemplary divine and preacher; numerous gentlemen, noblemen, generals, colonels, matrons, and spinsters of the highest rank, were on the watch for a smile from her, or eager to jump up and join her card-table. Lady Maria waited upon her with meek respect, and Madame de Bernstein treated the Hanoverian lady with profound gravity and courtesy.

Harry's bow had been no lower than hospitality required; but, such as it was, Miss Hester chose to be indignant with it. She scarce spoke a word to her partner during their dance together; and when he took her to the supper-room for refreshment she was little more communicative. To enter that room they had to pass by Madame Walmoden's card-table, who good-

naturedly called out to her host as he was passing, and asked him if his "breddy liddle bardner liked tanzing?"

"I thank your ladyship, I don't like tanzing, and I don't like cards," says Miss Hester, tossing up her head; and, dropping a curtsy like a "cheese," she strutted away from the countess's table.

Mr. Warrington was very much offended. Sarcasm from the young to the old pained him: flippant behaviour towards himself hurt him. Courteous in his simple way to all persons whom he met, he expected a like politeness from them. Hetty perfectly well knew what offence she was giving; could mark the displeasure reddening on her partner's honest face, with a side-long glance of her eye; nevertheless she tried to wear her most ingenuous smile; and, as she came up to the side-board where the refreshments were set, artlessly said: —

"What a horrid, vulgar old woman that is; don't you think so?"

"*What* woman?" asked the young man.

"That German woman — my lady Yarmouth — to whom all the men are bowing and cringing."

"Her ladyship has been very kind to me," says Harry, grimly. "Won't you have some of this custard?"

"And you have been bowing to her, too! You look as if your negus was not nice," harmlessly continues Miss Hetty.

"It is not very good negus," says Harry, with a gulp.

"And the custard is bad too! I declare 'tis made with bad eggs!" cries Miss Lambert.

"I wish, Hester, that the entertainment and the company had been better to your liking," says poor Harry.

"'Tis very unfortunate; but I daresay you could not help it," cries the young woman, tossing her little curly head.

Mr. Warrington groaned in spirit, perhaps in body, and clenched his fists and his teeth. The little torturer artlessly continued, "You seem disturbed: shall we go to my mamma?"

"Yes, let us go to your mamma," cries Mr. Warrington, with glaring eyes and a "Curse you, why are you always standing in the way?" to an unlucky waiter.

"La! Is that the way you speak in Virginia?" asks Miss Pertness.

"We are rough there sometimes, madam, and can't help being disturbed," he says slowly, and with a quiver in his whole frame, looking down upon her with fire flashing out of his eyes. Hetty saw nothing distinctly afterwards, and until she came to her mother. Never had she seen Harry look so handsome or so noble.

"You look pale, child!" cries mamma, anxious like all *pavidæ matres*.

"'Tis the cold — no, I mean the heat. Thank you, Mr. Warrington." And she makes him a faint curtsy, as Harry bows a tremendous bow, and walks elsewhere amongst his guests. He hardly knows what is happening at first, so angry is he.

He is aroused by another altercation between his aunt and the Duchess of Queensberry. When the royal favourite passed the duchess, her grace gave her

ladyship an awful stare out of eyes that were not so bright now as they had been in the young days when they "set the world on fire;" turned round with an affected laugh to her neighbour, and shot at the jolly Hanoverian lady a ceaseless fire of giggles and sneers. The countess pursued her game at cards, not knowing, or not choosing perhaps to know, how her enemy was jibing at her. There had been a feud of many years' date between their Graces of Queensberry and the family on the throne.

"How you all bow down to the idol! Don't tell me! You are as bad as the rest, my good Madame Bernstein!" the Duchess says. "Ah, what a true Christian country this is! and how your dear first husband, the Bishop, would have liked to see such a sight!"

"Forgive me, if I fail quite to understand your Grace."

"We are both of us growing old, my good Bernstein, or, perhaps, we won't understand when we don't choose to understand. That is the way with us women, my good young Iroquois."

"Your Grace remarked, that it was a Christian country," said Madame de Bernstein, "and I failed to perceive the point of the remark."

"Indeed, my good creature, there is very little point in it! I meant we were such good-Christians, because we were so forgiving. Don't you remember reading when you were young, or your husband the Bishop reading when he was in the pulpit, how, when a woman amongst the Jews was caught doing wrong, the Pharisees were for stoning her out of hand? Far from stoning such a woman now, look, how fond we

are of her! Any man in this room would go round it on his knees if yonder woman bade him. Yes, Madam Walmoden, you may look up from your cards with your great painted face, and frown with your great painted eyebrows at me. You know I am talking about you; and I intend to go on talking about you, too. I say any man here would go round the room on his knees, if you bade him!"

"I think, madam, I know two or three who wouldn't!" says Mr. Warrington, with some spirit.

"Quick, let me hug them to my heart of hearts!" cries the old Duchess. "Which are they? Bring 'em to me, my dear Iroquois! Let us have a game of four — of honest men and women; that is to say, if we can find a couple more partners, Mr. Warrington!"

"Here are we three," says the Baroness Bernstein, with a forced laugh; "let us play a dummy."

"Pray, madam, where is the third?" asks the old Duchess, looking round.

"Madam!" cries out the other elderly lady, "I leave your Grace to boast of your honesty, which I have no doubt is spotless: but I will thank you not to doubt mine before my own relatives and children!"

"See how she fires up at a word! I am sure, my dear creature, you are quite as honest as most of the company," says the Duchess.

"Which may not be good enough for her Grace the Duchess of Queensberry and Dover, who, to be sure, might have stayed away in such a case, but it is the best my nephew could get, madam, and his best he has given you. You look astonished, Harry, my

dear — and well you may. He is not used to our ways, madam."

"Madam, he has found an aunt who can teach him our ways, and a great deal more!" cries the Duchess, rapping her fan.

"She will teach him to try and make all his guests welcome, old or young, rich or poor. That is the Virginian way, isn't it, Harry? She will tell him, when Catherine Hyde is angry with his old aunt, that they were friends as girls, and ought not to quarrel now they are old women. And she will not be wrong, will she, Duchess?" And herewith the one dowager made a superb curtsy to the other, and the battle just impending between them passed away.

"Egad, it was like Byng and Galissonière!" cried Chaplain Sampson, as Harry talked over the night's transactions with his pupil next morning. "No power on earth, I thought, could have prevented those two from going into action!"

"Seventy-fours at least — both of'em!" laughs Harry.

"But the Baroness declined the battle, and sailed out of fire with inimitable skill."

"Why should she be afraid? I have heard you say my aunt is as witty as any woman alive, and need fear the tongue of no dowager in England."

"Hem! Perhaps she had good reasons for being peaceable!" Sampson knew very well what they were, and that poor Bernstein's reputation was so hopelessly flawed and cracked, that any sarcasms levelled at Madame Walmoden were equally applicable to her.

"Sir," cried Harry, in great amazement, "you don't mean to say there is anything against the character of my aunt, the Baroness de Bernstein!"

The Chaplain looked at the young Virginian with such an air of utter wonderment, that the latter saw there must be some history against his aunt, and some charge which Sampson did not choose to reveal. "Great Heavens!" Harry groaned out, "are there two then in the family, who are —"

"Which two?" asked the Chaplain.

But here Harry stopped, blushing very red. He remembered, and we shall presently have to state, whence he had got his information regarding the other family culprit, and bit his lip, and was silent.

"By-gones are always unpleasant things, Mr. Warrington," said the Chaplain; "and we had best hold our peace regarding them. No man or woman can live long in this wicked world of ours, without some scandal attaching to them, and I fear our excellent Baroness has been no more fortunate than her neighbours. We cannot escape calumny, my dear young friend! You have had sad proof enough of that in your brief stay amongst us. But we can have clear consciences, and that is the main point!" And here-with the Chaplain threw his handsome eyes upward, and tried to look as if *his* conscience was as white as the ceiling.

"Has there been anything *very* wrong then, about my Aunt Bernstein?" continued Harry, remembering how at home his mother had never spoken of the Baroness.

"*O sancta simplicitas!*" the Chaplain muttered to himself. "Stories, my dear sir, much older than your time or mine. Stories such as were told about everybody, *de me, de te*; you know with what degree of truth in your own case."

"Confound the villain! I should like to hear any scoundrel say a word against the dear old lady," cries the young gentleman. "Why, this world, parson, is full of lies and scandal!"

"And you are just beginning to find it out, my dear sir," cries the clergyman, with his most beatified air. "Whose character has not been attacked? My lord's, yours, mine, — everyone's. We must bear as well as we can, and pardon to the utmost of our power."

"You may. It's your cloth, you know; but, by George, *I won't!*" cries Mr. Warrington, and again goes down the fist with a thump on the table. "Let any fellow say a word in my hearing against that dear old creature, and I'll pull his nose, as sure as my name is Henry Esmond. How do you do, Colonel Lambert. You find us late again, sir. Me and his Reverence kept it up pretty late with some of the young fellows, after the ladies went away. I hope the dear ladies are well, sir?" and here Harry rose, greeting his friend the Colonel very kindly, who had come to pay him a morning-visit, and had entered the room followed by Mr. Gumbo (the latter preferred walking very leisurely about all the affairs of life) just as Harry — suiting the action to the word — was tweaking the nose of Calumny.

"The ladies are purely. Whose nose were you pulling when I came in, Mr. Warrington?" says the Colonel, laughing.

"Isn't it a shame, sir? The parson, here, was telling me, that there are villains here who attack the character of my aunt, the Baroness of Bernstein!"

"You don't mean to say so!" cries Mr. Lambert.

"I tell Mr. Harry that everybody is calumniated!" says the Chaplain, with a clerical intonation; but, at the same time, he looks at Colonel Lambert and winks, as much as to say, "He knows nothing — keep him in the dark."

The Colonel took the hint. "Yes," says he, "the jaws of slander are for ever wagging. Witness that story about the dancing-girl, that we all believed against you, Harry Warrington."

"What all, sir?"

"No, not all. One didn't — Hetty didn't. You should have heard her standing up for you, Harry, t'other day, when somebody — a little bird — brought us *another* story about you; about a game at cards on Sunday morning, when you and a friend of yours might have been better employed." And here there was a look of mingled humour and reproof at the clergyman.

"Faith, I own it, sir!" says the chaplain. "It was *mea culpa*, *mea maxima* — no, *mea minima culpa*, only the rehearsal of an old game at picquet, which we had been talking over."

"And did Miss Hester stand up for me?" says Harry.

"Miss Hester did. But why that wondering look?" asks the Colonel.

"She scolded me last night like — like anything," says downright Harry. "I never heard a young girl go on so. She made fun of everybody — hit about at young and old — so that I couldn't help telling her, sir, that in our country, leastways in Virginia (they say the Yankees are very pert), young people don't speak of their elders so. And, do you know, sir, we had a

sort of a quarrel, and I'm very glad you've told me she spoke kindly of me," says Harry, shaking his friend's hand, a ready boyish emotion glowing in his cheeks and in his eyes.

"You won't come to much hurt if you find no worse enemy than Hester, Mr. Warrington," said the girl's father, gravely, looking not without a deep thrill of interest at the flushed face and moist eyes of his young friend. "Is he fond of her?" thought the Colonel. "And how fond? 'Tis evident he knows nothing, and Miss Het has been performing some of her tricks. He is a fine, honest lad, and God bless him." And Colonel Lambert looked towards Harry with that manly, friendly kindness which our lucky young Virginian was not unaccustomed to inspire, for he was comely to look at, prone to blush, to kindle, nay, to melt, at a kind story. His laughter was cheery to hear: his eyes shone confidently: his voice spoke truth.

"And the young lady of the minuet? She distinguished herself to perfection: the whole room admired," asked the courtly Chaplain, "I trust Miss — Miss —"

"Miss Theodosia is perfectly well, and ready to dance at this minute with your reverence," says her father. "Or stay, Chaplain, perhaps you only dance on Sunday?" The Colonel then turned to Harry again. "You paid your court very neatly to the great lady, Mr. Flatterer. My Lady Yarmouth has been trumpeting your praises at the Pump Room. She says she has got a leedel boy in Hannover dat is wery like you, and you are a sharming young mans."

"If her ladyship were a queen, people could scarcely be more respectful to her," says the Chaplain.

"Let us call her a vice-queen, parson," says the Colonel, with a twinkle of his eye.

"Her majesty pocketed forty of my guineas at quadrille," cries Mr. Warrington, with a laugh.

"She will play you on the same terms another day. The countess is fond of play, and she wins from most people," said the Colonel, drily. "Why don't you bet her ladyship five thousand on a bishopric, parson? I have heard of a clergyman who made such a bet, and who lost it, and who paid it, and who got the bishopric."

"Ah! who will lend me the five thousand? Will you, sir?" asked the Chaplain.

"No, sir. I won't give her five thousand to be made Commander-in-Chief or Pope of Rome," says the Colonel stoutly. "I shall fling no stones at the woman; but I shall bow no knee to her, as I see a pack of rascals do. No offence — I don't mean you. And I don't mean Harry Warrington, who was quite right to be civil to her, and to lose his money with good humour. Harry, I am come to bid thee farewell, my boy. We have had our pleasuring — my money is run out, and we must jog back to Oakhurst. Will you ever come and see the old place again?"

"Now, sir, now! I'll ride back with you!" cries Harry, eagerly.

"Why — no — not now," says the Colonel in a hurried manner. "We haven't got room — that is, we're — were expecting some friends [the Lord forgive me for the lie!" he mutters]. "But — but you'll come to us when — when Tom's at home — yes, when Tom's at home. That will be famous fun — and I'd have you to know, sir, that my wife and I love you sincerely,

sir — and so do the girls, however much they scold you. And if you ever are in a scrape — and such things have happened, Mr. Chaplain! you will please to count upon me. Mind that, sir!”

And the Colonel was for taking leave of Harry then and there, on the spot, but the young man followed him down the stairs, and insisted upon saying good-bye to his dear ladies.

Instead, however, of proceeding immediately to Mr. Lambert's lodging, the two gentlemen took the direction of the common, where, looking from Harry's windows, Mr. Sampson saw the pair in earnest conversation. First, Lambert smiled and looked roguish. Then, presently, at a farther stage of the talk, he flung up both his hands and performed other gestures indicating surprise and agitation.

“The boy is telling him,” thought the Chaplain. When Mr. Warrington came back in an hour, he found his Reverence deep in the composition of a sermon. Harry's face was grave and melancholy; he flung down his hat, buried himself in a great chair, and then came from his lips something like an execration.

“The young ladies are going, and our heart is affected?” said the Chaplain, looking up from his manuscript.

“Heart!” sneered Harry.

“Which of the young ladies is the conqueror, sir? I thought the youngest's eyes followed you about at your ball.”

“Confound the little termagant!” broke out Harry, “what does she mean by being so pert to me. She treats me as if I was a fool!”

"And no man is, sir, with a woman!" said the scribe of the sermon.

"Ain't they, Chaplain?" And Harry growled out more naughty words expressive of inward disquiet.

"By the way, have you heard anything of your lost property?" asked the Chaplain, presently looking up from his pages.

Harry said, "No!" with another word, which I would not print for the world.

"I begin to suspect, sir, that there was more money than you like to own in that book. I wish I could find some."

"There were notes in it," said Harry, very gloomily, "and — and papers that I am very sorry to lose. What the deuce has come of it? I had it when we dined together."

"I saw you put it in your pocket!" cried the Chaplain. "I saw you take it out and pay at the toy-shop a bill for a gold thimble and work-box for one of your young ladies. Of course you have asked there, sir?"

"Of course I have," says Mr. Warrington, plunged in melancholy.

"Gumbo put you to bed, at least, if I remember right. I was so cut myself that I scarce remember anything. Can you trust those black fellows, sir?"

"I can trust him with my head. With my head?" groaned out Mr. Warrington, bitterly. "I can't trust myself with it."

"O that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains!"

"You may well call it an enemy, Chaplain. Hang it, I have a great mind to make a vow never to drink

another drop! A fellow says anything when he is in drink."

The Chaplain laughed. "You, sir," he said, "are close enough!" And the truth was, that, for the last few days, no amount of wine would unseal Mr. Warrington's lips, when the artless Sampson by chance touched on the subject of his patron's loss.

"And so the little country nymphs are gone, or going, sir?" asked the Chaplain. "They were nice, fresh little things; but I think the mother was the finest woman of the three. I declare, a woman at five-and-thirty or so is at her prime. What do you say, sir?"

Mr. Warrington looked, for a moment, askance at the Clergyman. "Confound all women, I say!" muttered the young misogynist. For which sentiment every well-conditioned person will surely rebuke him.

CHAPTER XI.

Entanglements.

OUR good Colonel had, no doubt, taken counsel with his good wife, and they had determined to remove their little Hetty as speedily as possible out of the reach of the charmer. In complaints such as that under which the poor little maiden was supposed to be suffering, the remedy of absence and distance often acts effectually with men; but I believe women are not so easily cured by the alibi treatment. Some of them will go away ever so far, and for ever so long, and the obstinate disease hangs by them, spite of distance or climate. You may whip, abuse, torture, insult them, and still the little deluded creatures will persist in their fidelity. Nay, if I may speak, after profound and extensive study and observation, there are few better ways of securing the faithfulness and admiration of the beautiful partners of our existence than a little judicious ill-treatment, a brisk dose of occasional violence as an alterative, and, for general and wholesome diet, a cooling but pretty constant neglect. At sparing intervals, administer small quantities of love and kindness; but not every day, or too often, as this medicine, much taken, loses its effect. Those dear creatures who are the most indifferent to their husbands, are those who are cloyed by too much surfeiting of the sugarplums and lollypops of Love. I have known a young being, with every wish gratified, yawn in her adoring husband's face, and prefer the conversation and *petits soins*

of the merest booby and idiot; whilst, on the other hand, I have seen Chloe, — at whom Strephon has flung his bootjack in the morning, or whom he has cursed before the servants at dinner, — come creeping and fondling to his knee at teatime, when he is comfortable after his little nap and his good wine; and pat his head and play him his favourite tunes; and, when old John, the butler, or old Mary, the maid, comes in with the bed-candles, look round proudly, as much as to say, *now* John look how good my dearest Henry is! Make your game, gentlemen, then! There is the coaxing, fondling, adoring line, when you are hen-pecked, and Louisa is indifferent, and bored out of her existence. There is the manly, selfish, effectual system, where she answers to the whistle; and comes in at "Down Charge;" and knows her master; and frisks and fawns about him; and nuzzles at his knees; and "licks the hand that's raised" — that's raised to do her good, as (I quote from memory) Mr. Pope finely observes. What used the late lamented O'Connell to say, over whom a grateful country has raised such a magnificent testimonial? "Hereditary bondsmen," he used to remark, "know ye not, who would be free, themselves must *strike the blow*?" Of course you must, in political as in domestic circles. So up with your cudgels, my enslaved, injured boys!

Women will be pleased with these remarks, because they have such a taste for humour and understand irony: and I should not be surprised if young Grubstreet, who corresponds with three penny papers and describes the persons and conversation of gentlemen whom he meets at his "clubs," will say, "I told you so! He advocates the thrashing of women! He has no

nobility of soul! He has no heart!" Nor have I, my eminent young Grubstreet! any more than you have ears. Dear ladies! I assure you I am only joking in the above remarks, — I do not advocate the thrashing of your sex at all, — and, as you can't understand the commonest bit of fun, beg leave flatly to tell you, that I consider your sex a hundred times more loving and faithful than ours.

So, what is the use of Hetty's parents taking her home, if the little maid intends to be just as fond of Harry absent as of Harry present? Why not let her see him before Ball and Dobbin are put to, and say "Good-bye, Harry! I was very wilful and fractious last night, and you were very kind: but good-bye, Harry!" She will show no special emotion: she is so ashamed of her secret, that she will not betray it. Harry is too much preoccupied to discover it for himself. He does not know what grief is lying behind Hetty's glances, or hidden under the artifice of her innocent young smiles. He has, perhaps, a care of his own. He will part from her calmly, and fancy she is happy to get back to her music and her poultry and her flower-garden.

He did not even ride part of the way homewards by the side of his friend's carriage. He had some other party arranged for that afternoon, and when he returned thence, the good Lamberts were gone from Tunbridge Wells. There were their windows open, and the card in one of them signifying that the apartments were once more to let. A little passing sorrow at the blank aspect of the rooms lately enlivened by countenances so frank and friendly, may have crossed the young gentleman's mind; but he dines at the White Horse at

four o'clock, and eats his dinner and calls fiercely for his bottle. Poor little Hester will choke over her tea about the same hour when the Lamberts arrive to sleep at the house of their friends at Westerham. The young roses will be wan in her cheeks in the morning, and there will be black circles round her eyes. It was the thunder: the night was hot: she could not sleep: she will be better when she gets home again the next day. And home they come. There is the gate where he fell. There is the bed he lay in, the chair in which he used to sit — what ages seem to have passed! What a gulf between to-day and yesterday! Who is that little child calling her chickens, or watering her roses yonder? Are she and that girl the same Hester Lambert? Why, she is ever so much older than Theo now — Theo, who has always been so composed, and so clever, and so old for her age. But in a night or two Hester has lived — O, long, long years! So have many besides: and poppy and mandragora will never medicine them to the sweet sleep they tasted yesterday.

Maria Esmond saw the Lambert cavalcade drive away, and felt a grim relief. She looks with hot eyes at Harry when he comes in to his aunt's card-tables, flushed with Barbeau's good wine. He laughs, rattles, in reply to his aunt, who asks him which of the girls is his sweetheart? He gaily says, he loves them both like sisters. He has never seen a better gentleman, nor better people, than the Lamberts. Why is Lambert not a general? He has been a most distinguished officer: his Royal Highness the Duke is very fond of him. Madame Bernstein says, that Harry must make interest with Lady Yarmouth for his protégé.

"Elle ravvole de fous, cher bedid anche!" says Madame Bernstein, mimicking the countess's German accent. The baroness is delighted with her boy's success. "You carry off the hearts of all the old women, doesn't he, Maria?" she says with a sneer at her niece, who quivers under the stab.

"You were quite right, my dear, not to perceive that she cheated at cards, and you play like a grand seigneur," continues Madame de Bernstein.

"*Did* she cheat?" cries Harry astonished. "I am sure, ma'am, I saw no unfair play."

"No more did I, my dear, but I am sure she cheated. Bah! every woman cheats. I and Maria included, when we can get a chance. But, when you play with the Walmoden, you don't do wrong to lose in moderation: and many men cheat in that way. Cultivate her. She has taken a fancy to your *beaux yeux*. Why should your Excellency not be Governor of Virginia, sir? You must go and pay your respects to the Duke and his Majesty at Kensington. The Countess of Yarmouth will be your best friend at Court."

"Why should you not introduce me, aunt?" asked Harry.

The old lady's rouged cheek grew a little redder. "I am not in favour at Kensington," she said. "I may have been once; and there are no faces so unwelcome to kings as those they wish to forget. All of us want to forget something or somebody. I daresay our *ingénu* here would like to wipe a sum or two off the slate. Wouldst thou not, Harry?"

Harry turned red, too, and so did Maria, and his aunt laughed one of those wicked laughs which are not

altogether pleasant to hear. What meant those guilty signals on the cheeks of her nephew and niece? What account was 'scored upon the memory of either, which they were desirous to efface? I fear Madame Bernstein was right, and that most folks have some ugly reckonings written up on their consciences, which we were glad to be quit of.

Had Maria known one of the causes of Harry's disquiet, that middle-aged spinster would have been more unquiet still. For some days he had missed a pocket-book. He had remembered it in his possession on that day, when he drank so much claret at the White Horse, and Gumbo carried him to bed. He sought for it in the morning, but none of his servants had seen it. He had inquired for it at the White Horse, but there were no traces of it. He could not cry the book, and could only make very cautious inquiries respecting it. He must not have it known that the book was lost. A pretty condition of mind Lady Maria Esmond would be in, if she knew that the outpourings of her heart were in the hands of the public! The letters contained all sorts of disclosures; a hundred family secrets were narrated by the artless correspondent: there was ever so much satire and abuse of persons with whom she and Mr. Warrington came in contact. There were expostulations about his attentions to other ladies. There was scorn, scandal, jokes, appeals, protests of eternal fidelity; the usual farrago, dear madam, which you may remember you wrote to your Edward, when you were engaged to him, and before you became Mrs. Jones. Would you like those letters to be read by anyone else? Do you recollect what you said about the Miss Browns in two or three

of those letters, and the unfavourable opinion you expressed of Mrs. Thompson's character? Do you happen to recal the words which you used regarding Jones himself, whom you subsequently married (for in consequence of disputes about the settlements your engagement with Edward was broken off)? and would you like Mr. J. to see those remarks? You know you wouldn't. Then be pleased to withdraw that imputation which you have already cast in your mind upon Lady Maria Esmond. No doubt her letters were very foolish, as most loveletters are, but it does not follow that there was anything wrong in them. They are foolish when written by young folks to one another, and how much more foolish when written by an old man to a young lass, or by an old lass to a young lad! No wonder Lady Maria should not like her letters to be read. Why, the very spelling — but that didn't matter so much in her ladyship's days, and people are just as foolish now, though they spell better. No, it is not the spelling which matters so much; it is the writing at all. I for one, and for the future, am determined never to speak or write my mind out regarding any thing or any body. I intend to say of every woman that she is chaste and handsome; of every man that he is handsome, clever, and rich; of every book that it is delightfully interesting: of Snobmore's manners that they are gentlemanlike; of Screwby's dinners that they are luxurious; of Jawkins's conversation that it is lively and amusing; of Xantippe, that she has a sweet temper; of Jezebel, that her colour is natural; of Bluebeard, that he really was most indulgent to his wives, and that very likely they died of bronchitis. What? a word against the spotless Messalina? What

an unfavourable view of human nature! What? King Cheops was not a perfect monarch? O, you railer at royalty and slanderer of all that is noble and good! When this book is concluded, I shall change the jaundiced livery which my books have worn since I began to lisp in numbers,* have rose coloured coats for them with cherubs on the cover, and all the characters within shall be perfect angels.

Meanwhile we are in a society of men and women, from whose shoulders no sort of wings have sprouted as yet, and who, without any manner of doubt, have their little failings. There is Madame Bernstein: she has fallen asleep after dinner, and eating and drinking too much, — those are her ladyship's little failings. Mr. Harry Warrington has gone to play a match at billiards with Count Caramboli: I suspect idleness is *his* failing. That is what Mr. Chaplain Sampson remarks to Lady Maria, as they are talking together in a low tone, so as not to interrupt Aunt Bernstein's doze in the neighbouring room.

"A gentleman of Mr. Warrington's means can afford to be idle," says Lady Maria. "Why, sure you love cards and billiards yourself, my good Mr. Sampson?"

"I don't say, madam, my practice is good, only my doctrine is sound," says Mr. Chaplain with a sigh. "This young gentleman should have some employment. He should appear at Court, and enter the service of his country, as befits a man of his station. He should settle down, and choose a woman of a suitable rank as his wife." Sampson looks in her ladyship's face as he speaks.

"Indeed, my cousin is wasting his time," says Lady Maria, blushing slightly.

* Refers to the London edition.

"Mr. Warrington might see his relatives of his father's family," suggests Mr. Chaplain.

"Suffolk country boobies drinking beer and hallooing after foxes! I don't see anything to be gained by his frequenting them, Mr. Sampson!"

"They are of an ancient family, of which the chief has been knight of the shire these hundred years," says the Chaplain. "I have heard Sir Miles hath a daughter of Mr. Harry's age — and a beauty, too."

"I know nothing, sir, about Sir Miles Warrington, and his daughters, and his beauties!" cries Maria, in a fluster.

"The baroness stirred — no — her ladyship is in a sweet sleep," says the Chaplain, in a very soft voice. "I fear, madam, for your ladyship's cousin, Mr. Warrington. I fear for his youth; for designing persons who may get about him; for extravagances, follies, intrigues even into which he will be led, and into which everybody will try to tempt him. His lordship, my kind patron, bade me to come and watch over him, and I am here accordingly, as your ladyship knoweth. I know the follies of young men. Perhaps I have practised them myself. I own it with a blush," adds Mr. Sampson with much unction — not, however, bringing the promised blush forward to corroborate the asserted repentance.

"Between ourselves, I fear Mr. Warrington is in some trouble now, madam," continues the Chaplain, steadily looking at Lady Maria.

"What, again?" shrieks the lady.

"Hush! Your ladyship's dear invalid!" whispers the Chaplain, again pointing towards Madame Bernstein. "Do you think your cousin has any partiality for any

— any member of Mr. Lambert's family? for example, Miss Lambert?"

"There is nothing between him and Miss Lambert," says Lady Maria.

"Your Ladyship is certain?"

"Women are said to have good eyes in such matters, my good Sampson," says my lady, with an easy air. "I thought the little girl seemed to be following him."

"Then I am at fault once more," the frank Chaplain said. "Mr. Warrington said of the young lady, that she ought to go back to her doll, and called her a pert stuck-up little hussy."

"Ah!" sighed Lady Mary, as if relieved by the news.

"Then, madam, there must be somebody else," said the Chaplain. "Has he confided nothing to your ladyship?"

"To me, Mr. Sampson? What? Where? How?" exclaims Maria.

"Some six days ago, after we had been dining at the White Horse, and drinking too freely, Mr. Warrington lost a pocket-book containing letters."

"Letters?" gasps Lady Maria.

"And probably more money than he likes to own," continues Mr. Sampson, with a grave nod of the head. "He is very much disturbed about the book. We have both made cautious inquiries about it. We have — Gracious powers, is your Ladyship ill?"

Here my Lady Maria gave three remarkably shrill screams, and tumbled off her chair.

"I will see the Prince. I have a right to see him. What's this — Where am I? — What's the matter?" cries Madame Bernstein, waking up from her sleep.

She had been dreaming of old days, no doubt. The old lady shook in all her limbs — her face was very much flushed. She stared about wildly a moment, and then tottered forward on her tortoiseshell cane. "What — what's the matter?" she asked again. "Have you killed her, sir?"

"Some sudden qualm must have come over her ladyship. Shall I cut her laces, madam? or send for a doctor?" cries the Chaplain, with every look of innocence and alarm.

"What has passed between you, sir?" asked the old lady, fiercely.

"I give you my honour, madam, I have done I don't know what. I but mentioned that Mr. Warrington had lost a pocket-book containing letters, and my lady swooned, as you see."

Madame Bernstein dashed water on her niece's face. A feeble moan told presently that the lady was coming to herself.

The Baroness looked sternly after Mr. Sampson, as she sent him away on his errand for the doctor. Her aunt's grim countenance was of little comfort to poor Maria when she saw it on waking up from her swoon.

"What has happened?" asked the younger lady, bewildered and gasping.

"Hm! *You* know best what has happened, madam, I suppose. What hath happened before in our family?" cried the old Baroness, glaring at her niece with savage eyes.

"Ah! yes! the letters have been lost — ach lieber Himmel!" And Maria, as she would sometimes do, when much moved, began to speak in the language of her mother.

"Yes! the seal has been broken, and the letters have been lost. 'Tis the old story of the Esmonds," cried the elder, bitterly.

"Seal broken, letters lost? What do you mean, aunt?" asked Maria, faintly.

"I mean that my mother was the only honest woman that ever entered the family!" cried the Baroness, stamping her foot. "And she was a parson's daughter of no family in particular, or she would have gone wrong, too. Good Heavens! is it decreed that we are all to be . . .?"

"To be what, madam?" cried Maria.

"To be what my Lady Queensberry said we were last night. To be what we *are*! You know the word for it!" cried the indignant old woman. "I say, what has come to the whole race? Your father's mother was an honest woman, Maria. Why did I leave her? Why couldn't you remain so?"

"Madam!" exclaims Maria, "I declare, before Heaven, I am as —"

"Bah! Don't madam me! Don't call Heaven to witness — there's nobody by! And if you swore to your innocence till the rest of your teeth dropped out of your mouth, my Lady Maria Esmond, I would not believe you!"

"Ah! It was you told him!" gasped Maria. She recognised an arrow out of her aunt's quiver.

"I saw some folly going on between you and the boy, and I told him that you were as old as his mother. Yes, I did! Do you suppose I am going to let Henry Esmond's boy fling himself and his wealth away upon such a battered old rock as you? The boy sha'n't be robbed and cheated in our family. Not a shilling of

mine shall any of you have if he comes to any harm amongst you."

"Ah! you told him!" cried Maria, with a sudden burst of rebellion. "Well, then! I'd have you to know that I don't care a penny, madam, for your paltry money! I have Mr. Harry Warrington's word — yes, and his letters — and I know he will die rather than break it."

"He will die if he keeps it!" (Maria shrugged her shoulders.) "But you don't care for that — you've no more heart —"

"Than my father's sister, madam!" cries Maria again. The younger woman, ordinarily submissive, had turned upon her persecutor.

"Ah! Why did not I marry an honest man?" said the old lady, shaking her head sadly. "Henry Esmond was noble and good, and perhaps might have made me so. But no, no — we have all got the taint in us — all! You don't mean to sacrifice this boy, Maria?"

"Madame ma tante, do you take me for a fool at my age?" asks Maria.

"Set him free! I'll give you five thousand pounds — in my — in my will, Maria. I will, on my honour!"

"When you were young, and you liked Colonel Esmond, you threw him aside for an earl, and the earl for a duke?"

"Yes."

"Eh! *Bon sang ne peut mentir!* I have no money, I have no friends. My father was a spendthrift, my brother is a beggar. I have Mr. Warrington's word, and I know, madam, he will keep it. And that's what I tell your ladyship!" cries Lady Maria with a wave

of her hand. "Suppose my letters are published to all the world to-morrow? *Après?* I know they contain things I would as leave not tell. Things not about *me* alone. *Comment!* Do you suppose there are no stories but mine in the family? It is not my letters that I am afraid of, so long as I have his, madam. Yes, his and his word, and I trust them both."

"I will send to my merchant, and give you the money now, Maria," pleaded the old lady.

"No, I shall have my pretty Harry, and ten times five thousand pounds!" cries Maria.

"Not till his mother's death, madam, who is just your age!"

"We can afford to wait, aunt. At my age, as you say, I am not so eager as young chits for a husband."

"But to wait my sister's death, at least, is a drawback?"

"Offer me ten thousand pounds, Madam Tusher, and then we will see!" cries Maria.

"I have not so much money in the world, Maria," said the old lady.

"Then, madam, let me make what I can for myself!" says Maria.

"Ah, if he heard you?"

"*Après?* I have his word. I know he will keep it. I can afford to wait, madam," and she flung out of the room, just as the Caplain returned. It was Madame Bernstein who wanted cordials now. She was immensely moved and shocked by the news which had been thus suddenly brought to her.

CHAPTER XII.

Which seems to mean mischief.

THOUGH she had clearly had the worst of the battle described in the last chapter, the Baroness Bernstein, when she next met her niece, showed no rancour or anger. "Of course, my Lady Maria," she said, "you can't suppose that I, as Harry Warrington's near relative, can be pleased at the idea of his marrying a woman who is as old as his mother, and has not a penny to her fortune; but if he chooses to do so silly a thing, the affair is none of mine; and I doubt whether I should have been much inclined to be taken *au sérieux* with regard to that offer of five thousand pounds which I made in the heat of our talk. So it was already at Castlewood that this pretty affair was arranged? Had I known how far it had gone, my dear, I should have spared some needless opposition. When a pitcher is broken, what railing can mend it?"

"Madam!" here interposed Maria.

"Pardon me — I mean nothing against your ladyship's honour or character, which, no doubt, are quite safe. Harry says so, and you say so — what more can one ask?"

"You have talked to Mr. Warrington, madam?"

"And he has owned that he made you a promise at Castlewood: that you have it in his writing."

"Certainly I have, madam?" says Lady Maria.

"Ah!" (the elder lady did not wince at this.)
"And I own, too, that at first I put a wrong con-

struction upon the tenor of your letters to him. They implicate other members of the family —”

“Who have spoken most wickedly of me, and endeavoured to prejudice me in every way in my dear Mr. Warrington’s eyes. Yes, madam, I own I have written against them, to justify myself.”

“But, of course, are pained to think that any wretch should get possession of stories to the disadvantage of our family, and make them public scandal. Hence your disquiet just now.”

“Exactly so,” said Lady Maria. “From Mr. Warrington I could have nothing concealed henceforth, and spoke freely to him. But that is a very different thing from wishing all the world to know the disputes of a noble family.”

“Upon my word, Maria, I admire you, and have done you injustice these — these twenty years, let us say.”

“I am very glad, madam, that you end by doing me justice at all,” said the niece.

“When I saw you last night, opening the ball with my nephew, can you guess what I thought of, my dear?”

“I really have no idea what the Baroness de Bernstein thought of,” said Lady Maria, haughtily.

“I remembered that you had performed to that very tune with the dancing-master at Kensington, my dear!”

“Madam, it was an infamous calumny.”

“By which the poor dancing-master got a cudgelling for nothing!”

“It is cruel and unkind, madam, to recal that calumny — and I shall beg to decline living any longer

with any one who utters it," continued Maria, with great spirit.

"You wish to go home? I can fancy you won't like Tunbridge. It will be very hot for you if those letters are found."

"There was not a word against you in them, madam: about that I can make your mind easy."

"So Harry said, and did your ladyship justice. Well, my dear, we are tired of one another, and shall be better apart for a while."

"That is precisely my own opinion," said Lady Maria, dropping a curtsey.

"Mr. Sampson can escort you to Castlewood. You and your maid can take a post-chaise."

"We can take a post-chaise, and Mr. Sampson can escort me," echoed the younger lady. "You see, madam, I act like a dutiful niece."

"Do you know, my dear, I have a notion that Sampson has got the letters?" said the Baroness, frankly.

"I confess that such a notion has passed through my own mind."

"And you want to go home in the chaise, and coax the letters from him? Dalilah! Well, they can be no good to me, and I trust you may get them. When will you go? The sooner the better, you say? We are women of the world, Maria. We only call names when we are in a passion. We don't want each other's company; and we part on good terms. Shall we go to my Lady Yarmouth's? 'Tis her night. There is nothing like a change of scene after one of those little nervous attacks you have had, and cards drive away unpleasant thoughts better than any doctor."

Lady Maria agreed to go to Lady Yarmouth's cards, and was dressed and ready first, awaiting her aunt in the drawing-room. Madame Bernstein, as she came down, remarked Maria's door was left open. "She has the letters upon her," thought the old lady. And the pair went off to their entertainment in their respective chairs, and exhibited towards each other that charming cordiality and respect which women can show after, and even during, the bitterest quarrels.

That night, on their return from the Countess's drum, Mrs. Brett, Madame Bernstein's maid, presented herself to my Lady Maria's call, when that lady rang her hand-bell upon retiring to her room. Betty, Mrs. Brett was ashamed to say, was not in a fit state to come before my lady. Betty had been a-junketting and merry-making with Mr. Warrington's black gentleman, with my Lord Bamborough's valet, and several more ladies and gentlemen of that station, and the liquor — Mrs. Brett was shocked to own it — had proved too much for Mrs. Betty. Should Mrs. Brett undress my lady? My lady said she would undress without a maid, and gave Mrs. Brett leave to withdraw. "She has the letters in her stays," thought Madame Bernstein. They had bidden each other an amicable Good-night on the stairs.

Mrs. Betty had a scolding the next morning, when she came to wait on her mistress, from the closet adjoining Lady Maria's apartment in which Betty lay. She owned, with contrition, her partiality for rum-punch, which Mr. Gumbo had the knack of brewing most delicate. She took her scolding with meekness, and, having performed her usual duties about her lady's person, retired.

Now Betty was one of the Castlewood girls who had been so fascinated by Gumbo, and was a very good-looking, blue-eyed lass, upon whom Mr. Case, Madame Bernstein's confidential man, had also cast the eyes of affection. Hence, between Messrs. Gumbo and Case, there had been jealousies, and even quarrels; which had caused Gumbo, who was of a peaceful disposition, to be rather shy of the Baroness's gentlemen, the chief of whom vowed he would break the bones, or have the life of Gumbo, if he persisted in his attentions to Mrs. Betty.

But, on the night of the rum-punch, though Mr. Case found Gumbo and Mrs. Betty whispering in the doorway, in the cool breeze, and Gumbo would have turned pale with fear had he been able so to do, no one could be more gracious than Mr. Case. It was he who proposed the bowl of punch, which was brewed and drunk in Mrs. Betty's room, and which Gumbo concocted with exquisite skill. He complimented Gumbo on his music. Though a sober man ordinarily, he insisted upon more and more drinking, until poor Mrs. Betty was reduced to the state which occasioned her lady's just censure.

As for Mr. Case himself, who lay out of the house, he was so ill with the punch, that he kept his bed the whole of the next day, and did not get strength to make his appearance, and wait on his ladies, until supper-time; when his mistress good-naturedly rebuked him, saying that it was not often he sinned in that way.

"Why, Case, I could have made oath it was you I saw on horse-back this morning galloping on the London road," said Mr. Warrington, who was supping with his relatives.

"Me; law bless you, sir; I was a-bed, and I thought my head would come off with the aching. I ate a bit at six o'clock, and drunk a deal of small beer, and I'm almost my own man again now. But that Gumbo, saving your honour's presence, I won't taste none of his punch again." And the honest major domo went on with his duties among the bottles and glasses.

As they sate after their meal, Madame Bernstein was friendly enough. She prescribed strong fortifying drinks for Maria, against the recurrence of her fainting fits. The lady had such attacks not unfrequently. She urged her to consult her London physician, and to send up an account of her case by Harry. By Harry? asked the lady. Yes. Harry was going for two days on an errand for his aunt to London. "I do not care to tell you, my dear, that it is on business which will do him good. I wish Mr. Draper to put him into my will, and as I am going travelling upon a round of visits when you and I part, I think, for security, I shall ask Mr. Warrington to take my trinket-box in his post-chaise to London with him, for there have been robberies of late, and I have no fancy for being stopped by highwaymen."

Maria looked blank at the notion of the young gentleman's departure, but hoped that she might have his escort back to Castlewood, whither her elder brother had now returned. "Nay," says his aunt, "the lad hath been tied to our apron-strings long enough. A day in London will do him no harm. He can perform my errand for me and be back with you by Saturday."

"I would offer to accompany Mr. Warrington, but

I preach on Friday before her ladyship," says Mr. Sampson. He was anxious that my Lady Yarmouth should judge of his powers, as a preacher; and Madame Bernstein had exerted her influence with the king's favourite to induce her to hear the Chaplain.

Harry relished the notion of a rattling journey to London and a day or two of sport there. He promised that his pistols were good, and that he would hand the diamonds over in safety to the banker's strong-room. Would he occupy his aunt's London house? No, that would be a dreary lodging with only a housemaid and a groom in charge of it. He would go to the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, or to an inn in Covent Garden. Ah! I have often talked over that journey," said Harry, his countenance saddening.

"And with whom, sir?" asked Lady Maria.

"With one who promised to make it with me," said the young man, thinking, as he always did, with an extreme tenderness of the lost brother.

"He has more heart, my good Maria, than some of us!" says Harry's aunt, witnessing his emotion. Uncontrollable gusts of grief would, not unfrequently, still pass over our young man. The parting from his brother; the scenes and circumstances of George's fall last year; the recollection of his words, or of some excursion at home which they had planned together; would recur to him and overcome him. "I doubt, madam," whispered the Chaplain, demurely, to Madame Bernstein, after one of these bursts of sorrow, "whether some folks in England would suffer quite so much at the death of their elder brother."

But, of course, this sorrow was not to be perpetual; and we can fancy Mr. Warrington setting out on his

London journey eagerly enough, and very gay and happy, if it must be owned, to be rid of his elderly attachment. Yes. There was no help for it. At Castlewood, on one unlucky evening, he had made an offer of his heart and himself to his mature cousin, and she had accepted the foolish lad's offer. But the marriage now was out of the question. He must consult his mother. She was the mistress for life of the Virginian property. Of course, she would refuse her consent to such a union. The thought of it was deferred to a late period. Meanwhile, it hung like a weight round the young man's neck, and caused him no small remorse and disquiet.

No wonder that his spirits rose more gaily as he came near London, and that he looked with delight from his post-chaise windows upon the city as he advanced towards it. No highwayman stopped our traveller on Blackheath. Yonder are the gleaming domes of Greenwich, canopied with woods. There is the famous Thames with its countless shipping; there actually is the Tower of London. Look, Gumbo! "There is the Tower!" "Yes, master," says Gumbo, who has never heard of the Tower; but Harry has, and remembers how he has read about it in Howell's Medulla, and how he and his brother used to play at the Tower, and he thinks with delight now, how he is actually going to see the armour and the jewels and the lions. They pass through Southwark and over that famous London Bridge which was all covered with houses like a street two years ago. Now there is only a single gate left, and that is coming down. Then the chaise rolls through the city; and, "Look, Gumbo, that is Saint Paul's!" "Yes, master; Saint Paul's," says

Gumbo, obsequiously, but little struck by the beauties of the architecture, and so by the well-known course we reach the Temple, and Gumbo and his master look up with awe at the rebel heads on Temple Bar.

The chaise drives to Mr. Draper's chambers in Middle Temple Lane, where Harry handed the precious box over to Mr. Draper, and a letter from his aunt, which the gentleman read with some interest seemingly, and carefully put away. He then consigned the trinket-box to his strong-closet, went into the adjoining room, taking his clerk with him, and then was at Mr. Warrington's service to take him to an hotel. A hotel in Covent Garden was fixed upon as the best place for his residence. "I shall have to keep you for two or three days, Mr. Warrington," the lawyer said. "I don't think the papers which the Baroness wants can be ready until then. Meanwhile I am at your service to see the town. I live out of it myself, and have a little box at Camberwell, where I shall be proud to have the honour of entertaining Mr. Warrington; but a young man, I suppose, will like his inn and his liberty best, sir."

Harry said yes, he thought the inn would be best, and the post-chaise and a clerk of Mr. Draper's inside was despatched to the Bedford, whither the two gentlemen agreed to walk on foot.

Mr. Draper and Mr. Warrington sat and talked for a while. The Drapers, father and son, had been lawyers time out of mind to the Esmond family, and the attorney related to the young gentleman numerous stories regarding his ancestors of Castlewood. Of the present Earl Mr. Draper was no longer the agent: his father and his lordship had had differences, and his

lordship's business had been taken elsewhere: but the Baroness was still their honoured client, and very happy indeed was Mr. Draper to think that her ladyship was so well disposed towards her nephew.

As they were taking their hats to go out, a young clerk of the house stopped his principal in the passage, and said: "If you please, sir, them papers of the Baroness was given to her ladyship's man, Mr. Case, two days ago."

"Just please to mind your own business, Mr. Brown," said the lawyer rather sharply. "This way, Mr. Warrington. Our Temple stairs are rather dark. Allow me to show you the way."

Harry saw Mr. Draper darting a Parthian look of anger at Mr. Brown. "So it *was* Case I saw on the London Road two days ago," he thought. "What business brought the old fox to London?" Wherewith, not choosing to be inquisitive about other folks' affairs, he dismissed the subject from his mind.

Whither should they go first? First, Harry was for going to see the place where his grandfather and Lord Castlewood had fought a duel fifty-six years ago, in Leicester Field. Mr. Draper knew the place well, and all about the story. They might take Covent Garden on their way to Leicester Field, and see that Mr. Warrington was comfortably lodged. And order dinner, says Mr. Warrington. No, Mr. Draper could not consent to that. Mr. Warrington must be so obliging as to honour him on that day. In fact, he had made so bold as to order a collation from the Cock. Mr. Warrington could not decline an invitation so pressing, and walked away gaily with his friend, passing under that arch where the heads were, and

taking off his hat to them, much to the lawyer's astonishment.

"They were gentlemen who died for their king, sir. My dear brother George and I always said, we would salute 'em when we saw 'em," Mr. Warrington said.

"You 'll have a mob at your heels if you do, sir," said the alarmed lawyer.

"Confound the mob, sir," said Mr. Harry, loftily, but the passers-by thinking about their own affairs, did not take any notice of Mr. Warrington's conduct; and he walked up the thronging Strand, gazing with delight upon all he saw, remembering, I daresay, for all his life after, the sights and impressions there presented to him, but, maintaining a discreet reserve; for he did not care to let the lawyer know how much he was moved, or the public perceive that he was a stranger. He did not hear much of his companion's talk, though the latter chattered ceaselessly on the way. Nor was Mr. Draper displeased by the young Virginian's silent and haughty demeanour. A hundred years ago a gentleman was a gentleman, and his attorney his very humble servant.

The chamberlain at the Bedford showed Mr. Warrington to his rooms, bowing before him with delightful obsequiousness, for Gumbo had already trumpeted his master's greatness, and Mr. Draper's clerk announced that the new-comer was a "high fellar." Then, the rooms surveyed, the two gentlemen went to Leicester Field, Mr. Gumbo strutting behind his master; and, having looked at the scene of his grandsire's wound, and poor Lord Castlewood's tragedy, they returned to the Temple to Mr. Draper's chambers.

Who was that shabby-looking big man Mr. War-

ington bowed to as they went out after dinner for a walk in the gardens? That was Mr. Johnson, an author, whom he had met at Tunbridge Wells. "Take the advice of a man of the world, sir," says Mr. Draper, eyeing the shabby man of letters very superciliously. "The less you have to do with that kind of person the better. The business we have into our office about them literary men is not very pleasant, I can tell you." "Indeed!" says Mr. Warrington. He did not like his new friend the more as the latter grew more familiar. The theatres were shut. Should they go to Sadler's Wells? or Marybone Gardens? or Ranelagh? or how? "Not Ranelagh," says Mr. Draper; "because there's none of the nobility in town;" but, seeing in the newspaper that at the entertainment at Sadler's Wells, Islington, there would be the most singular kind of diversion on eight hand-bells by Mr. Franklyn, as well as the surprising performances of Signora Catherina, Harry wisely determined that he would go to Marybone Gardens, where they had a concert of music, a choice of tea, coffee, and all sorts of wines, and the benefit of Mr. Draper's ceaseless conversation. The lawyer's obsequiousness only ended at Harry's bedroom door. Where, with haughty grandeur, the young gentleman bade his talkative host good night.

The next morning, Mr. Warrington, arrayed in his brocade bedgown, took his breakfast, read the newspaper, and enjoyed his ease in his inn. He read in the paper news from his own country. And when he saw the words, Williamsburg, Virginia, June 7th., his eyes grew dim somehow. He had just had letters by that packet of June 7th, but his mother did not tell how, "A great number of the principal gentry of the

colony have associated themselves under the command of the Honourable Peyton Randolph, Esquire, to march to the relief of their distressed fellow subjects, and revenge the cruelties of the French and their barbarous allies. They are in a uniform: viz. a plain blue frock, nanquin or brown waistcoats and breeches, and plain hats. They are armed each with a light firelock, a brace of pistols, and a cutting sword."

"Ah, why ain't we there, Gumbo?" cried out Harry.

"Why ain't we dar?" shouted Gumbo.

"Why am I here, dangling at women's trains?" continued the Virginian.

"Think dangling at women's trains very pleasant, Master Harry!" says the materialistic Gumbo, who was also very little affected by some further home news which his master read; viz., that The Lovely Sally, Virginia ship, had been taken in sight of port by a French privateer.

And now reading that the finest mare in England, and a pair of very genteel bay geldings, were to be sold at the Bull Inn, the lower end of Hatton Garden, Harry determined to go and look at the animals, and inquired his way to the place. He then and there bought the genteel bay geldings, and paid for them with easy generosity. He never said what he did on that day, being shy of appearing like a stranger; but it is believed that he took a coach and went to Westminster Abbey, from which he bade the coachman drive him to the Tower, then to Mrs. Salmon's Waxwork, then to Hyde Park and Kensington Palace; then he had given orders to go to the Royal Exchange, but catching a glimpse of Covent Garden, on his way to

the Exchange, he bade Jehu take him to his inn, and cut short his enumeration of places to which he had been, by flinging the fellow a guinea.

Mr. Draper had called in his absence, and said he would come again; but Mr. Warrington, having dined sumptuously by himself, went off nimbly to Marybone Gardens again, in the same noble company.

As he issued forth the next day, the bells of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, were ringing for morning prayers, and reminded him that friend Sampson was going to preach his sermon. Harry smiled. He had begun to have a shrewd and just opinion of the value of Mr. Sampson's sermons.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which various Matches are fought.

READING in the "London Advertiser," which was served to his worship with his breakfast, an invitation to all lovers of manly British sport to come and witness a trial of skill between the great champions Sutton and Figg, Mr. Warrington determined upon attending these performances, and accordingly proceeded to the Wooden House, in Marybone Fields, driving thither the pair of horses which he had purchased on the previous day. The young charioteer did not know the road very well, and veered and tacked very much more than was needful upon his journey from Covent Garden, losing himself in the green lanes behind Mr. Whitfield's round tabernacle of Tottenham Road, and the fields in the midst of which Middlesex Hospital stood. He reached his destination at length, however, and found no small company assembled to witness the valorous achievements of the two champions.

A crowd of London blackguards was gathered round the doors of this temple of British valour; together with the horses and equipages of a few persons of fashion, who came, like Mr. Warrington, to patronise the sport. A variety of beggars and cripples hustled round the young gentleman, and whined to him for charity. Shoeblack boys tumbled over each other for the privilege of blacking his honour's boots; nosegay women and flying fruiterers plied Mr. Gumbo with their wares; piemen, pads, tramps, strollers of every variety hung

round the battle ground. A flag was flying upon the building; and, on to the stage in front, accompanied by a drummer and a horn-blower, a manager repeatedly issued to announce to the crowd that the noble English sports were just about to begin.

Mr. Warrington paid his money, and was accommodated with a seat in a gallery commanding a perfect view of the platform whereon the sports were performed; Mr. Gumbo took his seat in the amphitheatre below; or, when tired, issued forth into the outer world to drink a pot of beer, or play a game at cards with his brother lacqueys, and the gentlemen's coachmen on the boxes of the carriages waiting without. Lacqueys, liveries, footmen — the old society was encumbered with a prodigious quantity of these. Gentle men or women could scarce move without one, sometimes two or three, vassals in attendance. Every theatre had its footman's gallery: an army of the liveried race hustled round every chapel-door: they swarmed in ante-rooms: they sprawled in halls and on landings: they guzzled, devoured, debauched, cheated, played cards, bullied visitors for vails: — that noble old race of footmen is well nigh gone. A few thousand of them may still be left among us. Grand, tall, beautiful, melancholy, we still behold them on levee days, with their nosegays and their buckles, their plush and their powder. So have I seen in America specimens, nay camps and villages of Red Indians. But the race is doomed. The fatal decree has gone forth, and Uncas with his tomahawk and eagle's plume, and Jeames with his cocked hat and long cane, are passing out of the world where they once walked in glory.

Before the principal combatants made their appear-

ance, minor warriors and exercises were exhibited. A boxing match came off, but neither of the men were very game or severely punished, so that Mr. Warrington and the rest of the spectators had but little pleasure out of that encounter. Then ensued some cudgel-playing; but the heads broken were of so little note, and the wounds given so trifling and unsatisfactory, that no wonder the company began to hiss, grumble, and show other signs of discontent. "The masters, the masters!" shouted the people, whereupon those famous champions at length thought fit to appear.

The first who walked up the steps to the stage was the intrepid Sutton, sword in hand, who saluted the company with his warlike weapon, making an especial bow and salute to a private box or gallery in which sate a stout gentleman, who was seemingly a person of importance. Sutton was speedily followed by the famous Figg, to whom the stout gentleman waved a hand of approbation. Both men were in their shirts, their heads were shaven clean, but bore the cracks and scars of many former glorious battles. On his burly sword arm, each intrepid champion wore an "armiger," or ribbon of his colour. And now the gladiators shook hands, and, as a contemporary poet says: "The word it was bilboe."*

At the commencement of the combat the great Figg dealt a blow so tremendous at his apponent, that had it encountered the other's honest head, that comely noddle would have been shorn off as clean as the carving-knife chops the carrot. But Sutton received his adversary's blade on his own sword, whilst Figg's blow was

* The antiquarian reader knows the pleasant poem in the sixth volume of Dodsley's Collection, in which the above combat is described.

delivered so mightily that the weapon brake in his hands less constant than the heart of him who wielded it. Other swords were now delivered to the warriors. The first blood drawn spouted from the panting side of Figg amidst a yell of delight from Sutton's supporters; but the veteran appealing to his audience, and especially, as it seemed, to the stout individual in the private gallery, showed that his sword broken in the previous encounter had caused the wound.

Whilst the parley occasioned by this incident was going on, Mr. Warrington saw a gentleman in a riding-frock and plain scratch wig enter the box devoted to the stout personage, and recognised with pleasure his Tunbridge Wells friend, my Lord of March and Ruglan. Lord March, who was by no means prodigal of politeness, seemed to show singular deference to the stout gentleman, and Harry remarked how his lordship received, with a profound bow, some bank bills which the other took out from a pocket-book and handed to him. Whilst thus engaged, Lord March spied out our Virginian, and, his interview with the stout personage finished, my lord came over to Harry's gallery and warmly greeted his young friend. They sat and beheld the combat waging with various success, but with immense skill and valour on both sides. After the warriors had sufficiently fought with swords, they fell to with the quarter-staff, and the result of this long and delightful battle was, that victory remained with her ancient champion Figg.

Whilst the warriors were at battle, a thunderstorm had broken over the building, and Mr. Warrington gladly enough accepted a seat in my Lord March's chariot, leaving his own phaeton to be driven home by

his groom. Harry was in great delectation with the noble sight he had witnessed: he pronounced this indeed to be something like sport, and of the best he had seen since his arrival in England: and, as usual, associating any pleasure which he enjoyed with the desire that the dear companion of his boyhood should share the amusement in common with him, he began by sighing out, "I wish" ... then he stopped. "No I don't," says he.

"What do you wish and what don't you wish?" asks Lord March.

"I was thinking, my lord, of my elder brother, and wished he had been with me. We had promised to have our sport together, at home, you see; and many's the time we talked of it. But he wouldn't have liked this rough sort of sport, and didn't care for fighting, though he was the bravest lad alive."

"O! he was the bravest lad alive, was he?" asks my lord, lolling on his cushion, and eyeing his Virginian friend with some curiosity.

"You should have seen him in a quarrel with a very gallant officer, our friend — an absurd affair, but it was hard to keep George off him. I never saw a fellow so cool, nor more savage and determined, God help me. Ah! I wish for the honour of the country, you know, that he could have come here instead of me, and shown you a real Virginian gentleman."

"Nay, sir, you'll do very well. What is this I hear of Lady Yarmouth taking you into favour?" said the amused nobleman.

"I will do as well as another. I can ride, and, I think, I can shoot better than George; but then my brother had the head, sir, the head!" says Harry,

tapping his own honest skull. "Why, I give you my word, my lord, that he had read almost every book that was ever written; could play both on the fiddle and harpsichord, could compose poetry and sermons most elegant. What can I do? I am only good to ride and play at cards, and drink Burgundy." And the penitent hung down his head. "But them I can do as well as most fellows, you see. In fact, my lord, I'll back myself," he resumed, to the other's great amusement.

Lord March relished the young man's *naïveté*, as the jaded voluptuary still to the end always can relish the juicy wholesome mutton chop. "By gad, Mr. Warrington," says he, "you ought to be taken to Exeter Change, and put in a show."

"And for why?"

"A gentleman from Virginia who has lost his elder brother and absolutely regrets him. The breed ain't known in this country. Upon my honour and conscience, I believe that you would like to have him back again."

"Believe!" cries the Virginian, growing red in the face.

"That is, you believe, you believe you would like him back again. But depend on it you wouldn't. 'Tis not in human nature, sir; not as I read it, at least. Here are some fine houses we are coming to. That at the corner is Sir Richard Littleton's, that great one was my Lord Bingley's. 'Tis a pity they do nothing better with this great empty space of Cavendish Square than fence it with these unsightly boards. By George! I don't know where the town's running. There's Montagu House made into a confounded Don Saltero's

museum, with books and stuffed birds and rhinoceroses. They have actually run a cursed cut — New Road they call it — at the back of Bedford House Gardens, and spoilt the duke's comfort, though, I guess, they will console him in the pocket. I don't know where the town will stop. Shall we go down Tyburn Road and the Park, or through Swallow Street and into the habitable quarter of the town? We can dine at Pall Mall, or, if you like, with you; and we can spend the evening as you like — with the Queen of Spades, or . . .”

“With the Queen of Spades, if your lordship pleases,” says Mr. Warrington, blushing. So the equipage drove to his hotel in Covent Garden, where the landlord came forward with his usual obsequiousness, and recognising my Lord of March and Ruglan, bowed his wig on to my lord's shoes in his humble welcomes to his lordship. A rich young English peer in the reign of George the Second; a wealthy patrician in the reign of Augustus; — which would you rather have been? There is a question for any young gentlemen's debating clubs of the present day.

The best English dinner which could be produced, of course was at the service of the young Virginian and his noble friend. After dinner came wine in plenty, and of quality good enough even for the epicurean earl. Over the wine there was talk of going to see the fireworks at Vauxhall, or else of cards. Harry, who had never seen a firework beyond an exhibition of a dozen squibs at Williamsburg on the Fifth of November (which he thought a sublime display), would have liked the Vauxhall, but yielded to his guest's

preference for picquet; and they were very soon absorbed in that game.

Harry began by winning as usual; but, in the course of a half-hour, the luck turned and favoured my Lord March, who was at first very surly, when Mr. Draper, Mr. Warrington's man of business, came bowing into the room, where he accepted Harry's invitation to sit and drink. Mr. Warrington always asked everybody to sit and drink, and partake of his best. Had he a crust, he would divide it; had he a haunch, he would share it; had he a jug of water, he would drink about with a kindly spirit; had he a bottle of Burgundy, it was gaily drunk with a thirsty friend. And don't fancy the virtue is common. You read of it in books, my dear sir, and fancy that you have it yourself because you give six dinners of twenty people and pay your acquaintance all round; but the welcome, the friendly spirit, the kindly heart? Believe me, these are rare qualities in our selfish world. We may bring them with us from the country when we are young, but they mostly wither after transplantation, and droop and perish in the stifling London air.

Draper did not care for wine very much, but it delighted the lawyer to be in the company of a great man. He protested that he liked nothing better than to see picquet played by two consummate players and men of fashion; and, taking a seat, undismayed by the sidelong scowls of his lordship, surveyed the game between the gentlemen. Harry was not near a match for the experienced player of the London clubs. To-night, too, Lord March held better cards to aid his skill.

What their stakes were was no business of Mr.

Draper's. The gentlemen said they would play for shillings, and afterwards counted up their gains and losses, with scarce any talking, and that in an under tone. A bow on both sides, a perfectly grave and polite manner on the part of each, and the game went on.

But it was destined to a second interruption, which brought an execration from Lord March's lips. First was heard a scuffling without — then a whispering — then an outcry as of a woman in tears, and then, finally, a female rushed into the room, and produced that explosion of naughty language from Lord March.

"I wish your women would take some other time for coming, confound 'em," says my lord, laying his cards down in a pet.

"What, Mrs. Betty!" cried Harry.

Indeed it was no other than Mrs. Betty, Lady Maria's maid; and Gumbo stood behind her, his fine countenance beslobbered with tears.

"What has happened?" asks Mr. Warrington, in no little perturbation of spirit. "The Baroness is well?"

"Help! help! sir, your honour!" ejaculates Mrs. Betty, and proceeds to fall on her knees.

"Help whom?"

A howl ensues from Gumbo.

"Gumbo! you scoundrel! has anything happened between Mrs. Betty and you?" asks the black's master.

Mr. Gumbo steps back with great dignity, laying his hand on his heart, and saying, "No, sir; nothing hab happened 'twix' this lady and me."

"It's my mistress, sir," cries Betty. "Help! help!

here's the letter she have wrote, sir! They have gone and took her, sir!"

"Is it only that old Molly Esmond? She's known to be over head and heels in debt! Dry your eyes in the next room, Mrs. Betty, and let me and Mr. Warrington go on with our game," says my lord, taking up his cards.

"Help, help her!" cries Betty again. "O, Mr. Harry! you won't be a going on with your cards, when my lady calls out to you to come and help her! Your honour used to come quick enough when my lady used to send me to fetch you at Castlewood!"

"Confound you! can't you hold your tongue?" says my lord, with more choice words and oaths.

But Betty would not cease weeping, and it was decreed that Lord March was to cease winning for that night. Mr. Warrington rose from his seat, and made for the bell, saying:

"My dear lord, the game must be over for to-night. My relative writes to me in great distress, and I am bound to go to her."

"Curse her! Why couldn't she wait till to-morrow?" cries my lord, testily.

Mr. Warrington ordered a postchaise instantly. His own horses would take him to Bromley.

"Bet you, you don't do it within the hour! bet you, you don't do it within five quarters of an hour! bet you four to one — or I'll take your bet, which you please — that you're not robbed on Blackheath! Bet you, you are not at Tunbridge Wells before midnight!" cries Lord March.

"Done!" says Mr. Warrington. And my lord care-

fully notes down the terms of the four wagers in his pocket-book.

Lady Maria's letter ran as follows: —

“MY DEAR COUSIN, —

“I am fell into a *trapp*, w^{ch} I perceive the machinations of *villians*. I am a *prisner*. Betty will tell you *all*. Ah, my Henrico! come to the resQ of your

“MOLLY.”

In half-an-hour after the receipt of this missive, Mr. Warrington was in his postchaise and galloping over Westminster Bridge on the road to succour his kinswoman.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sampson and the Philistines.

My happy chance in early life led me to become intimate with a respectable person who was born in a certain island, which is pronounced to be the first gem of the ocean by, no doubt, impartial judges of maritime jewellery. The stories which that person imparted to me regarding his relatives who inhabited the gem above-mentioned, were such as used to make my young blood curdle with horror, to think there should be so much wickedness in the world. Every crime which you can think of; the entire Ten Commandments broken in a general smash; such rogueries and knaveries as no story-teller could invent; such murders and robberies as Thurtell or Turpin scarce ever perpetrated; were by my informant accurately remembered, and freely related, respecting his nearest kindred, to anyone who chose to hear him. It was a wonder how any of the family still lived out of the hulks. Me brother Tim had brought his fawther's gree hairs with sorrow to the greeve; me brother Mick had robbed the par'sh church repaytedly; me sisther Annamaroia had jilted the Captain and run off with the Ensign, forged her grandmother's will, and stole the spoons, which Larry, the knife-boy, was hanged for. The family of Atreus was as nothing compared to the race of O'Whatdye-calleem, from which my friend sprung; but no power on earth would, of course, induce me to name the country whence he came.

How great then used to be my *naïf* astonishment to find these murderers, rogues, parricides, habitual forgers of bills of exchange, and so forth, every now and then writing to each other as "my dearest brother," "my dearest sister," and for months at a time living on the most amicable terms! With hands reeking with the blood of his murdered parents, Tim would mix a screeching tumbler, and give Maria a glass from it. With lips black with the perjuries he had sworn in Court respecting his grandmother's abstracted testament, or the murder of his poor brother Thady's helpless orphans, Mick would kiss his sister Julia's bonny cheek, and they would have a jolly night, and cry as they talked about old times, and the dear old Castle What-dyecallem where they were born, and the fighting Oneyoneth being quarthered there, and the Major proposing for Cyaroloine, and the tomb of their seented mother (who had chayted them out of the propertee), Heaven bless her soul! They used to weep and kiss so profusely at meeting and parting, that it was touching to behold them. At the sight of their embraces one forgot those painful little stories, and those repeated previous assurances that, did they tell all, they could hang each other all round.

What can there be finer than forgiveness? What more rational than, after calling a man by every bad name under the sun, to apologise, regret hasty expressions, and so forth, withdraw the decanter (say) which you have flung at your enemy's head, and be friends as before? Some folks possess this admirable, this angel-like, gift of forgiveness. It was beautiful, for instance, to see our two ladies at Tunbridge Wells forgiving one another, smiling, joking, fondling almost

in spite of the hard words of yesterday — yes; and forgetting bygones, though they couldn't help remembering them perfectly well. I wonder, can you and I do as much? Let us strive, my friend, to acquire this pacable, Christian spirit. My belief is that you may learn to forgive bad language employed to you; but, then, you must have a deal of practice, and be accustomed to hear and use it. You embrace after a quarrel and mutual bad language. Heaven bless us! Bad words are nothing when one is accustomed to them, and scarce need ruffle the temper on either side.

So the aunt and niece played cards very amicably together, and drank to each other's health, and each took a wing of the chicken, and pulled a bone of the merry-thought, and (in conversation), scratched their neighbours', not each other's eyes out. Thus, we have read how the Peninsular warriors, when the bugles sang truce, fraternised and exchanged tobacco-pouches and wine, ready to seize their firelocks and knock each other's heads off when the truce was over; and thus our old soldiers, skilful in war, but knowing the charms of a quiet life, laid their weapons down for the nonce, and hob-and-nobbed gaily together. Of course, whilst drinking with Jack Frenchman, you have your piece handy to blow his brains out if he makes a hostile move: but, meanwhile, it is *à votre santé, mon camarade!* Here's to you, Mounseer! and everything is as pleasant as possible. Regarding Aunt Bernstein's threatened gout? The twinges had gone off. Maria was so glad! Maria's fainting fits? She had no return of them. A slight recurrence last night. The Baroness was so sorry! Her niece must see the best doctor, take everything to fortify her, continue to take the steel, even after she

left Tunbridge. How kind of Aunt Bernstein to offer to send some of the bottled waters after her! Suppose Madame Bernstein says in confidence to her own woman, "Fainting fits! — pooh! — epilepsy! inherited from that horrible scrofulous German mother!" What means have we of knowing the private conversation of the old lady and her attendant? Suppose Lady Maria orders Mrs. Betty, her ladyship's maid, to taste every glass of medicinal water, first declaring that her aunt is capable of poisoning her? Very likely such conversations take place. These are but precautions — these are the fire-locks which our old soldiers have at their sides, loaded and cocked, but at present lying quiet on the grass.

Having Harry's bond in her pocket, the veteran Maria did not choose to press for payment. She knew the world too well for that. He was bound to her, but she gave him plenty of day-rule, and leave of absence on parole. It was not her object needlessly to chafe and anger her young slave. She knew the difference of ages, and that Harry must have his pleasures and diversions. "Take your ease and amusement, cousin," says Lady Maria. "Frisk about, pretty little mouse-kin," says grey Grimalkin, purring in the corner, and keeping watch with her green eyes. About all that Harry was to see and do on his first visit to London, his female relatives had of course talked and joked. Both of the ladies knew perfectly what were a young gentleman's ordinary amusements in those days, and spoke of them with the frankness which characterised those easy times.

Our wily Calypso consoled herself, then, perfectly, in the absence of her young wanderer, and took any diversion which came to hand. Mr. Jack Morris, the

gentleman whom we have mentioned as rejoicing in the company of Lord March and Mr. Warrington, was one of these diversions. To live with titled personages was the delight of Jack Morris's life; and to lose money at cards to an earl's daughter was almost a pleasure to him. Now, the Lady Maria Esmond was an earl's daughter who was very glad to win money. She obtained permission to take Mr. Morris to the Countess of Yarmouth's assembly, and played cards with him — and so everybody was pleased.

Thus the first eight-and-forty hours after Mr. Warrington's departure passed pretty cheerily at Tunbridge Wells, and Friday arrived, when the sermon was to be delivered which we have seen Mr. Sampson preparing. The company at the Wells were ready enough to listen to it. Sampson had a reputation for being a most amusing and eloquent preacher, and if there were no breakfast, conjuror, dancing bears, concert going on, the good Wells folk would put up with a sermon. He knew Lady Yarmouth was coming, and what a power she had in the giving of livings and the dispensing of bishoprics, the Defender of the Faith of that day having a remarkable confidence in her ladyship's opinion upon these matters; — and so we may be sure that Mr. Sampson prepared his very best discourse for her hearing. When the Great Man is at home at the Castle, and walks over to the little country church in the park, bringing the Duke, the Marquis, and a couple of cabinet ministers with him, has it ever been your lot to sit among the congregation, and watch Mr. Trotter the curate and his sermon? He looks anxiously at the Great Pew; he falters as he gives out his text, and thinks, "Ah, perhaps his lordship may give me a

living!" Mrs. Trotter and the girls look anxiously at the Great Pew too, and watch the effects of papa's discourse — the well-known favourite discourse — upon the big-wigs assembled. Papa's first nervousness is over: his noble voice clears, warms to his sermon: he kindles: he takes his pocket-handkerchief out: he is coming to that exquisite passage which has made them all cry at the parsonage: he has begun it! Ah! What is that humming noise, which fills the edifice, and causes hob-nailed Melibœus to grin at smock-frocked Tityrus? It is the Right Honourable Lord Naseby, snoring in the pew by the fire! And poor Trotter's visionary mitre disappears with the music.

Sampson was the domestic chaplain of Madame Bernstein's nephew. The two ladies of the Esmond family patronised the preacher. On the day of the sermon, the Baroness had a little breakfast in his honour, at which Sampson made his appearance, rosy and handsome, with a fresh-flowered wig, and a smart, rustling, new cassock, which he had on credit from some church-admiring mercer at the Wells. By the side of his patronesses, their ladyships' lacqueys walking behind them, with their great gilt prayer-books, Mr. Sampson marched from breakfast to church. Every one remarked how well the Baroness Bernstein looked; she laughed, and was particularly friendly with her niece; she had a bow and a stately smile for all, as she moved on, with her tortoiseshell cane. At the door there was a dazzling conflux of rank and fashion — all the fine company of the Wells trooping in; and her ladyship of Yarmouth, conspicuous with vermilion cheeks, and a robe of flame-coloured taffeta. There were shabby people present, besides the fine company,

though these latter were by far the most numerous. What an odd-looking pair, for instance, were those in ragged coats, one of them with his carrotty hair appearing under his scratch wig, and who entered the church just as the organ stopped! Nay, he could not have been a Protestant, for he mechanically crossed himself as he entered the place, saying to his comrade, "Bedad, Tim, I forgawt!" by which I conclude that the individual came from an island which has been mentioned at the commencement of this chapter. Wherever they go, a rich fragrance of whiskey spreads itself. A man may be a heretic, but possess genius: these Catholic gentlemen have come to pay homage to Mr. Sampson.

Nay, there are not only members of the old religion present, but disciples of a creed still older. Who are those two individuals with hooked noses and sallow countenances who worked into the church, in spite of some little opposition on the part of the beadle? Seeing the greasy appearance of these Hebrew strangers, Mr. Beadle was for denying them admission. But one whispered into his ear, "We wants to be converted, gov'nor!" another slips money into his hand, — Mr. Beadle lifts up the mace with which he was barring the doorway, and the Hebrew gentlemen enter. There goes the organ! the doors have closed. Shall we go in, and listen to Mr. Sampson's sermon, or lie on the grass without?

Preceded by that beadle in gold lace, Sampson walked up to the pulpit, as rosy and jolly a man as you could wish to see. Presently, when he surged up out of his plump pulpit cushion, why did his Reverence turn as pale as death? He looked to the western

church-door — there, on each side of it, were those horrible Hebrew Caryatides. He then looked to the vestry-door, which was hard by the rector's pew, in which Sampson had been sitting during the service, alongside of their ladyships his patronesses. Suddenly, a couple of perfumed Hibernian gentlemen slipped out of an adjacent seat, and placed themselves on a bench close by that vestry-door and rector's pew, and so sate till the conclusion of the sermon, with eyes meekly cast down to the ground. How can we describe that sermon, if the preacher himself never knew how it came to an end?

Nevertheless, it was considered an excellent sermon. When it was over, the fine ladies buzzed into one another's ears over their pews, and uttered their praise and comments. Madame Walmoden, who was in the next pew to our friends, said it was bewdiful, and made her dremble all over. Madame Bernstein said it was excellent. Lady Maria was pleased to think that the family chaplain should so distinguish himself. She looked up at him, and strove to catch his Reverence's eye, as he still sate in his pulpit; she greeted him with a little wave of the hand and flutter of her handkerchief. He scarcely seemed to note the compliment; his face was pale, his eyes were looking yonder, towards the font, where those Hebrews still remained. The stream of people passed by them — in a rush, when they were lost to sight, — in a throng — in a march of twos and threes — in a dribble of one at a time. Everybody was gone. The two Hebrews were still there by the door.

The Baroness de Bernstein and her niece still lingered in the rector's pew, where the old lady was deep in conversation with that gentleman.

"Who are those horrible men at the door, and what a smell of spirits there is," cries Lady Maria, to Mrs. Brett, her aunt's woman, who had attended the two ladies.

"Farewell, Doctor; you have a darling little boy: is he to be a clergyman, too?" asks Madame de Bernstein. "Are you ready, my dear?" And the pew is thrown open, and Madame Bernstein, whose father was only a viscount, insists that her niece, Lady Maria, who was an earl's daughter, should go first out of the pew.

As she steps forward, those individuals whom her ladyship designated as two horrible men, advance. One of them pulls a long strip of paper out of his pocket, and her ladyship starts and turns pale. She makes for the vestry, in a vague hope that she can clear the door and close it behind her. The two whiskeyfied gentlemen are up with her, however; one of them actually lays his hand on her shoulder and says: —

"At the shuit of Misthress Pincott of Kinsington, mercer, I have the honour of arresting your leedyship. Me neem is Costigan, Madam, a poor gentleman of Oireland, binding to circumstances, and forced to follow a disagrayable profession. Will your leedyship walk, or shall me man go fetch a cheer?"

For reply Lady Maria Esmond gives three shrieks, and falls swooning to the ground. "Keep the door, Mick!" shouts Mr. Costigan. "Best let in no one else, madam," he says, very politely, to Madame de Bernstein. "Her ladyship has fallen in a feenting fit, and will recover here, at her aise."

"Unlace her, Brett!" cries the old lady whose eyes twinkle oddly, and, as soon as that operation is performed, Madame Bernstein seizes a little bag suspended

by a hair chain, which Lady Maria wears round her neck, and snips the necklace in twain. "Dash some cold water over her face, it always recovers her!" says the Baroness. "You stay with her, Brett. How much is your suit, gentlemen?"

Mr. Costigan says, "The cleem we have against her leedyship is for one hundred and thirty two pounds, in which she is indebted to Misthress Eliza Pincott."

Meanwhile, where is the Reverend Mr. Sampson? Like the fabled opossum we have read of, who, when he spied the unerring gunner from his gum-tree, said: "It's no use, major, I will come down," so Sampson gave himself up to his pursuers. "At whose suit, Simons?" he sadly asked. Sampson knew Simons, they had met many a time before.

"Buckleby Cordwainer," says Mr. Simons.

"Forty-eight pound and charges, I know," says Mr. Sampson, with a sigh. "I haven't got the money. What officer is there here?" Mr. Simons's companion, Mr. Lyons, here stepped forward, and said his house was most convenient, and often used by gentlemen, and he should be most happy and proud to accommodate his Reverence.

Two chairs happened to be in waiting outside the chapel. In those two chairs my Lady Maria Esmond and Mr. Sampson placed themselves, and went to Mr. Lyons's residence, escorted by the gentlemen to whom we have just been introduced.

Very soon after the capture the Baroness Bernstein sent Mr. Case, her confidential servant, with a note to her niece, full of expressions of the most ardent affection: but regretting that her heavy losses at cards rendered the payment of such a sum as that in which

Lady Maria stood indebted quite impossible. She had written off to Mrs. Pincott *by that very post*, however, to entreat her to grant time, and as soon *as ever she had an answer*, would not fail to acquaint her dear unhappy niece.

Mrs. Betty came over to console her mistress: and the two poor women cast about for money enough to provide a horse and chaise for Mrs. Betty; who had very nearly come to misfortune too. Both my Lady Maria and her maid had been unlucky at cards, and could not muster more than eighteen shillings between them: so it was agreed that Betty should sell a gold chain belonging to her lady, and with the money travel to London. Now Betty took the chain to the very toy-shop man who had sold it to Mr. Warrington, who had given it to his cousin; and the toy-shop man, supposing that she had stolen the chain, was for bringing in a constable to Betty. Hence, she had to make explanations, and to say how her mistress was in durance; and, ere the night closed, all Tunbridge Wells knew that my Lady Maria Esmond was in the hands of bailiffs. Meanwhile, however, the money was found, and Mrs. Betty whisked up to London in search of the champion in whom the poor prisoner confided.

"Don't say anything about that paper being gone! O, the wretch, the wretch! She shall pay it me!" I presume that Lady Maria meant her aunt by the word "wretch." Mr. Sampson read a sermon to her ladyship, and they passed the evening over revenge and backgammon; with well-grounded hopes that Harry Warrington would rush to their rescue as soon as ever he heard of their mishap.

Though, ere the evening was over, every soul at

the Wells knew what had happened to Lady Maria, and a great deal more; though they knew she was taken in execution, the house where she lay, the amount — nay, ten times the amount — for which she was captured, and that she was obliged to pawn her trinkets to get a little money to keep her in jail; though everybody said that old fiend of a Bernstein was at the bottom of the business, of course they were all civil and bland in society; and, at my Lady Trumpington's cards that night, where Madame Bernstein appeared, and as long as she was within hearing, not a word was said regarding the morning's transactions. Lady Yarmouth asked the Baroness news of her breddy nephew, and heard Mr. Warrington was in London. My Lady Maria was not coming to Lady Trumpington's that evening? My Lady Maria was indisposed, had fainted at church that morning, and was obliged to keep her room. The cards were dealt, the fiddles sang, the wine went round, the gentlefolks talked, laughed, yawned, chattered, the footmen waylaid the supper, the chairmen drank and swore, the stars climbed the sky, just as though no Lady Maria was imprisoned, and no poor Sampson arrested. 'Tis certain, dearly beloved brethren, that the little griefs, stings, annoyances which you and I feel acutely, in our own persons, don't prevent our neighbours from sleeping; and that when we slip out of the world, the world does not miss us. Is this humiliating to our vanity? So much the better. But, on the other hand, is it not a comfortable and consoling truth? And mayn't we be thankful for our humble condition? If we were not selfish — *passez moi le mot, s. v. p.* — and if we had to care for other people's griefs as much as our

own, how intolerable human life would be! If my neighbour's tight boot pinched my corn; if the calumny uttered against Jones set Brown into fury; if Mrs. A's death plunged Messrs. B, C, D, E, F, into distraction, would there be any bearing of the world's burthen? Do not let us be in the least angry or surprised if all the company played on, and were happy, although Lady Maria had come to grief. Countess, the deal is with you! Are you going to Stubblefield to shoot as usual, Sir John? Captain, we shall have you running off to the Bath after the widow! So the clatter goes on; the lights burn; the beaux and the ladies flirt, laugh, ogle; the prisoner rages in his cell; the sick man tosses on his bed.

Perhaps Madame de Bernstein stayed at the assembly until the very last, not willing to allow the company the chance of speaking of her as soon as her back should be turned. Ah, what a comfort it is, I say again, that we have backs, and that our ears don't grow on them! He that has ears to hear, let him stuff them with cotton. Madame Bernstein might have heard folks say, it was heartless of her to come abroad, and play at cards, and make merry when her niece was in trouble. As if she could help Maria by staying at home, indeed! At her age, it is dangerous to disturb an old lady's tranquillity. "Don't tell me," says Lady Yarmouth, "the Bernstein would play at cards over her niece's coffin. Talk about her heart! who ever said she had one? The old spy lost it to the Chevalier a thousand years ago, and has lived ever since perfectly well without one. For how much is the Maria put in prison? If it were only a small sum, we would pay it,

it would vex her aunt so. Find out, Fuchs, in the morning, for how much Lady Maria Esmond is put in prison." And the faithful Fuchs bowed, and promised to do her Excellency's will.

Meanwhile, about midnight, Madame de Bernstein went home, and presently fell into a sound sleep, from which she did not wake up until a late hour of the morning, when she summoned her usual attendant, who arrived with her ladyship's morning dish of tea. If I told you she took a dram with it, you would be shocked. Some of our great-grandmothers used to have cordials in their "closets." Have you not read of the fine lady in Walpole, who said, "If I drink more, I shall be 'muckibus!'?" As surely as Mr. Gough is alive now, our ancestresses were accustomed to partake pretty freely of strong waters.

So, having tipped off the cordial, Madame Bernstein rouses and asks Mrs. Brett the news.

"He can give it you," says the waiting-woman, sulkily.

"He? Who?"

Mrs. Brett names Harry, and says Mr. Warrington arrived about midnight yesterday — and Betty, my Lady Maria's maid, was with him. "And my Lady Maria sends your ladyship her love and duty, and hopes you slept well," says Brett.

"Excellently, poor thing! Is Betty gone to her?"

"No; she is here," says Mrs. Brett.

"Let me see her directly," cries the old lady.

"I'll tell her," replies the obsequious Brett, and goes away upon her mistress's errand, leaving the old lady placidly reposing on her pillows. Presently, two

pairs of high-heeled shoes are heard pattering over the deal floor of the bed chamber. Carpets were luxuries scarcely known in bed-rooms of those days.

"So, Mrs. Betty, you were in London, yesterday?" calls Bernstein from her curtains.

"It is not Betty — it is I! Good morning, dear aunt! I hope you slept well," cries a voice which made old Bernstein start on her pillow. It was the voice of Lady Maria, who drew the curtains aside, and dropped her aunt a low curtsy. Lady Maria looked very pretty, rosy, and happy. And with the little surprise incident at her appearance through Madame Bernstein's curtains, I think we may bring this Chapter to a close.

CHAPTER XV.

Harry to the Rescue.

My dear Lord March, (wrote Mr. Warrington from Tunbridge Wells, on Saturday morning, the 25th August, 1756): This is to inform you (with satisfaction) that I have one all our *three betts*. I was at Bromley two minutes within the hour; my new horses kep a-going at a capital rate. I drove them myself, having the postilion by me to show me the way, and my black man inside with Mrs. Betty. Hope they found the drive *very pleasant*. We were not stopped on Blackheath, though two fellows on horseback rode up to us, but not liking the looks of our *countenantses*, rode off again; and we got into Tunbridge Wells (where I transacted my business) at forty-five minutes after eleven. This makes me *quitts* with your lordship after yesterday's picquet, which I shall be very happy to give you your revenge, and am,

Your most obliged, faithful servant,

H. ESMOND WARRINGTON.

And now, perhaps the reader will understand by what means Lady Maria Emond was enabled to surprise her dear aunt in her bed on Saturday morning, and walk out of the house of captivity. Having despatched Mrs. Betty to London, she scarcely expected that her emissary would return on the day of her departure; and she and the chaplain were playing their

cards at midnight, after a small refection which the bailiff's wife had provided for them, when the rapid whirling of wheels was heard approaching their house, and caused the lady to lay her trumps down, and her heart to beat with more than ordinary emotion. Whirr came the wheels — the carriage stopped at the very door: there was a parley at the gate: then appeared Mrs. Betty, with a face radiant with joy, though her eyes were full of tears; and next, who is that tall young gentleman who enters? Can any of my readers guess? Will they be very angry if I say that the chaplain slapped down his cards with a huzzay, whilst Lady Maria, turning as white as a sheet, rose up from her chair, tottered forward a step or two, and with an hysterical shriek, flung herself in her cousin's arms? How many kisses did he give her? If they were mille, deinde centum, dein mille altera, dein secunda centum, and so on, I am not going to cry out. He had come to rescue her. She knew he would; he was her champion, her preserver from bondage and ignominy. She wept a genuine flood of tears upon his shoulder, and as she reclines there, giving way to a hearty emotion, I protest I think she looks handsomer than she has looked during the whole course of this history. She did not faint this time; she went home, leaning lovingly on her cousin's arm, and may have had one or two hysterical outbreaks in the night; but Madame Bernstein slept soundly, and did not hear her.

"You are both free to go home," were the first words Harry said. "Get my lady's hat and cardinal, Betty, and, Chaplain, we'll smoke a pipe together at our lodgings, it will refresh me after my ride." The Chaplain, who, too, had a great deal of available sensi-

bility, was very much overcome; he burst into tears as he seized Harry's hand, and kissed it, and prayed God to bless his dear generous young patron. Mr. Warrington felt a glow of pleasure thrill through his frame. It is good to be able to help the suffering and the poor; it is good to be able to turn sorrow into joy. Not a little proud and elated was our young champion, as, with his hat cocked, he marched by the side of his rescued princess. His feelings came out to meet him, as it were, and beautiful happinesses with kind eyes and smiles danced before him, and clad him in a robe of honour, and scattered flowers on his path, and blew trumpets and shawms of sweet gratulation, calling "Here comes the conqueror! Make way for the champion!" And so they led him up to the King's house, and seated him in the hall of complacency, upon the cushions of comfort. And yet it was not much he had done. Only a kindness. He had but to put his hand in his pocket, and with an easy talisman, drive off the dragon which kept the gate, and cause the tyrant to lay down his axe, who had got Lady Maria in execution. Never mind if his vanity is puffed up; he is very goodnatured; he has rescued two unfortunate people, and pumped tears of goodwill and happiness out of their eyes: — and if he brags a little to-night, and swaggers somewhat to the Chaplain, and talks about London and Lord March, and White's, and Almack's, with the air of a macaroni, I don't think we need like him much the less.

Sampson continued to be prodigiously affected. This man had a nature most easily worked upon, and extraordinarily quick to receive pain and pleasure, to tears, gratitude, laughter, hatred, liking. In his

preaching profession he had educated and trained his sensibilities so that they were of great use to him; he was for the moment what he acted. He wept quite genuine tears, finding that he could produce them freely. He loved you whilst he was with you; he had a real pang of grief as he mingled his sorrow with the widow or orphan; and, meeting Jack as he came out of the door, went to the tavern opposite, and laughed and roared over the bottle. He gave money very readily, but never repaid when he borrowed. He was on this night in a rapture of gratitude and flattery towards Harry Warrington. In all London, perhaps, the unlucky Fortunate Youth could not have found a more dangerous companion.

To-night he was in his grateful mood, and full of enthusiasm for the benefactor who had released him from durance. With each bumper his admiration grew stronger. He exalted Harry as the best and noblest of men, and the complacent young simpleton, as we have said, was disposed to take these praises as very well deserved. "The younger branch of our family," said Mr. Harry with a superb air, "have treated you scurvily; but by Jove, Sampson, my boy, I'll stand by you!" At a certain period of Burgundian excitement Mr. Warrington was always very eloquent respecting the splendour of his family. "I am very glad I was enabled to help you in your strait. Count on me whenever you want me, Sampson. Did you not say you had a sister at boarding-school? You will want money for her, sir. Here is a little bill which may help to pay her schooling," and the liberal young fellow passed a bank-note across to the Chaplain.

Again the man was affected to tears. Harry's generosity smote him.

"Mr. Warrington," he said, putting the bank-note a short distance from him, "I — I don't deserve your kindness, — by George, I don't!" and he swore an oath to corroborate his passionate assertion.

"Psha!" says Harry, "I have plenty more of 'em. There was no money in that confounded pocket-book which I lost last week."

"No, sir. There was no money!" says Mr. Sampson, dropping his head.

"Hallo! How do you know, Mr. Chaplain?" asks the young gentleman.

"I know because I am a villain, sir. I am not worthy of your kindness. I told you so. I found the book, sir, that night, when you had too much wine at Barbeau's."

"And read the letters?" asked Mr. Warrington, starting up and turning very red.

"They told me nothing I did not know, sir," said the Chaplain. "You have had spies about you whom you little suspect — from whom you are much too young and simple to be able to keep your secret."

"Are those stories about Lady Fanny and my Cousin Will, and his doings, true then?" enquired Harry.

"Yes, they are true," sighed the Chaplain. "The house of Castlewood has not been fortunate, sir, since your honour's branch, the elder branch, left it."

"Sir, you don't dare for to breathe a word against my Lady Maria?" Harry cried out.

"O, not for worlds!" says Mr. Sampson, with a queer look at his young friend. "I may think she is

too old for your honour, and that 'tis a pity you should not have a wife better suited to your age, though I admit she looks very young for hers, and hath every virtue and accomplishment.

"She *is* too old, Sampson, I know she is," says Mr. Warrington, with much majesty; "but she has my word, and you see, sir, how fond she is of me. Go bring me the letters, sir, which you found, and let me try and forgive you for having seized upon them."

"My benefactor, let me try and forgive myself!" cries Mr. Sampson, and departed towards his chamber, leaving his young patron alone over his wine.

Sampson returned presently, looking very pale. "What has happened, sir?" says Harry, with an imperious air.

The Chaplain held out a pocket-book. "With your name in it, sir," he said.

"My brother's name in it," says Harry; "it was George who gave it to me."

"I kept it in a locked chest, sir, in which I left it this morning before I was taken by those people. Here is the book, sir, but the letters are gone. My trunk and valise have also been tampered with. And I am a miserable, guilty man, unable to make you the restitution which I owe you." Sampson looked the picture of woe as he uttered these sentiments. He clasped his hands together, and almost knelt before Harry in an attitude the most pathetic.

Who had been in the rooms in Mr. Sampson's and Mr. Warrington's absence? The landlady was ready to go on her knees, and declare that nobody had come in: nor, indeed, was Mr. Warrington's chamber in the least disturbed, nor anything abstracted from Mr. Samp-

son's scanty wardrobe and possessions, except those papers of which he deplored the absence.

Whose interest was it to seize them? Lady Maria's? The poor woman had been a prisoner all day, and during the time when the capture was effected.

She certainly was guiltless of the rape of the letters. The sudden seizure of the two — Case, the house-steward's secret journey to London, — Case, who knew the shoemaker at whose house Sampson lodged in London, and all the secret affairs of the Esmond family, — these points considered together and separately, might make Mr. Sampson think that the Baroness Bernstein was at the bottom of this mischief. But why arrest Lady Maria? The Chaplain knew nothing as yet about that letter which her ladyship had lost; for poor Maria had not thought it necessary to confide her secret to him.

As for the pocket-book and its contents, Mr. Harry was so swollen up with self-satisfaction that evening, at winning his three bets, at rescuing his two friends, at the capital premature cold supper of partridges and ancient Burgundy which obsequious Monsieur Barbeau had sent over to the young gentleman's lodgings, that he accepted Sampson's vows of contrition, and solemn promises of future fidelity, and reached his gracious hand to the Chaplain, and condoned his offence. When the latter swore his great Gods, that henceforth he would be Harry's truest, humblest friend and follower, and at any moment would be ready to die for Mr. Warrington, Harry said, majestically, "I think, Sampson, you would; I hope you would. My family — the Esmond family — has always been accustomed to have faithful friends round about 'em —

and to reward 'em, too. The wine's with you, Chaplain. What toast do you call, sir?"

"I call a blessing on the house of Esmond-Warrington!" cries the Chaplain, with real tears in his eyes.

"We are the elder branch, sir. My grandfather was the Marquis of Esmond," says Mr. Harry, in a voice noble but somewhat indistinct. "Here's to you, Chaplain — and I forgive you, sir — and God bless you, sir — and if you had been took for three times as much, I'd have paid it. Why, what's that I see through the shutters? I am blest if the sun hasn't risen again! We have no need of candles to go to bed, ha, ha!" And once more extending his blessing to his chaplain, the young fellow went off to sleep.

About noon Madame de Bernstein sent over a servant to say that she would be glad if her nephew would come over and drink a dish of chocolate with her, whereupon our young friend rose and walked to his aunt's lodgings. She remarked, not without pleasure, some alteration in his toilette: in his brief sojourn in London he had visited a tailor or two, and had been introduced by my Lord March to some of his lordship's purveyors and tradesmen.

Aunt Bernstein called him "my dearest child," and thanked him for his noble, his generous behaviour to dear Maria. What a shock that seizure in church had been to her! A still greater shock that she had lost three hundred only on the Wednesday night to Lady Yarmouth, and was quite *à sec*. "Why," said the baroness, "I had to send Case to London to my agent to get me money to pay — I could not leave Tunbridge in her debt."

"So Case did go to London?" says Mr. Harry.

"Of course he did: the Baroness de Bernstein can't afford to say she is court d'argent. Canst thou lend me some, child?"

"I can give your ladyship twenty-two pounds," said Harry, blushing very red: "I have but forty-four left till I get my Virginian remittances. I have bought horses and clothes, and been very extravagant, aunt."

"And rescued your poor relations in distress, you prodigal good boy. No, child, I do not want thy money. I can give thee some. Here is a note upon my agent for fifty pounds, vaurien! Go and spend it, and be merry! I daresay thy mother will repay me, though she does not love me." And she looked quite affectionate, and held out a pretty hand, which the youth kissed.

"Your mother did not love me, but your mother's father did once. Mind, sir, you always come to me when you have need of me."

When bent on exhibiting them nothing could exceed Beatrix Bernstein's grace or good-humour. "I can't help loving you, child," she continued, "and yet I am so angry with you that I have scarce the patience to speak to you. So you have actually engaged yourself to poor Maria who is as old as your mother? What will Madam Esmond say? She may live three hundred years and you will not have wherewithal to support yourselves."

"I have ten thousand pounds from my father, of my own, now my poor brother is gone," said Harry, "that will go some way."

"Why, the interest will not keep you in card-money."

"We must give up cards," says Harry.

"It is more than Maria is capable of. She will pawn the coat off your back to play. The rage for it runs in all my brother's family — in me, too, I own it. I warned you. I prayed you not to play with them, and now a lad of twenty to engage himself to a woman of forty-two! — to write letters on his knees and signed with his heart's blood (which he spells like hartshorn) and say that he will marry no other woman than his adorable cousin, Lady Maria Esmond. O! it's cruel — cruel!"

"Great heavens! Madam, who showed you my letter?" asked Harry, burning with a blush again.

"An accident. She fainted when she was taken by those bailiffs. Brett cut her laces for her; and when she was carried off, poor thing, we found a little *sachet* on the floor, which I opened, not knowing, in the least, what it contained. And in it was Mr. Harry Warrington's precious letter. And here, sir, is the case."

A pang shot through Harry's heart. Great heavens! why didn't she destroy it? he thought.

"I — I will give it back to Maria," he said, stretching out his hand for the little locket.

"My dear, I have burned the foolish letter," said the old lady. "If you choose to betray me I must take the consequence. If you choose to write another, I cannot help thee. But, in that case, Harry Esmond, I had rather never see thee again. Will you keep my secret? Will you believe an old woman who loves you and knows the world better than you do? I tell you, if you keep that foolish promise, misery and ruin are surely in store for you. What is a lad like you in the hands of a wily woman of the world, who

makes a toy of you? She has entrapped you into a promise, and your old aunt has cut the strings and set you free. Go back again! Betray me if you will, Harry."

"I am not angry with you, aunt — I wish I were," said Mr. Warrington, with very great emotion. "I—I shall not repeat what you told me."

"Maria never will, child — mark my words!" cried the old lady, eagerly. "She will never own that she has lost that paper. She will tell you that she has it."

"But I am sure she — she is very fond of me; you should have seen her last night," faltered Harry.

"Must I tell more stories against my own flesh and blood?" sobs out the Baroness. "Child, you do not know her past life!"

"And I must not, and I will not!" cries Harry, starting up. "Written or said — it does not matter which! But my word is given; they may play with such things in England, but we gentlemen of Virginia don't break 'em. If she holds me to my word, she shall have me. If we are miserable, as, I daresay say, we shall be, I'll take a firelock, and go join the King of Prussia, or let a ball put an end to me."

"I — have no more to say. Will you be pleased to ring that bell? I — I wish you a good morning, Mr. Warrington," and dropping a very stately curtsy, the old lady rose on her tortoiseshell stick, and turned towards the door. But, as she made her first step, she put her hand to her heart, sank on the sofa again, and shed the first tears that had dropped for long years from Beatrix Esmond's eyes.

Harry was greatly moved, too. He knelt down by her. He seized her cold hand, and kissed it. He

told her, in his artless way, how very keenly he had felt her love for him, and how, with all his heart, he returned it. "Ah, aunt!" said he, "you don't know what a villain I feel myself. When you told me, just now, how that paper was burned — O! I was ashamed to think how glad I was." He bowed his comely head over her hand. She felt hot drops from his eyes raining on it. She had loved this boy. For half a century past — never, perhaps, in the course of her whole worldly life — had she felt a sensation so tender and so pure. The hard heart was wounded now, softened, overcome. She put her two hands on his shoulders, and lightly kissed his forehead.

"You will not tell her what I have done, child?" she said.

He declared never! never! And demure Mrs. Brett, entering at her mistress's summons, found the nephew and aunt in this sentimental attitude.

CHAPTER XVI.

In which Harry pays off an old debt, and incurs some new ones.

OUR Tunbridge friends were now weary of the Wells, and eager to take their departure. When the autumn should arrive, Bath was Madame de Bernstein's mark. There were more cards, company, life, there. She would reach it after paying a few visits to her country friends. Harry promised, with rather a bad grace, to ride with Lady Maria and the Chaplain to Castlewood. Again they passed by Oakhurst village, and the hospitable house where Harry had been so kindly entertained. Maria made so many keen remarks about the young ladies of Oakhurst, and their setting their caps at Harry, and the mother's evident desire to catch him for one of them, that, somewhat in a pet, Mr. Warrington said he would pass his friend's door, as her ladyship disliked and abused them; and was very haughty and sulky that evening at the inn where they stopped, some few miles further on the road. At supper, my Lady Maria's smiles brought no corresponding good humour to Harry's face; her tears (which her ladyship had at command) did not seem to create the least sympathy from Mr. Warrington; to her querulous remarks he growled a surly reply; and my lady was obliged to go to bed at length without getting a single *tête-à-tête* with her cousin, — that obstinate Chaplain, as if by order, persisting in staying in the room. Had Harry given Sampson orders to remain? She departed with a sigh. He bowed her to the door with an obstinate

politeness, and consigned her to the care of the landlady and her maid.

What horse was that which galloped out of the inn yard ten minutes after Lady Maria had gone to her chamber? An hour after her departure from their supper-room, Mrs. Betty came in for her lady's bottle of smelling-salts, and found Parson Sampson smoking a pipe alone. Mr. Warrington was gone to bed — was gone to fetch a walk in the moonlight — how should he know where Mr. Harry was, Sampson answered, in reply to the maid's interrogatories. Mr. Warrington was ready to set forward the next morning, and took his place by the side of Lady Maria's carriage. But his brow was black — the dark spirit was still on him. He hardly spoke to her during the journey. "Great Heavens! she must have told him that she stole it!" thought Lady Maria within her own mind.

The fact is, that, as they were walking up that steep hill which lies about three miles from Oakhurst, on the Westerham road, Lady Maria Esmond, leaning on her fond youth's arm, and indeed very much in love with him, had warbled into his ear the most sentimental vows, protests, and expressions of affection. As she grew fonder, he grew colder. As she looked up in his face, the sun shone down upon hers, which, fresh and well-preserved as it was, yet showed some of the lines and wrinkles of twoscore years; and poor Harry, with that arm leaning on his, felt it intolerably weighty, and by no means relished his walk up the hill. To think that all his life that drag was to be upon him! It was a dreary look forward; and he cursed the moonlight walk, and the hot evening, and the hot wine

which had made him give that silly pledge by which he was fatally bound.

Maria's praises and raptures annoyed Harry beyond measure. The poor thing poured out scraps of the few plays which she knew that had reference to her case, and strove with her utmost power to charm her young companion. She called him, over and over again, her champion, her Henrico, her preserver, and vowed that his Molinda would be ever, ever faithful to him. She clung to him. "Ah, child! Have I not thy precious image, thy precious hair, thy precious writing *here?*" she said, looking in his face. "Shall it not go with me to the grave? It would, sir, were I to meet with unkindness from my Henrico!" she sighed out.

Here was a strange story! Madame Bernstein had given him the little silken case — she had burned the hair and the note which the case contained, and Maria had it still on her heart! It was then, at the start which Harry gave, as she was leaning on his arm, — at the sudden movement as if he would drop hers — that Lady Maria felt her first pang of remorse that she had told a fib, or rather, that she was found out in telling a fib, which is a far more cogent reason for repentance. Heaven help us! if some people were to do penance for telling lies, would they ever be out of sackcloth and ashes?

Arrived at Castlewood, Mr. Harry's good humour was not increased. My lord was from home; the ladies also were away; the only member of the family whom Harry found, was Mr. Will, who returned from partridge-shooting just as the chaise and cavalcade reached the gate, and who turned very pale when he saw his

cousin, and received a sulky scowl of recognition from the young Virginian.

Nevertheless, he thought to put a good face on the matter, and they met at supper, where, before my Lady Maria, their conversation was at first civil, but not lively. Mr. Will had been to some races? to several. He had been pretty successful in his bets? Mr. Warrington hopes. Pretty well. "And you have brought back my horse sound?" asked Mr. Warrington.

"Your horse? what horse?" asked Mr. Will.

"What horse? my horse!" says Mr. Harry, curtly.

"Protest I don't understand you," says Will.

"The brown horse for which I played you, and which I won of you the night before you rode away upon it," says Mr. Warrington, sternly. "You remember the horse, Mr. Esmond."

"Mr. Warrington, I perfectly well remember playing you for a horse, which my servant handed over to you on the day of your departure."

"The Chaplain was present at our play. Mr. Sampson, will you be umpire between us?" Mr. Warrington said, with much gentleness.

"I am bound to decide that Mr. Warrington played for the brown horse," says Mr. Sampson.

"Well, he got the other one," said sulky Mr. Will, with a grin.

"And sold it for thirty shillings!" said Mr. Warrington, always preserving his calm tone.

Will was waggish. "Thirty shillings, and a devilish good price too, for the broken-kneed old rip. Ha, ha!"

"Not a word more. 'Tis only a question about a bet, my dear Lady Maria. Shall I serve you some

more chicken?" Nothing could be more studiously courteous and gay than Mr. Warrington was, so long as the lady remained in the room. When she rose to go, Harry followed her to the door, and closed it upon her with the most courtly bow of farewell. He stood at the closed door for a moment, and then he bade the servants retire. When those menials were gone, Mr. Warrington locked the heavy door before them, and pocketed the key.

As it clicked in the lock, Mr. Will, who had been sitting over his punch, looking now and then askance at his cousin, asked, with one of the oaths which commonly garnished his conversation, what the — Mr. Warrington meant by that?

"I guess there's going to be a quarrel," said Mr. Warrington, blandly, "and there is no use in having these fellows look on at rows between their betters."

"Who is going to quarrel here, I should like to know?" asked Will, looking very pale, and grasping a knife.

"Mr. Sampson, you were present when I played Mr. Will fifty guineas against his brown horse."

"Against his horse!" bawls out Mr. Will.

"I am not such a something fool as you take me for," says Mr. Warrington, "although I do come from Virginia!" and he repeated his question: "Mr. Sampson, you were here when I played the Honourable William Esmond, Esquire, fifty guineas against his brown horse?"

"I must own it, sir," says the Chaplain, with a deprecatory look towards his lord's brother.

"I don't own no such a thing," says Mr. Will, with rather a forced laugh.

"No, sir: because it costs you no more pains to lie

than to cheat," said Mr. Warrington, walking up to his cousin. "Hands off, Mr. Chaplain, and see fair play! Because you are no better than a — ha!" —

No better than a what we can't say, and shall never know, for as Harry uttered the exclamation, his dear cousin flung a wine bottle at Mr. Warrington's head, who bobbed just in time, so that the missile flew across the room, and broke against the wainscot opposite, breaking the face of a pictured ancestor of the Esmond family, and then itself against the wall, whence it spirted a pint of good port wine over the Chaplain's face and flowered wig. "Great Heavens, gentlemen, I pray you to be quiet," cried the parson, dripping with gore.

But gentlemen are not inclined at some moments to remember the commands of the church. The bottle having failed, Mr. Esmond seized the large silver-handled knife and drove at his cousin. But Harry caught up the other's right hand with his left as he had seen the boxers do at Marybone; and delivered a rapid blow upon Mr. Esmond's nose, which sent him reeling up against the oak panels, and I daresay caused him to see ten thousand illuminations. He dropped his knife in his retreat against the wall, which his rapid antagonist kicked under the table.

Now Will, too, had been at Marybone and Hockley-in-the-Hole, and after a gasp for breath and a glare over his bleeding nose at his enemy, he dashed forward his head as though it had been a battering ram, intending to project it into Mr. Henry Warrington's stomach.

This manœuvre Harry had seen, too, on his visit to Marybone, and amongst the negroes upon the maternal

estate, who would meet in combat like two concutient cannon-balls, each harder than the other. But Harry had seen and marked the civilised practice of the white man. He skipped aside, and, saluting his advancing enemy with a tremendous blow on the right ear, felled him, so that he struck his head against the heavy oak table and sank lifeless to the ground.

"Chaplain, you will bear witness that it has been a fair fight!" said Mr. Warrington, still quivering with the excitement of the combat, but striving with all his might to restrain himself and look cool. And he drew the key from his pocket and opened the door in the lobby, behind which three or four servants were gathered. A crash of broken glass, a cry, a shout, an oath or two, had told them that some violent scene was occurring within, and they entered, and beheld two victims bedabbled with red — the Chaplain bleeding port wine, and the Honourable William Esmond, Esquire, stretched in his own gore.

"Mr. Sampson will bear witness that I struck fair, and that Mr. Esmond hit the first blow," said Mr. Warrington. "Undo his neck-cloth, somebody, he may be dead; and get a fleam, Sambo, and bleed him. Stop! He is coming to himself! Lift him up, you, and tell a maid to wash the floor."

Indeed, in a minute Mr. Will did come to himself. First his eyes rolled about, or rather, I am ashamed to say, his eye, one having been closed by Mr. Warrington's first blow. First, then, his eye rolled about; then he gasped and uttered an inarticulate moan or two, then he began to swear and curse very freely and articulately.

"He is getting well," said Mr. Warrington.

"O praise be Mussy!" sighs the sentimental Betty.

"Ask him, Gumbo, whether he would like any more?" said Mr. Warrington, with a stern humour.

"Massa Harry say, wool you like any maw?" asked obedient Gumbo, bowing over the prostrate gentleman.

"No, curse you, you black devil!" says Mr. Will, hitting up at the black object before him. "So he nearly cut my tongue in *tu* in my mouf!" Gumbo explained to the pitying Betty. "No, that is, yes! You infernal Mohock! Why does not somebody kick him out of the place?"

"Because nobody dares, Mr. Esmond," says Mr. Warrington, with great state, arranging his ruffles — his ruffled ruffles.

"And nobody won't neither," growled the men. They had all grown to love Harry, whereas Mr. Will had nobody's good word. "We know all's fair, sir. It ain't the first time Master William have been served so."

"And I hope it won't be the last," cries shrill Betty, "to go for to strike a poor black gentleman so!"

Mr. Will had gathered himself up by this time, had wiped his bleeding face with a napkin, and was skulking off to bed.

"Surely it's manners to say good-night to the company. Good-night, Mr. Esmond," says Mr. Warrington, whose jokes, though few, were not very brilliant, but the honest lad relished the brilliant sally, and laughed at it inwardly.

"He's ad his zopper, and he goos to baid!" says Betty, in her native dialect, at which everybody laughed outright, except Mr. William, who went away

leaving a black fume of curses, as it were, rolling out of that funnel, his mouth.

It must be owned that Mr. Warrington continued to be witty the next morning. He sent a note to Mr. Will begging to know whether he was for a ride to *town* or *anywheres else*. If he was for London, that he would frighten the highwaymen on Hounslow Heath, and look a very *genteel figar at the Chocolate House*. Which letter, I fear, Mr. Will received with his usual violence, requesting the writer to go to some place — not Hounslow.

And, besides the parley between Will and Harry, there comes a maiden simpering to Mr. Warrington's door, and Gumbo advances, holding something white and triangular in his ebon fingers.

Harry knew what it was well enough. "Of course it's a letter," groans he. Molinda greets her Enrico, &c. &c. &c. No sleep has she known that night, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth. Has Enrico slept well in the halls of his fathers? und so weiter, und so weiter. He must never never *quaril* and be *so cruel again*. Kai ta loipa. And I protest I shan't quote any more of this letter. Ah, tablets, golden once, — are ye now faded leaves? Where is the juggler who transmuted you, and why is the glamour over?

After the little scandal with Cousin Will, Harry's dignity would not allow him to stay longer at Castlewood: he wrote a majestic letter to the lord of the mansion, explaining the circumstances which had occurred, and, as he called in Parson Sampson to supervise the document, no doubt it contained none of those eccentricities in spelling which figured in his ordinary correspondence at this period. He represented to poor Maria, that after blackening the eye and damaging the

nose of a son of the house, he should remain in it with a very bad grace; and she was forced to acquiesce in the opinion that, for the present, his absence would best become him. Of course, she wept plentiful tears at parting with him. He would go to London, and see younger beauties: he would find none, none who would love him like his fond Maria. I fear Mr. Warrington did not exhibit any profound emotion on leaving her: nay, he cheered up immediately after he crossed Castlewood Bridge, and made his horses whisk over the road at ten miles an hour: he sang to them to go along: he nodded to the pretty girls by the roadside: he chuckled my landlady under the chin: he certainly was not inconsolable. Truth is, he longed to be back in London again, to make a figure at St. James's, at Newmarket, wherever the men of fashion congregated. All that petty Tunbridge society of women and card-playing seemed child's play to him now he had tasted the delight of London life.

By the time he reached London again, almost all the four-and-forty pounds which we have seen that he possessed at Tunbridge had slipped out of his pocket, and farther supplies were necessary. Regarding these he made himself presently easy. There were the two sums of £5000 in his own and his brother's name, of which he was the master. He would take up a little money, and with a run or two of good luck at play he could easily replace it. Meantime he must live in a manner becoming his station, and it must be explained to Madam Esmond that a gentleman of his rank cannot keep fitting company, and appear as becomes him in society, upon a miserable pittance of two hundred a-year.

Mr. Warrington sojourned at the Bedford Coffee

House as before, but only for a short while. He sought out proper lodgings at the court end of the town, and fixed on some apartments in Bond Street, where he and Gumbo installed themselves, his horses standing at a neighbouring livery stable. And now tailors, mercers, and shoemakers were put in requisition. Not without a pang of remorse, he laid aside his mourning and figured in a laced hat and waistcoat. Gumbo was always dexterous in the art of dressing hair, and with a little powder flung into his fair locks Mr. Warrington's head was as modish as that of any gentleman in the Mall. He figured in the Ring in his phaeton. Reports of his great wealth had long since preceded him to London, and not a little curiosity was excited about the fortunate Virginian.

Until our young friend could be balloted for at the proper season, my Lord March had written down his name for the club at White's Chocolate House, as a distinguished gentleman from America. There were as yet but few persons of fashion in London, but with a pocket full of money at one and twenty, a young fellow can make himself happy even out of the season; and Mr. Harry was determined to enjoy.

He ordered Mr. Draper, then, to sell five hundred pounds of his stock. What would his poor mother have said had she known that the young spendthrift was already beginning to dissipate his patrimony? He dined at the tavern, he supped at the Club, where Jack Morris introduced him, with immense eulogiums, to such gentlemen as were in town. Life and youth, and pleasure were before him, the wine was set a running, and the eager lad was greedy to drink. Do you see, far away in the west, yonder, the pious widow at her

prayers for her son? Behind the trees at Oakhurst a tender little heart, too, is beating for him, perhaps. When the Prodigal Son was away carousing, were not love and forgiveness still on the watch for him?

Amongst the inedited letters of the late Lord Orford, there is one which the present learned editor, Mr. Peter Cunningham, has omitted from his collection, doubting possibly the authenticity of the document. Nay, I myself have only seen a copy of it in the Warrington papers in Madam Esmond's prim handwriting, and noted "*Mr. H. Walpole's account of my son Henry at London, and of Baroness Tusher, — wrote to Gen^l Conway.*"

"ARLINGTON STREET. Friday night.

"I have come away, child, for a day or two from my devotions to our Lady of Strawberry. Have I not been on my knees to her these three weeks, and aren't the poor old joints full of rheumatism? A fit took me that I would pay London a visit, that I would go to Vauxhall and Ranelagh *quoi!* May I not have my rattle as well as other elderly babies? Suppose, after being so long virtuous, I take a fancy to cakes and ale, shall your reverence say nay to me? George Selwyn and Tony Storer and your humble servant took boat at Westminster t'other night. Was it Tuesday? — no, Tuesday I was with their Graces of Norfolk, who are just from Tunbridge — it was Wednesday. How should I know? Wasn't I dead drunk with a whole pint of lemonade I took at White's?

"The Norfolk folk had been entertaining me on Tuesday with the account of a young savage Iroquois, Choctaw, or Virginian, who has lately been making a little noise in our quarter of the globe. He is an off-

shoot of that disreputable family of Esmond-Castlewood, of whom all the men are gamblers and spendthrifts, and all the women — well, I shan't say the word, lest Lady Ailesbury should be looking over your shoulder. Both the late lords, my father told me, were in his pay, and the last one, a beau of Queen Anne's reign, from a viscount advanced to be an earl through the merits and intercession of his notorious old sister Bernstein, late Tusher, *née* Esmond — a great beauty, too, of her day, a favourite of the old Pretender. She sold his secrets to my papa, who paid her for them; and being nowise particular in her love for the Stuarts, came over to the august Hanoverian house at present reigning over us. 'Will Horace Walpole's tongue never stop scandal?' says your wife over your shoulder. I kiss your ladyship's hand. I am dumb. The Bernstein is a model of virtue. She had no good reasons for marrying her father's chaplain. Many of the nobility omit the marriage altogether. She *wasn't* ashamed of being Mrs. Tusher, and didn't take a German *Baroncino* for a second husband, whom nobody out of Hanover ever saw. The Yarmouth bears no malice. Esther and Vashti are very good friends, and have been cheating each other at Tunbridge at cards all the summer.

"'And what has all this to do with the Iroquois?' says your ladyship. The Iroquois has been at Tunbridge, too --- not cheating, perhaps, but winning vastly. They say he has bled Lord March of thousands — Lord March, by whom so much blood hath been shed, that he has quarrelled with everybody, fought with everybody, rode over everybody, been fallen in love with by everybody's wife except Mr. Conway's, and *not* excepting her present Majesty, the Countess of England,

Scotland, France, and Ireland, Queen of Walmoden and Yarmouth, whom Heaven preserve to us.

“You know an offensive little creature, *de par le monde* one Jack Morris, who skips in and out of all the houses of London. When we were at Vauxhall, Mr. Jack gave us a nod under the shoulder of a pretty young fellow enough, on whose arm he was leaning, and who appeared hugely delighted with the enchantments of the garden. Lord, how he stared at the fireworks! Gods, how he huzzayed at the singing of a horrible painted wench who shrieked the ears off my head! A twopenny string of glass beads and a strip of tawdry cloth are treasures in Iroquois land, and our savage valued them accordingly.

“A buzz went about the place that this was the fortunate youth. He won three hundred at White’s last night very genteelly from Rockingham and my precious nephew, and here he was bellowing and huzzaying over the music so as to do you good to hear. I do not love a puppet-show, but I love to treat children to one, Miss Conway! I present your ladyship my compliments, and hope we shall go and see the dolls together.

“When the singing woman came down from her throne, Jack Morris must introduce my Virginian to her. I saw him blush up to the eyes, and make her, upon my word, a very fine bow, such as I had no idea was practised in wigwams. ‘There is a certain *jenny squaw* about her, and that’s why the savage likes her,’ George said — a joke certainly not as brilliant as a firework. After which it seemed to me that the savage and the savagess retired together.

“Having had a great deal too much to eat and drink three hours before, my partners must have chicken

and rack-punch at Vauxhall, where George fell asleep straightway, and for my sins I must tell Tony Storer what I knew about this Virginian's amiable family, especially some of the Bernstein's antecedents, and the history of another elderly beauty of the family, a certain Lady Maria, who was *au mieux* with the late Prince of Wales. What did I say? I protest not half of what I knew, and of course not a tenth part of what I was going to tell, for who should start out upon us but my savage, this time quite red in the face; and in his *war-paint*. The wretch had been drinking fire-water in the next box!

"He cocked his hat, clapped his hand to his sword, asked which of the gentlemen was it that was maligning his family? so that I was obliged to entreat him not to make such a noise, lest he should wake my friend Mr. George Selwyn. And I added, 'I assure you, sir, I had no idea that you were near me, and I most sincerely apologise for giving you pain.'

"The Huron took his hand off his tomahawk at this pacific rejoinder, made a bow not ungraciously, said he could not, of course, ask more than an apology from a gentleman of my age (*Merci, Monsieur!*), and, hearing the name of Mr. Selwyn, made another bow to George, and said he had a letter to him from Lord March, which he had had the ill-fortune to mislay. George has put him up for the club, it appears, in conjunction with March, and no doubt these three lambs will fleece each other. Meanwhile, my pacified savage sate down with us, and *buried the hatchet* in another bowl of punch, for which these gentlemen must call. Heaven help us! 'Tis eleven o'clock, and here comes Bedson with my gruel!

H. W.

"To the Hon^{ble}. H. S. Conway."

CHAPTER XVII.

Rake's Progress.

PEOPLE were still very busy in Harry Warrington's time (not that our young gentleman took much heed of the controversy) in determining the relative literary merits of the ancients and the moderns; and the learned, and the world with them, indeed, pretty generally pronounced in favour of the former. The moderns of that day are the ancients of ours, and we speculate upon them in the present year of grace, as our grandchildren, a hundred years hence, will give their judgment about us. As for your book-learning, O respectable ancestors (though, to be sure, you have the mighty Gibbon with you), I think you will own that you are beaten, and could point to a couple of professors at Cambridge and Glasgow who know more Greek than was to be had in your time in all the universities of Europe, including that of Athens, if such an one existed. As for science, you were scarce more advanced than those Heathen to whom in literature you owned yourselves inferior. And in public and private morality? Which is the better, this actual year 1858, or its predecessor a century back? Gentlemen of Mr. Disraeli's House of Commons! has every one of you his price, as in Walpole's or Newcastle's time, — or (and that is the delicate question) have you almost all of you had it? Ladies, I do not say that you are a society of Vestals — but the chronicle of a hundred years since contains such an amount of scandal, that

you may be thankful you did not live in such dangerous times. No: on my conscience I believe that men and women are both better; not only that the Susannahs are more numerous, but that the Elders are not nearly so wicked. Did you ever hear of such books as "Clarissa," "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random;" paintings by contemporary artists, of the men and women, the life and society, of their day? Suppose we were to describe the doings of such a person as Mr. Lovelace, or my Lady Bellaston, or that wonderful "Lady of Quality" who lent her memoirs to the author of "Peregrine Pickle." How the pure and outraged Nineteenth Century would blush, scream, run out of the room, call away the young ladies, and order Mr. Mudie never to send one of that odious author's books again! You are fifty-eight years old, madam, and it may be that you are too squeamish, that you cry out before you are hurt, and when nobody had any intention of offending your ladyship. Also, it may be that the novelist's art is injured by the restraints put upon him, as many a honest, harmless statue at St. Peter's and the Vatican is spoilt by the tin draperies in which ecclesiastical old women have swaddled the fair limbs of the marble. But in your prudery there is reason. So there is in the state censorship of the Press. The page may contain matter dangerous to *bonos mores*. Out with your scissors, censor, and clip off the prurient paragraph! We have nothing for it but to submit. Society, the despot, has given his imperial decree. We may think the statue had been seen to greater advantage without the tin drapery; we may plead that the moral were better might we recite the whole fable. Away with him — not a word! I never saw the

piano-fortes in the United States with the frilled muslin trousers on their legs; but, depend on it, the muslin covered some of the notes as well as the mahogany, muffled the music, and stopped the player.

To what does this prelude introduce us? I am thinking of Harry Warrington, Esquire, in his lodgings in Bond Street, London, and of the life which he and many of the young bucks of fashion led in those times, and how I can no more take my fair young reader into them, than Lady Squeams can take her daughter to Cremorne Gardens on an ordinary evening. My dear Miss Diana (Psha! I know you are eight and thirty, although you are so wonderfully shy, and want to make us believe you have just left off school-room dinners and a pinafore) when your grandfather was a young man about town, and a member of one of the Clubs at White's, and dined at Pontac's off the feasts provided by Braund and Lebeck, and rode to Newmarket with March and Rockingham, and toasted the best in England with Gilly Williams and George Selwyn (and *didn't* understand George's jokes, of which, indeed, the flavour has very much evaporated since the bottling) — the old gentleman led a life of which your noble aunt (author of "Legends of the Squeams's; or, Fair Fruits off a Family Tree,") has not given you the slightest idea.

It was before your grandmother adopted those serious views for which she was distinguished during her last long residence at Bath, and after Colonel Tibbalt married Miss Lye, the rich soap-boiler's heiress, that her ladyship's wild oats were sown. When she was young, she was as giddy as the rest of the genteel world. At her house in Hill Street, she had ten card-

tables on Wednesdays and Sunday evenings, except for a short time when Ranelagh was open on Sundays. Every night of her life she gambled for eight, nine, ten hours. Everybody else in society did the like. She lost; she won; she cheated; she pawned her jewels; who knows what else she was not ready to pawn, so as to find funds to supply her fury for play? What was that after-supper duel at the Shakespeare's Head in Covent Garden, between your grandfather and Colonel Tibbalt: where they drew swords and engaged only in the presence of Sir John Screwby, who was drunk under the table? They were interrupted by Mr. John Fielding's people, and your grandfather was carried home to Hill Street wounded in a chair. I tell you those gentlemen in powder and ruffles, who turned out the toes of their buckled pumps so delicately, were terrible fellows. Swords were perpetually being drawn; bottles after bottles were drunk; oaths roared unceasingly in conversation; tavern-drawers and watchmen were pinked and maimed; chairmen belaboured; citizens insulted by reeling pleasure-hunters. You have been to Cremorne with proper "vouchers" of course? Do you remember our great theatres thirty years ago? You were too good to go to a play. Well, you have no idea what the play-houses were, or what the green boxes were, when Garrick and Mrs. Prichard were playing before them! And I, for my children's sake, thank that good Actor in his retirement who was the first to banish that shame from the theatre. No, madam, you are mistaken; I do *not* plume myself on my superior virtue. I do not say you are naturally better than your ancestress in her wild, rouged, gambling, flaring, tearing days; or even than poor

Polly Fogle, who is just taken up for shoplifting, and would have been hung for it a hundred years ago. Only, I am heartily thankful that my temptations are less, having quite enough to do with those of the present century.

So, if Harry Warrington rides down to Newmarket to the October meeting, and loses or wins his money there; if he makes one of a party at the Shakespeare or the Bedford Head; if he dines at White's ordinary, and sits down to Macco and lansquenet afterwards; if he boxes the watch, and makes his appearance at the Roundhouse; if he turns out for a short space a wild, dissipated, harum-scarum young Harry Warrington; I, knowing the weakness of human nature, am not going to be surprised; and, quite aware of my own short-comings, don't intend to be very savage at my neighbour's. Mr. Sampson was: in his chapel in Long Acre he whipped Vice tremendously: gave Sin no quarter; out-cursed Blasphemy with superior anathemas; knocked Drunkenness down, and trampled on the prostrate brute wallowing in the gutter; dragged out conjugal Infidelity, and pounded her with endless stones of rhetoric — and, after service, came to dinner at the Star and Garter, made a bowl of punch for Harry and his friends at the Bedford Head, or took a hand at whist at Mr. Warrington's lodgings, or my Lord March's, or wherever there was a supper and good company for him.

I often think, however, in respect of Mr. Warrington's doings at this period of his coming to London, that I may have taken my usual degrading and uncharitable views of him — for, you see, I have not uttered a single word of virtuous indignation against his conduct, and, if it was *not* reprehensible, have

certainly judged him most cruelly. O the Truthful, O the Beautiful, O Modesty, O Benevolence, O Pudor, O Mores, O Blushing Shame, O Namby Pamby — each with your respective capital letters to your honoured names! O Niminy, O Piminy! how shall I dare for to go for to say that a young man ever was a young man?

No doubt, dear young lady, I am calumniating Mr Warrington, according to my heartless custom. As a proof, here is a letter out of the Warrington collection, from Harry to his mother, in which there is not a single word that would lead you to suppose he was leading a wild life. And such a letter from an only son, to a fond and exemplary parent, we know *must* be true!

BOND STREET, LONDON, October 25, 1756.

HONORED MADAM,

I TAKE up my pen to acknowledge your honored favor of 10 July, per Lively Virginia packet, which has duly come to hand, forwarded by our Bristol agent, and rejoice to hear that the prospect of the crops is so good. 'Tis Tully who says that agriculture is the noblest pursuit; how delightful when that pursuit is also prophetable!

Since my last, dated from Tunbridge Wells, one or two *insadence* have occurred of which it is *nessasery** I should advise my honored Mother. Our party there broke up end of August: the partridge shooting commencing. Baroness Bernstein, whose kindness to me has been most invariable, has been to Bath, her usual winter resort, and has made me a welcome present of a fifty pound bill. I rode back with Rev. Mr. Samp-

* This word has been much operated upon with the penknife, but is left *sic*, no doubt to the writer's satisfaction.

son, whose instruction I find *most valluble*, and my cousin Lady Maria, to Castlewood.* I paid a flying visit on the way to my dear kind friends Col. and Mrs. Lambert, Oakhurst House, who send my honored mother their most affectionate remembrances. The youngest Miss Lambert, I grieve to say, was *dellicate*; and her parents in some anxiety.

At Castlewood I lament to state my stay was short, owing to a quarrel with my cousin William. He is a young man of violent passions, and alas! addicted to liquor, when he has no controul over them. In a trifling dispute about a horse, high words arose between us, and he aymed a blow at me or its equivalent — which my Grandfathers my honored mothers child could not brook. I rejoyned, and feld him to the ground, whents he was carried almost *sencelis* to bed. I sent to enquire after his health in the morning: but having no further news of him, came away to London where I have been ever since with brief intavles of absence.

Knowing you would wish me to see my dear Grandfathers University of Cambridge, I rode thither lately in company with some friends, passing through part of Harts, and lying at the famous bed of Ware. The October meeting was just begun at Cambridge when I went. I saw the students in *their gownds and capps*, and rode over to the famous Newmarket Heath, where there happened to be some races — my friend Lord Marchs horse Marrowbones by Cleaver coming off winner of a large *steak*. It was an amusing day — the jockeys, horses, &c., very different to our poor races at home — the betting awful — the richest nobleman

* Could Parson Sampson have been dictating the above remarks to Mr. Warrington?

here mix with the jox, and bett all round. Cambridge pleased me: especially King's College Chapel, of a rich but elegant Gothick.

I have been out into the world, and am made member of the Club at White's, where I meet gentlemen of the first fashion. My lords Rockingham, Carlisle, Orford, Bolingbroke, Coventry are of my friends, introduced to me by my Lord March, of whom I have often wrote before. Lady Coventry is a fine woman, but *thinn*. Every *lady paints* here, old and young; so, if you and Mountain and Fanny wish to be *in fashion*, I must send you out some *rooge-pots*: everybody plays — eight, ten, card-tables at every house on every receiving night. I am sorry to say all do not play fair, and some do not *pay* fair. I have been obliged to sit down, *and do as Rome does*, and have actually seen ladies whom I could name take my counters from before my face!

One day, his regiment the 20th, being paraded in St. James's Park, a friend of mine, Mr. Wolfe, did me the honour to present me to His Royal Highness the Captain General, who was *most gracious*; a fat jolly Prince, if I may speak so without disrespect, reminding me in his manner of that unhappy General Braddock, whom we knew to our sorrow last year. When he heard my name and how dearest George had served and fallen in Braddock's unfortunate campaign, he talked a great deal with me; asked why a young fellow like me did not serve too; why I did not go to the King of Prussia, who was a great General, and see a campaign or two; and whether that would not be better than dawdling about at routs and card-parties in

London? I said, I would like to go with all my heart, but was an only son now, on leave from my mother, and belonged to our estate in Virginia. His Royal Highness said, Mr. Braddock had wrote home accounts of Mrs. Esmond's loyalty, and that he would gladly serve me. Mr. Wolfe and I have waited on him since, at His Royal Highness's house in Pall Mall. The latter, who is still quite a young man, made the Scots campaign with His Highness, whom Mr. Dempster *loves* so much at home. To be sure, he was too severe: if anything can be too severe against rebels in arms.

Mr. Draper has had half the Stock, my late Papa's property, transferred to my name. Until there can be no doubt of that *painful loss* in our family which I would give my right hand to replace, the remaining stock must remain in the trustees' name in behalf of him who inherited it. Ah, dear mother! There is no day, scarce any hour, when I don't think of him. I wish he were by me often. I feel like as if I was better when I am thinking of him, and would like, for the honour of my family, that he was representing of it here instead of

Honored Madam,

Your dutiful and affectionate Son,

HENRY ESMOND WARRINGTON.

P. S. — I am like *your sex*, who always, they say, put their chief news in a *poscrip*. I had something to tell you about a person to whom *my heart is engaged*. I shall write more about it, which there is no hurry. Safice she is a nobleman's daughter, & her family *as good as our own*.

CLARGIS STREET, LONDON, *October 23, 1756.*

I think, my good sister, we have been all our lives a little more than kin and less than kind, to use the words of a poet whom your dear father loved dearly. When you were born in our Western Principallitie, my mother was not as old as Isaac's; but even then I was much more than old enough to be yours. And though she gave you all she could leave or give, including the little portion of love that ought to have been my share, yet, if we can have good will for one another, we may learn to do without affection: and some little kindness you owe me, for your son's sake as well as your father's, whom I loved and admired more than any man I think ever I knew in this world: he was greater than almost all, though he made no noyse in it. I have seen very many who have, and, believe me, have found but few with such good heads and good harts as Mr. Esmond.

Had we been better acquainted, I might have given you some advice regarding your young gentleman's introduction to Europe, which you would have taken or not, as people do in this world. At least you would have sed afterwards, "What she counselled me was right, and had Harry done as Madam Beatrix wisht, it had been better for him." My good sister, it was not for you to know, or for me to whom you never wrote to tell you, but your boy in coming to England and Castlewood found but ill friends there; except one, an old aunt, of whom all kind of evil hath been spoken and sed these fifty years past — and not without cawse too perhaps.

Now, I must tell Harry's mother what will doubtless scarce astonish her, that almost everybody who

knows him loves him. He is prudent of his tongue, generous of his money, as bold as a lyon, with an imperious domineering way that sets well upon him; you know whether he is handsome or not: my dear, I like him none the less for not being over witty or wise, and never cared for your *sett-the-Thames*-afire gentlemen, who are so much more clever than their neighbours. Your father's great friend, Mr. Addison, seemed to me but a supercilious prig, and his follower, Sir Dick Steele, was not pleasant in his cupps, nor out of 'em. And (*revenons à luy*) your Master Harry will certainly not burn *the river up* with his wits. Of book learning he is as ignorant as any lord in England, and for this I hold him none the worse. If Heaven have not given him a turn that way, 'tis of no use trying to bend him.

Considering the place he is to hold in his own colony when he returns, and the stock he comes from, let me tell you, that he hath not means enough allowed him to support his station, and is likely to make the more *dépence* from the narrowness of his income — from sheer despair breaking out of all bounds, and becoming extravagant, which is not his turn. But he likes to live as well as the rest of his company, and, between ourselves, has fell into some of the finist and most rakish in England. He thinks 'tis for the honour of the family not to go back, and many a time calls for ortolans and champaign when he would as leaf dine with a stake and a mugg of beer. And in this kind of spirit I have no doubt from what he hath told me in his talk (which is very *naïf*, as the French say), that his mamma hath encouraged him in his high opinion of himself. We women like our belongings to

have it, however little we love to pay the cost. Will you have your ladd make a figar in London? Trebble his allowance at the very least, and his Aunt Bernstein (with his honored mamma's permission) will add a little more on to whatever summ you give him. Otherwise he will be spending the little capital I learn he has in this country, which, when a ladd once begins to *manger*, there is very soon an end to the loaf. Please God, I shall be able to leave Henry Esmond's grandson something at my death; but my savings are small, and the pension with which my gracious Sovereign hath endowed me dies with me. As for *feu* M. de Bernstein, he left only debt at his decease: the officers of his Majesty's Electoral Court of Hannover are but scantily paid.

A lady who is at present very high in his Majesty's confidence hath taken a great phancy to your ladd, and will take an early occasion to bring him to the Sovereign's favorable notice. His Royal Highness the Duke he hath seen. If live in America he must, why should not Mr. Esmond Warrington return as Governor of Virginia, and with a title to his name? That is what I hope for him.

Meanwhile, I must be candid with you, and tell you I fear he hath entangled himself here in a very silly engagement. Even to marry an old woman for money is scarce pardonable — the game *ne valant guères la chandelle* — Mr. Bernstein, when alive, more than once assured me of this fact, and I believe him, poor gentleman! But to engage yourself to an old woman without money, and to marry her merely because you have promised her, this seems to me a follie which only very young lads fall into, and I fear Mr. Warrington

is one. How, or for what consideration, I know not, but my niece Maria Esmond hath *escamoté* a promise from Harry. He knows nothing of her *antécédens*, which I do. She hath laid herself out for twenty husbands these twenty years past. I care not how she hath got the promise from him. 'Tis a sinn and a shame that a woman more than forty years old should surprize the honour of a child like that, and hold him to his word. She is not the woman she pretends to be. A horse-jockey (he saith) cannot take him in — but a woman!

I write this news to you advisedly, unpleasant as it must be. Perhaps 'twill bring you to England: but I would be very cautious, above all, very gentle, for the bitt will instantly make his high spirit *restive*. I fear the property is entailed, so that threats of cutting him off from it will not move Maria. Otherwise I know her to be so mercenary that (though she really hath a great phancy for this handsome ladd) without money she would not hear of him. All I could, and more than I *ought*, I have done to prevent the match. What and more I will not say in writing; but that I am, for Henry Esmond's sake, his grandson's sincerest friend, and, Madam,

Your faithful sister and servant,

BEATRIX BARONESS DE BERNSTEIN.

To Mrs. Esmond Warrington, of Castlewood, in Virginia.

On the back of this letter is written, in Madam Esmond's hand, "My sister Bernstein's letter, received with Henry's December 24: on receipt of which it was determined my son should instantly go home."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Fortunatus Nimium.

THOUGH Harry Warrington persisted in his determination to keep that dismal promise which his cousin had extracted from him, we trust no benevolent reader will think so ill of him as to suppose that the engagement was to the young fellow's taste, and that he would not be heartily glad to be rid of it. Very likely the beating administered to poor Will was to this end; and Harry may have thought, "A boxing-match between us is sure to bring on a quarrel with the family; in the quarrel with the family, Maria may take her brother's side. I, of course, will make no retraction or apology. Will, in that case, may call me to account, when I know which is the better man. In the midst of the feud, the agreement may come to an end, and I may be a free man once more."

So honest Harry laid his train, and fired it: but, the explosion over, no harm was found to be done, except that William Esmond's nose was swollen, and his eye black for a week. He did not send a challenge to his cousin, Harry Warrington; and, in consequence, neither killed Harry nor was killed by him. Will was knocked down, and he got up again. How many men of sense would do the same, could they get their little account settled in a private place, with nobody to tell how the score was paid! Maria by no means took her family's side in the quarrel, but declared for her cousin, as did my lord, when advised of the disturbance. Will

had struck the first blow, Lord Castlewood said, by the Chaplain's showing. It was not the first or the tenth time he had been found quarrelling in his cups. Mr. Warrington only showed a proper spirit in resenting the injury, and it was for Will, not for Harry, to ask pardon.

Harry said, he would accept no apology as long as his horse was not returned or his bet paid. This chronicler has not been able to find out, from any of the papers which have come under his view, how that affair of the bet was finally arranged: but 'tis certain the cousins presently met in the houses of various friends, and without mauling each other.

Maria's elder brother had been at first quite willing that his sister, who had remained unmarried for so many years, and on the train of whose robe, in her long course over the path of life, so many briars, so much mud, so many rents and stains had naturally gathered, should marry with any bridegroom who presented himself, and if with a gentleman from Virginia so much the better. She would retire to his wigwam in the forest, and there be disposed of. In the natural course of things, Harry would survive his elderly bride, and might console himself or not, as he preferred, after her departure.

But, after an interview with Aunt Bernstein, which his lordship had on his coming to London, he changed his opinion: and even went so far as to try and dissuade Maria from the match; and to profess a pity for the young fellow who was to be made to undergo a life of misery on account of a silly promise given at one-and-twenty!

Misery, indeed! Maria was at a loss to know why

he was to be miserable. Pity, forsooth! My lord at Castlewood had thought it was no pity at all. Maria knew what pity meant. Her brother had been with Aunt Bernstein: Aunt Bernstein had offered money to break this match off. *She* understood what my lord meant, but Mr. Warrington was a man of honour, and she could trust him. Away, upon this, walks my lord to White's, or to whatever haunts he frequented. It is probable that his sister had guessed too accurately what the nature of his conversation with Madame Bernstein had been.

"And so," thinks he, "the end of my virtue is likely to be that the Mohock will fall a prey to others, and that there is no earthly use in my sparing him. 'Quem Deus vult,' what was the schoolmaster's adage? If I don't have him, somebody else will, that is clear. My brother has had a slice; my dear sister wants to swallow the whole of him bodily. Here have I been at home respecting his youth and innocence forsooth, declining to play beyond the value of a sixpence, and acting guardian and Mentor to him. Why, I am but a fool to fatten a goose for other people to feed off! Not many a good action have I done in this life, and here is this one, that serves to benefit whom? — other folks. Talk of remorse! By all the fires and furies, the remorse I have is for things I haven't done and might have done! Why did I spare Lucretia? She hated me ever after, and her husband went the way for which he was predestined. Why have I let this lad off? — that March and the rest, who don't want him, may pluck him! And I have a bad repute; and I am the man people point at, and call the wicked lord, and against whom women warn their sons! Pardi,

I am not a penny worse, only a great deal more unlucky than my neighbours, and 'tis only my cursed weakness that has been my greatest enemy!" Here manifestly, in setting down a speech which a gentleman only *thought*, a chronicler overdraws his account with the patient reader, who has a right not to accept this draft on his credulity. But have not Livy, and Thucydides, and a score more of historians, made speeches for their heroes, which we know the latter never thought of delivering? How much more may we then, knowing my Lord Castlewood's character so intimately as we do, declare what was passing in his mind, and transcribe his thoughts on this paper? What? a whole pack of the wolves are on the hunt after this lamb, and will make a meal of him presently, and one hungry old hunter is to stand by, and not have a single cutlet? Who has not admired that noble speech of my Lord Clive, when reproached on his return from India with making rather too free with jaghires, lakhs, gold mohurs, diamonds, pearls, and what not: "Upon my life," said the hero of Plassy, "when I think of my opportunities, I am surprised I took so little!"

To tell disagreeable stories of a gentleman, until one is in a manner forced to impart them, is always painful to a feeling mind. Hence, though I have known, before the very first page of this history was written, what sort of a person my Lord Castlewood was, and in what esteem he was held by his contemporaries; I have kept back much that was unpleasant about him, only allowing the candid reader to perceive that he was a nobleman who ought not to be at all of our liking. It is true that my Lord March, and other gentlemen of whom he complained, would have thought

no more of betting with Mr. Warrington for his last shilling, and taking their winnings, than they would scruple to pick the bones of a chicken; that they would take any advantage of the game, or their superior skill in it, of the race, and their private knowledge of the horses engaged; in so far, they followed the practice of all gentlemen: but when they played, they played fair; and when they lost, they paid.

Now Madam Bernstein was loth to tell her Virginian nephew all she knew to his family's discredit; she was even touched by my lord's forbearance in regard to Harry on his first arrival in Europe; and pleased with his lordship's compliance with her wishes in this particular. But in the conversation which she had with her nephew Castlewood regarding Maria's designs on Harry, he had spoken his mind out with his usual cynicism, voted himself a fool for having spared a lad whom no sparing would eventually keep from ruin; pointed out Mr. Harry's undeniable extravagances and spendthrift associates, his nights at faro and hazard, and his rides to Newmarket, and asked why he alone should keep his hands from the young fellow? In vain Madam Bernstein pleaded that Harry was poor. Bah! he was heir to a principality which ought to have been his, Castlewood's, and might have set up their ruined family. (Indeed Madam Bernstein thought Mr. Warrington's Virginia property much greater than it was.) Were there not money-lenders in the town who would give him money on post-obits in plenty? Castlewood knew as much to his cost: he had applied to them in his father's lifetime, and the cursed crew had eaten up two-thirds of his miserable income. He spoke with such desperate candour and ill humour, that Madam

Bernstein began to be alarmed for her favourite, and determined to caution him at the first opportunity.

That evening she began to pen a billet to Mr. Warrington: but all her life long she was slow with her pen, and disliked using it. "I never knew any good come of writing more than *bon jour* or business," she used to say. "What is the use of writing ill, when there are so many clever people who can do it well? and even then it were best left alone." So she sent one of her men to Mr. Harry's lodging, bidding him come and drink a dish of tea with her next day, when she proposed to warn him.

But the next morning she was indisposed, and could not receive Mr. Harry when he came; and she kept her chamber for a couple of days, and the next day there was a great engagement; and the next day Mr. Harry was off on some expedition of his own. In the whirl of London life, what man sees his neighbour, what brother his sister, what schoolfellow his old friend? Ever so many days passed before Mr. Warrington and his aunt had that confidential conversation which the latter desired.

She began by scolding him mildly about his extravagance and mad-cap frolics (though in truth, she was charmed with him for both) — he replied that young men will be young men, and that it was in dutifully waiting in attendance on his aunt, he had made the acquaintance with whom he mostly lived at present. She then, with some prelude, began to warn him regarding his cousin, Lord Castlewood; on which he broke into a bitter laugh, and said the good-natured world had told him plenty about Lord Castlewood already. "To say of a man of his lordship's rank, or

of any gentleman, 'don't play with him,' is more than I like to do," continued the lady; "but . . ."

"O, you may say on, aunt!" said Harry, with something like an imprecation on his lips.

"And have you played with your cousin already?" asked the young man's worldly old monitress.

"And lost and won, madam!" answers Harry, gallantly. "It don't become me to say which. If we have a bout with a neighbour in Virginia, a bottle, or a pack of cards, or a quarrel, we don't go home and tell our mothers. I mean no offence, aunt!" And, blushing, the handsome young fellow went up and kissed the old lady. He looked very brave and brilliant, with his rich lace, his fair face and hair, his fine new suit of velvet and gold. On taking leave of his aunt he gave his usual sumptuous benefactions to her servants, who crowded round him. It was a rainy winter day, and my gentleman, to save his fine silk stockings, must come in a chair. "To White's!" he called out to the chairmen, and away they carried him to the place where he passed a great deal of his time.

Our Virginian's friends might have wished that he had been a less sedulous frequenter of that house of entertainment! but so much may be said in favour of Mr. Warrington that, having engaged in play, he fought his battle like a hero. He was not flustered by good luck, and perfectly calm when the chances went against him. If Fortune is proverbially fickle to men at play, how many men are fickle to Fortune, run away frightened from her advances; and desert her, who perhaps, had never thought of leaving them but for their cowardice. "By George, Mr. Warrington," said Mr. Selwyn, waking up in a rare fit of enthusiasm;

"you deserve to win! You treat your luck as a gentleman should, and as long as she remains with you, behave to her with the most perfect politeness. *Si celeres quatit pennas* — you know the rest — no? Well, you are not much the worse off — you will call her ladyship's coach, and make her a bow at the step. Look at Lord Castlewood yonder, passing the box. Did you ever hear a fellow curse and swear so at losing five or six pieces? She must be a jade indeed, if she long give her favours to such a niggardly *canaille* as that!"

"We don't consider our family *canaille*, sir," says Mr. Warrington, "and my Lord Castlewood is one of them."

"I forgot. I forgot, and ask your pardon! And I make you my compliment upon my lord, and Mr. Will Esmond, his brother," says Harry's neighbour at the hazard-table. "The box is with me. Five's the main! Deuce Ace! my usual luck. *Virtute mea me involvo!*" and he sinks back in his chair.

Whether it was upon this occasion of taking the box, that Mr. Harry threw the fifteen mains mentioned in one of those other letters of Mr. Walpole's, which have not come into his present learned editor's hands, I know not; but certain it is, that on his first appearance at White's, Harry had five or six evenings of prodigious good luck, and seemed more than ever the Fortunate Youth. The five hundred pounds withdrawn from his patrimonial inheritance had multiplied into thousands. He bought fine clothes, purchased fine horses, gave grand entertainments, made handsome presents, lived as if he had been as rich as Sir James Lowther, or his Grace of Bedford, and yet the five thousand pounds never seemed to diminish. No wonder

that he gave where giving was so easy; no wonder that he was generous with Fortunatus's purse in his pocket. I say no wonder that *he* gave, for such was his nature. Other Fortunati tie up the endless purse, drink small beer, and go to bed with a tallow candle.

During this vein of his luck, what must Mr. Harry do, but find out from Lady Maria what her ladyship's debts were, and pay them off to the last shilling. Her stepmother and half-sister, who did not love her, he treated to all sorts of magnificent presents. "Had you not better get yourself arrested, Will?" my lord sardonically said to his brother. "Although you bit him in that affair of the horse, the Mohock will certainly take you out of pawn." It was then that Mr. William felt a true remorse, though not of that humble kind which sent the repentant Prodigal to his knees. "Confound it," he groaned, "to think that I have let this fellow slip for such a little matter as forty pound! Why, he was good for a thousand at least."

As for Maria, that generous creature accepted the good Fortune sent her with a grateful heart; and was ready to accept as much more as you pleased. Having payed off her debts to her various milliners, tradesmen and purveyors, she forthwith proceeded to contract new ones. Mrs. Betty, her ladyship's maid, went round informing the tradespeople that her mistress was about to contract a matrimonial alliance with a young gentleman of immense fortune; so that they might give my lady credit to any amount. Having heard the same story twice or thrice before, the tradesfolk might not give it entire credit, but their bills were paid: even to Mrs. Pincott, of Kensington, my lady showed no rancour, and affably ordered fresh supplies from her: and when

she drove about from the mercer to the toy-shop, and from the toy-shop to the jeweller, in a coach, with her maid and Mr. Warrington inside, they thought her a fortunate woman indeed, to have secured the Fortunate Youth, though they might wonder at the taste of this latter in having selected so elderly a beauty. Mr. Sparks, of Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, took the liberty of waiting upon Mr. Warrington at his lodgings in Bond Street, with the pearl necklace and the gold etwee which he had bought in Lady Maria's company the day before; and asking whether he, Sparks, should leave them at his honour's lodging, or send them to her ladyship with his honour's compliments? Harry added a ring out of the stock which the jeweller happened to bring with him, to the necklace and the etwee; and sumptuously bidding that individual to send him in the bill, took a majestic leave of Mr. Sparks, who retired, bowing even to Gumbo, as he quitted his honour's presence.

Nor did his bounties end here. Ere many days the pleased young fellow drove up in his phaeton to Mr. Sparks' shop, and took a couple of trinkets for two young ladies, whose parents had been kind to him, and for whom he entertained a sincere regard. "Ah!" thought he, "how I wish I had my poor George's wit, and genius for poetry! I would send these presents with pretty verses to Hetty and Theo. I am sure, if good-will and real regard could make a poet of me, I should have no difficulty in finding rhymes." And so he called in Parson Sampson, and they concocted a billet together.

CHAPTER XIX.

In which Harry flies high.

So Mr. Harry Warrington, of Virginia, had his lodgings in Bond Street, London, England, and lived upon the fat of the land, and drank bumpers of the best wine thereof. His title of Fortunate Youth was pretty generally recognised. Being young, wealthy, good-looking, and fortunate, the fashionable world took him by the hand and made him welcome. And don't, my dear brethren, let us cry out too loudly against the selfishness of the world for being kind to the young, handsome, and fortunate, and frowning upon you and me, who may be, for argument's sake, old, ugly, and the miserablest dogs under the sun. If I have a right to choose my acquaintance, and — at the club, let us say — prefer the company of a lively, handsome, well-dressed, gentleman-like young man, who amuses me, to that of a slouching, ill-washed, misanthropic H-murderer, a ceaselessly prating coxcomb, or what not; has not society — the aggregate you and I — a right to the same choice? Harry was liked because he was likeable; because he was rich, handsome, jovial, well-born, well-bred, brave; because, with jolly toppers, he liked a jolly song and a bottle; because, with gentlemen sportsmen, he loved any game that was a-foot or a-horseback; because, with ladies, he had a modest blushing timidity which rendered the lad interesting; because, to those humbler than himself in degree he was always magnificently liberal, and anxious to spare annoyance. Our

Virginian was very grand, and high and mighty, to be sure; but, in those times, when the distinction of ranks yet obtained, to be high and distant with his inferiors, brought no unpopularity to a gentleman. Remember that, in those days, the Secretary of State always knelt when he went to the king with his dispatches of a morning, and the Under-Secretary never dared to sit down in his chief's presence. If I were Secretary of State (and such there have been amongst men of letters since Addison's days) I should not like to kneel when I went in to my audience with my dispatch-box. If I were Under-Secretary, I should not like to have to stand, whilst the Right Honourable Benjamin or the Right Honourable Sir Edward looked over the papers. But there is a *modus in rebus*: there are certain lines which must be drawn: and I am only half pleased, for my part, when Bob Bowstreet, whose connection with letters is through Policemen X and Y, and Tom Garbage, who is an esteemed contributor to the Kennel Miscellany, propose to join fellowship as brother literary men, slap me on the back, and call me old boy, or by my Christian name.

As much pleasure as the town could give in the winter season of 1756-57, Mr. Warrington had for the asking. There were operas for him, in which he took but moderate delight. (A prodigious deal of satire was brought to bear against these Italian Operas, and they were assailed for being foolish, Popish, unmanly, unmeaning; but people went, nevertheless). There were the theatres, with Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard at one house, and Mrs. Clive at another. There were masquerades and ridottos, frequented by all the fine society; there were their lordships and ladyships' own

private drums and assemblies, which began and ended with cards, and which Mr. Warrington did not like so well as White's, because the play there was neither so high nor so fair as at the club-table.

One day his kinsman, Lord Castlewood, took him to court, and presented Harry to His Majesty, who was now come to town from Kensington. But that gracious sovereign either did not like Harry's introducer, or had other reasons for being sulky. His Majesty only said, "O, heard of you from Lady Yarmouth. The Earl of Castlewood" (turning to his lordship, and speaking in German), "Shall tell him that he plays too much?" And so saying, the Defender of the Faith turned his royal back.

Lord Castlewood shrank back quite frightened at this cold reception of his august master.

"What does he say?" asked Harry.

"His Majesty thinks they play too high at White's, and is displeased," whispered the nobleman.

"If he does not want us, we had better not come again, that is all," said Harry, simply. "I never, somehow, considered that German fellow a real king of England."

"Hush! for heaven's sake, hold your confounded colonial tongue!" cries out my lord. "Don't you see the walls here have ears."

"And what then?" asks Mr. Warrington. "Why, look at the people! Hang me if it is not quite a curiosity! They were all shaking hands with me, and bowing to me, and flattering me, just now; and at present they avoid me as if I were the plague!"

"Shake hands, nephew," said a broad-faced, broad-shouldered gentleman in a scarlet-laced waistcoat, and

a great old-fashioned wig. "I heard what you said. I have ears like the wall, look you. And, now, if other people show you the cold shoulder, I'll give you my hand;" and, so saying, the gentleman put out a great brown hand, with which he grasped Harry's. "Something of my brother about your eyes and face. Though, I suppose, in your island you grow more wiry and thin like. I am thine uncle, child. My name is Sir Miles Warrington. My lord knows me well enough."

My lord looked very frightened and yellow. "Yes, my dear Harry. This is your paternal uncle, Sir Miles Warrington."

"Might as well have come to see us in Norfolk, as dangle about playing the fool at Tunbridge Wells, Mr. Warrington, or Mr. Esmond, — which do you call yourself?" said the Baronet. "The old lady calls herself Madam Esmond, don't she?"

"My mother is not ashamed of her father's name, nor am I, uncle," said Mr. Harry, rather proudly.

"Well said, lad! Come home and eat a bit of mutton with Lady Warrington, at three, in Hill Street, — that is if you can do without your White's kick-shaws. You need not look frightened, my Lord Castlewood! I shall tell no tales out of school."

"I — I am sure Sir Miles Warrington will act as a gentleman!" says my lord, in much perturbation.

"Belike, he will," growled the Baronet, turning on his heel. "And thou wilt come, young man, at three; and mind, good roast mutton waits for nobody. Thou hast a great look of thy father. Lord bless us, how we used to beat each other! He was smaller than me, and in course younger; but many a time he had the

best of it. Take it he was henpecked, when he married, and Madam Esmond took the spirit out of him, when she got him in her island. Virginia is an island. Aint it an island?"

Harry laughed, and said, "No!" And the jolly Baronet, going off, said "Well, island or not, thou must come and tell all about it to my lady. *She'll* know whether 'tis an island or not."

"My dear Mr. Warrington," said my lord, with an appealing look, "I need not tell you that, in this great city, every man has enemies, and that there is a great, great deal of detraction and scandal. I never spoke to you about Sir Miles Warrington, precisely because I did know him, and because we have had differences together. Should he permit himself remarks to my disparagement, you will receive them *cum grano*, and remember that it is from an enemy they come." And the pair walked out of the King's apartments and into Saint James's Street. Harry found the news of his cold reception at court had already preceded him to White's. The King had turned his back upon him. The King was jealous of Harry's favour with the favourite. Harry was *au mieux* with Lady Yarmouth. A score of gentlemen wished him a compliment upon his conquest. Before night it was a settled matter that this was amongst the other victories of the Fortunate Youth.

Sir Miles told his wife and Harry as much, when the young man appeared at the appointed hour at the Baronet's dinner-table, and he rallied Harry in his simple rustic fashion. The lady, at first, a grand and stately personage, told Harry, on their further acquaintance, that the reputation which the world had

made for him was so bad, that at first she had given him but a frigid welcome. With the young ladies, Sir Miles's daughters, it was, "How d'ye do, cousin?" and "No, thank you, cousin," and a number of prim curtsies to the Virginian, as they greeted him and took leave of him. The little boy, the heir of the house, dined at table, under the care of his governor; and, having his glass of port by papa after dinner, gave a loose to his innocent tongue, and asked many questions of his cousin. At last the innocent youth said, after looking hard in Harry's face, "Are you wicked, cousin Harry? You don't look very wicked!"

"My dear Master Miles!" expostulates the tutor, turning very red.

"But you know you said he was wicked!" cried the child.

"We are all miserable sinners, Miley," explains papa. "Haven't you heard the clergyman say so every Sunday?"

"Yes, but not so very wicked as cousin Harry. Is it true that you gamble, cousin, and drink all night with wicked men, and frequent the company of wicked women? You know you said so, Mr. Walker — and mamma said so, too, that Lady Yarmouth was a wicked woman."

"And you are a little pitcher," cries papa: "and my wife, nephew Harry, is a stanch Jacobite — you won't like her the worse for that. Take Miles to his sisters, Mr. Walker, and Topsham shall give thee a ride in the park, child, on thy little horse." The idea of the little horse consoled Master Miles; for, when his father ordered him away to his sisters, he had begun

to cry bitterly, bawling out that he would far rather stay with his wicked cousin.

"They have made you a sad reputation among 'em, nephew!" says the jolly Baronet. "My wife, you must know, of late years, and since the death of my poor eldest son, has taken to, — to, hum! — to Tottenham Court Road and Mr. Whitfield's preaching: and we have had one Ward about the house, a friend of Mr. Walker's yonder, who has recounted sad stories about you and your brother at home."

"About me, Sir Miles, as much as he pleases," cries Harry, warm with port: "but I'll break any man's bones, who dares say a word against my brother! Why, sir, that fellow was not fit to buckle my dear George's shoe; and if I find him repeating at home what he dared to say in our house in Virginia, I promise him a second caning."

"You seem to stand up for your friends, nephew Harry," says the Baronet. "Fill thy glass, lad. Thou art *not* as bad as thou hast been painted. I always told my lady so. I drink Madam Esmond Warrington's health, of Virginia, and will have a full bumper for that toast."

Harry, as in duty bound, emptied his glass, filled again, and drank Lady Warrington and Master Miles.

"Thou would'st be heir to four thousand acres in Norfolk, did he die, though," said the Baronet.

"God forbid, sir, and be praised that I have acres enough in Virginia of my own!" says Mr. Warrington. He went up presently and took a dish of coffee with Lady Warrington: he talked to the young ladies of the house. He was quite easy, pleasant, and natural. There was one of them somewhat like Fanny Mountain,

and this young lady became his special favourite. When he went away, they all agreed their wicked cousin was not near so wicked as they had imagined him to be: at any rate, my lady had strong hopes of rescuing him from the pit. She sent him a good book that evening, whilst M. Harry was at White's; with a pretty note, praying that "Law's Call" might be of service to him: and, this dispatched, she and her daughters went off to a rout at the house of a minister's lady. But Harry, before he went to White's, had driven to his friend Mr. Sparks, in Tavistock Street, and purchased more trinkets for his female cousins — "from their aunt in Virginia," he said. You see, he was full of kindness: he kindled and warmed with prosperity. There are men on whom wealth hath no such fortunate influence. It hardens base hearts: it makes those who were mean and servile, mean and proud. If it should please the gods to try me with ten thousand a-year, I will, of course, meekly submit myself to their decrees, but I will pray them to give me strength enough to bear the trial. All the girls in Hill Street were delighted at getting the presents from Aunt Warrington in Virginia, and addressed a collective note, which must have astonished that good lady when she received it in Spring time, when she and Mountain and Fanny were on a visit to grim, deserted Castlewood, when the snows had cleared away, and a thousand peach-trees flushed with blossoms. "Poor boy!" the mother thought. "This is some present he gave his cousins in my name, in the time of his prosperity — nay, of his extravagance and folly. How quickly his wealth has passed away! But he ever had a kind heart for the poor, Mountain; and we

must not forget him in his need. It behoves us to be more than ever careful of our own expenses, my good people!" And so I daresay they warmed themselves by one log, and ate of one dish, and worked by one candle. And the widow's servants, whom the good soul began to pinch more and more I fear, lied, stole, and cheated more and more: and what was saved in one way, was stole in another.

One afternoon, Mr. Harry sate in his Bond Street lodgings, arrayed in his dressing-gown, sipping his chocolate, surrounded by luxury, encased in satin, and yet enveloped in care. A few weeks previously, when the luck was with him, and he was scattering his benefactions to and fro, he had royally told Parson Sampson to get together a list of his debts, which he, Mr. Warrington, would pay. Accordingly, Sampson had gone to work, and had got together a list, not of all his debts, — no man ever does set down all, — but such a catalogue as he thought sufficient to bring in to Mr. Warrington, at whose breakfast-table the divine had humbly waited until his Honour should choose to attend it.

Harry appeared at length, very pale and languid, in curl-papers, had scarce any appetite for his breakfast; and the Chaplain, fumbling with his schedule in his pocket, humbly asked if his patron had had a bad night? Yes, his Honour had had a very bad night. He had been brought home from White's by two chairmen at five o'clock in the morning; had caught a confounded cold, for one of the windows of the chair would not shut, and the rain and snow came in; finally, was in such a bad humour, that all poor

Sampson's quirks and jokes could scarcely extort a smile from him.

At last, to be sure, Mr. Warrington burst into a loud laugh. It was when the poor Chaplain, after a sufficient discussion of muffins, eggs, tea, the news, the theatres, and so forth, pulled a paper out of his pocket, and in a piteous tone said, "Here is that schedule of debts which your Honour asked for — two hundred and forty-three pounds — every shilling I owe in the world, thank Heaven! — that is — ahem! — every shilling of which the payment will in the least inconvenience me — and I need not tell my dearest patron that I shall consider him my saviour and benefactor!"

It was then that Harry, taking the paper and eyeing the Chaplain with rather a wicked look, burst into a laugh, which was, however, anything but jovial. Wicked execrations, moreover, accompanied this outbreak of humour, and the luckless Chaplain felt that his petition had come at the wrong moment.

"Confound it, why didn't you bring it on Monday?" Harry asked.

"Confound me, why did I not bring it on Monday?" echoed the Chaplain's timid soul. "It is my luck — my usual luck. Have the cards been against you, Mr. Warrington?"

"Yes: a plague on them. Monday night, and last night, have both gone against me. Don't be frightened, Chaplain, there's money enough in the locker yet. But I must go into the City and get some."

"What, sell out, sir?" asks his Reverence, with a voice that was re-assured, though it intended to be alarmed.

"Sell out, sir? Yes! I borrowed a hundred of Mackreth in counters last night, and must pay him at dinner time. I will do your business for you nevertheless, and never fear, my good Mr. Sampson. Come to breakfast to-morrow, and we will see and deliver your Reverence from the Philistines." But though he laughed in Sampson's presence, and strove to put a good face upon the matter, Harry's head sank down on his chest when the parson quitted him, and he sate over the fire, beating the coals about with the poker, and giving utterance to many naughty disjointed words, which showed, but did not relieve, the agitation of his spirit.

In this mood, the young fellow was interrupted by the appearance of a friend, who on any other day — even on that one when his conscience was so uneasy — was welcome to Mr. Warrington. This was no other than Mr. Lambert, in his military dress, but with a cloak over him, who had come from the country, had been to the Captain-General's levee that morning, and had come thence to visit his young friend in Bond Street.

Harry may have thought Lambert's greeting rather cold; but being occupied with his own affairs, he put away that notion. How were the ladies of Oakhurst, and Miss Hetty, who was ailing when he passed through in the autumn? Purely? Mr. Warrington was very glad. They were come to stay awhile in London with their friend Lord Wrotham? Mr. Harry was delighted — though it must be confessed his face did not exhibit any peculiar signs of pleasure when he heard the news.

"And so you live at White's, and with the great

folks; and you fare sumptuously every day, and you pay your court at St. James's, and make one at my Lady Yarmouth's routs, and at all the card-parties in the court end of the town?" asks the colonel.

"My dear colonel, I do what other folks do," says Harry, with rather a high manner.

"Other folks are richer folks than some folks, my dear lad."

"Sir!" says Mr. Warrington, "I would thank you to believe that I owe nothing for which I cannot pay!"

"I should never have spoken about your affairs," said the other, not noticing the young man's haughty tone, "but that you yourself confided them to me. I hear all sorts of stories about the Fortunate Youth. Only at his Royal Highness's even to-day, they were saying how rich you were already, and I did not undeceive them —"

"Colonel Lambert, I can't help the world gossiping about me!" cries Mr. Warrington, more and more impatient.

"— And what prodigious sums you had won. Eighteen hundred one night — two thousand another — six or eight thousand in all! O! there were gentlemen from White's at the levee too, I can assure you, and the army can fling a main as well as you civilians!"

"I wish they would meddle with their own affairs," says Harry, scowling at his old friend.

"And I, too, you look as if you were going to say. Well, my boy, it *is* my affair, and you must let Theo's father and Hetty's father, and Harry Warrington's father's old friend say *how* it is my affair." Here the

colonel drew a packet out of his pocket, whereof the lappets and the coat-tails and the general pocket accommodations were much more ample than in the scant military garments of present warriors. "Look you, Harry. These trinkets which you sent with the kindest heart in the world to people who love you, and would cut off their little hands to spare you needless pain, could never be bought by a young fellow with two or three hundred a-year. Why, a nobleman might buy these things, or a rich City banker, and send them to his — to his daughters, let us say."

"Sir, as you say, I meant only kindness," says Harry, blushing burning-red.

"But you must not give them to my girls, my boy. Hester and Theodosia Lambert must not be dressed up with the winnings off the gaming-table, saving your presence. It goes to my heart to bring back the trinkets. Mrs. Lambert will keep her present, which is of small value, and sends you her love and a God bless you — and so say I, Harry Warrington, with all my heart." Here the good colonel's voice was much moved, and his face grew very red, and he passed his hand over his eyes ere he held it out.

But the spirit of rebellion was strong in Mr. Warrington. He rose up from his seat, never offering to take the hand which his senior held out to him. "Give me leave to tell Colonel Lambert," he said, "that I have had somewhat too much advice from him. You are for ever volunteering it, sir, and when I don't ask it. You make it your business to inquire about my gains at play, and about the company I keep. What right have you to control my amusements or my companions? I strive to show my sense of your

former kindness by little presents to your family, and you fling — you bring them back.”

“I can’t do otherwise, Mr. Warrington,” says the colonel, with a very sad face.

“Such a slight may mean nothing here, sir, but in our country it means war, sir!” cries Mr. Warrington. “God forbid I should talk of drawing a sword against the father of ladies who have been as mother and sister to me: but you have wounded my heart, Colonel Lambert — you have, I won’t say insulted, but humiliated me, and this is a treatment I will bear from no man alive! My servants will attend you to the door, sir!” Saying which, and rustling in his brocade dressing-gown, Mr. Warrington, with much state, walked off to his bedroom.

CHAPTER XX.

Contains what might, perhaps, have been expected.

ON the rejection of his peace-offerings, our warlike young American chief chose to be in great wrath not only against Colonel Lambert, but the whole of that gentleman's family. "He has humiliated me before the girls!" thought the young man. "He and Mr. Wolfe, who were for ever preaching morality to me, and giving themselves airs of superiority and protection, have again been holding me up to the family as a scapegrace and prodigal. They are so virtuous that they won't shake me by the hand, forsooth; and when I want to show them a little common gratitude, they fling my presents in my face!"

"Why, sir, the things must be worth a little fortune!" says Parson Sampson, casting an eye of covetousness on the two morocco boxes, in which, on their white satin cushions, reposed Mr. Sparks's golden gewgaws.

"They cost some money, Sampson," says the young man. "Not that I would grudge ten times the amount to people who have been kind to me."

"No, faith, sir, not if *I* know your honour!" interjects Sampson, who never lost a chance of praising his young patron to his face.

"The repeater, they told me, was a great bargain, and worth a hundred pounds at Paris. Little Miss Hetty, I remember saying that she longed to have a repeating watch."

"O, what a love!" cries the Chaplain, "with a little circle of pearls on the back, and a diamont knob for the handle! Why, 'twould win any woman's heart, sir!"

"There passes an apple-woman with a basket, I have a mind to fling the thing out to her!" cries Mr. Warrington, fiercely.

When Harry went out upon business, which took him to the city and the Temple, his parasite did not follow him very far into the Strand; but turned away, owning that he had a terror of Chancery Lane, its inhabitants, and precincts. Mr. Warrington went then to his broker, and they walked to the Bank together, where they did some little business, at the end of which, and after the signing of a trifling signature or two, Harry departed with a certain number of crisp bank-notes in his pocket. The broker took Mr. Warrington to one of the great dining-houses for which the city was famous then as now; and afterwards showed Mr. Warrington the Virginia walk upon 'Change through which Harry passed rather shamefacedly. What would a certain lady in Virginia say, he thought, if she knew that he was carrying off in that bottomless gambler's pocket a great portion of his father's patrimony? Those are all Virginia merchants, thinks he, and they are all talking to one another about me, and all saying, "That is young Esmond, of Castlewood, on the Potomac, Madam Esmond's son; and he has been losing his money at play, and he has been selling out so much, and so much, and so much."

His spirits did not rise until he had passed under the traitors' heads of Temple Bar, and was fairly out of the city. From the Strand Mr. Harry walked home,

looking in at St. James's Street by the way; but there was nobody there as yet, the company not coming to the chocolate house till a later hour.

Arrived at home, Mr. Harry pulls out his bundle of bank-notes; puts three of them into a sheet of paper, which he seals carefully, having previously written within the sheet the words, "Much good may they do you, H. E. W.," and this packet he directs to the Reverend Mr. Sampson, — leaving it on the chimney glass, with directions to his servants to give it to that divine when he should come in.

And now his Honour's phaeton is brought to the door, and he steps in, thinking to drive round the park; but the rain coming on, or the east wind blowing, or some other reason arising, his Honour turns his horses' heads down St. James's Street, and is back at White's at about three o'clock. Scarce anybody has come in yet. It is the hour when folks are at dinner. There, however, is my cousin Castlewood, lounging over the Public Advertiser, having just come off from his duty at Court hard by.

Lord Castlewood is yawning over the Public Advertiser. What shall they do? Shall they have a little picquet? Harry has no objection to a little picquet. "Just for an hour," says Lord Castlewood. "I dine at Arlington Street at four." "Just for an hour," says Mr. Warrington; and they call for cards.

"Or shall we have 'em in up-stairs?" says my lord. "Out of the noise?"

"Certainly, out of the noise," says Harry.

At five o'clock a half-dozen of gentlemen have come in after their dinner, and are at cards, or coffee, or talk. The folks from the ordinary have not left the

table yet. There the gentlemen of White's will often sit till past midnight.

One toothpick points over the coffee-house blinds into the street. "Whose phaeton?" asks Toothpick 1 of Toothpick 2.

"The Fortunate Youth's," says No. 2.

"Not so fortunate the last three nights. Luck confoundedly against him. Lost, last night, thirteen hundred to the table. Mr. Warrington been here to-day, John?"

"Mr. Warrington is in the house now, sir. In the little tea-room with Lord Castlewood since three o'clock. They are playing at picquet," says John.

"What fun for Castlewood," says No. 1, with a shrug.

The second gentleman growls out an execration. "Curse the fellow!" he says. "He has no right to be in this club at all. He doesn't pay if he loses. Gentlemen ought not to play with him. Sir Miles Warrington told me at Court the other day, that Castlewood has owed him money on a bet these three years."

"Castlewood," says No. 1, "don't lose if he plays alone. A large company *flurries* him, you see — that's why he doesn't come to the table." And the facetious gentleman grins, and shows all his teeth, polished perfectly clean.

"Let's go up and stop 'em," growls No. 2.

"Why?" asks the other. "Much better look out a window. Lamp-lighter going up the ladder — famous sport. Look at that old putt in the chair, did you ever see such an old quiz?"

"Who is that just gone out of the house? As I

live, it's Fortunatus! He seems to have forgotten that his phaeton has been here, waiting all the time. I bet you two to one he has been losing to Castlewood."

"Jack, do you take me to be a fool?" asks the one gentleman of the other. "Pretty pair of horses the youth has got. How he is flogging 'em!" And they see Mr. Warrington galloping up the street, and scared coachmen and chairmen clearing before him: presently my Lord Castlewood is seen to enter a chair, and go his way.

Harry drives up to his own door. It was but a few yards, and those poor horses have been beating the pavement all this while in the rain. Mr. Gumbo is engaged at the door in conversation with a countryfied looking lass, who trips off with a curtsy. Mr. Gumbo is always engaged with some pretty maid or other.

"Gumbo, has Mr. Sampson been here?" asks Gumbo's master from his driving seat.

"No, sar. Mr. Sampson have not been here!" answers Mr. Warrington's gentleman. Harry bids him to go up-stairs and bring down a letter addressed to Mr. Sampson.

"Addressed to Mr. Sampson? O yes, sir," says Mr. Gumbo, who can't read.

"A sealed letter, stupid! on the mantelpiece, in the glass!" says Harry; and Gumbo leisurely retires to fetch that document. As soon as Harry has it, he turns his horses' heads towards St. James's Street, and the two gentlemen, still yawning out of the window at White's, behold the Fortunate Youth, in an instant, back again.

As they passed out of the little tea-room where he

and Lord Castlewood had had their picquet together, Mr. Warrington had seen that several gentlemen had entered the play-room, and that there was a bank there. Some were already steadily at work, and had their gaming jackets on: they kept such coats at the club, which they put on when they had a mind to sit down to a regular night's play.

Mr. Warrington goes to the clerk's desk, pays his account of the previous night, and, sitting down at the table, calls for fresh counters. This has been decidedly an unlucky week with the Fortunate Youth, and to-night is no more fortunate than previous nights have been. He calls for more counters, and more presently. He is a little pale and silent, though very easy and polite when talked to. But he cannot win.

At last he gets up. "Hang it! stay and mend your luck!" says Lord March, who is sitting by his side with a heap of counters before him, green and white. "Take a hundred of mine, and go on!"

"I have had enough for to-night, my lord," says Harry, and rises and goes away, and eats a broiled bone in the coffee-room, and walks back to his lodgings sometime about midnight. A man after a great catastrophe commonly sleeps pretty well. It is the waking in the morning which is sometimes queer and unpleasant. Last night you proposed to Miss Brown: you quarrelled over your cups with Captain Jones, and valorously pulled his nose: you played at cards with Colonel Robinson, and gave him, O how many I O U's! These thoughts, with a fine headache, assail you in the morning watches. What a dreary, dreary gulf between to-day and yesterday! It seems as if you are years older. Can't you leap back over that chasm

again, and is it not possible that Yesterday is but a dream? There you are, in bed. No daylight in at the windows yet. Pull your night-cap over your eyes, the blankets over your nose, and sleep away Yesterday. Psha, man, it *was* but a dream! O no, no! The sleep won't come. The watchman bawls some hour — what hour? Harry minds him that he has got the repeating watch under his pillow which he had bought for Hester. Ting, ting, ting! the repeating watch sings out six times in the darkness, with a little supplementary performance indicating the half hour. Poor dear little Hester! — so bright, so gay, so innocent! he would have liked her to have that watch. What will Maria say? (O, that old Maria! what a bore she is beginning to be! he thinks.) What will Madam Esmond at home say when she hears that he has lost every shilling of his ready money — of his patrimony? All his winnings, and five thousand pounds besides, in three nights. Castlewood could not have played him false? No. My lord knows picquet better than Harry does, but he would not deal unfairly with his own flesh and blood. No, no. Harry is glad his kinsman, who wanted the money, has got it. And for not one more shilling than he possessed, would he play. It was when he counted up his losses at the gaming-table, and found they would cover all the remainder of his patrimony, that he passed the box and left the table. But, O cursed bad company! O extravagance and folly! O humiliation and remorse! “Will my mother at home forgive me,” thinks the young prodigal. “O that I were there, and had never left it!”

The dreary London dawn peeps at length through shutters and curtains. The housemaid enters to light

his Honour's fire and admit the dun morning into his windows. Her Mr. Gumbo presently follows, who warms his master's dressing-gown and sets out his shaving-plate and linen. Then arrives the hairdresser to curl and powder his Honour, whilst he reads his morning's letters; and at breakfast time comes that inevitable Parson Sampson, with eager looks and servile smiles, to wait on his patron. The Parson would have returned yesterday according to mutual agreement, but some jolly fellows kept him to dinner at the St. Alban's, and, faith, they made a night of it.

"O, Parson!" groans Harry, "'twas the worst night you ever made in your life! Look here, sir!"

"Here is a broken envelope with the words, 'Much good may it do you,' written within," says the Chaplain, glancing at the paper.

"Look on the outside, sir!" cries Mr. Warrington. "The paper was directed to you." The poor Chaplain's countenance exhibited great alarm. "Has some one broke it open, sir?" he asks.

"Some one, yes. I broke it open, Sampson. Had you come here as you proposed yesterday afternoon, you would have found that envelope full of bank-notes. As it is, they were all dropped at the infernal Macco table last night."

"What, all?" says Sampson.

"Yes, all, with all the money I brought away from the city, and all the ready money I have left in the world. In the afternoon I played picquet with my cous — with a gentleman at White's — and he eased me of all the money I had about me. Remembering that there was still some money left here, unless you had fetched it, I came home and carried it back and

left it at the Macco table with every shilling besides that belongs to me — and — great heaven, Sampson, what's the matter, man?"

"It's my luck, it's my usual luck," cries out the unfortunate Chaplain, and fairly bursts into tears.

"What! You are not whimpering like a baby at the loss of a loan of a couple of hundred pounds?" cries out Mr. Warrington, very fierce and angry. "Leave the room, Gumbo! Confound you! why are you always poking your woolly head in at that door?"

"Some one below wants to see Master with a little bill," says Mr. Gumbo.

"Tell him to go to Jericho!" roars out Mr. Warrington. "Let me see nobody! I am not at home, sir, at this hour of the morning!"

A murmur or two, a scuffle is heard on the landing-place, and silence finally ensues. Mr. Warrington's scorn and anger are not diminished by this altercation. He turns round savagely upon unhappy Sampson, who sits with his head buried in his breast.

"Hadn't you better take a bumper of brandy to keep your spirits up, Mr. Sampson?" he asks. "Hang it, man! don't be snivelling like a woman!"

"O, it's not me!" says Sampson, tossing his head. "I am used to it, sir."

"Not you! Who then? Are you crying because somebody else is hurt, pray?" asks Mr. Warrington.

"Yes, sir!" says the Chaplain, with some spirit; "because somebody else is hurt, and through my fault. I have lodged for many years in London with a boot-maker, a very honest man; and, a few days since, having a perfect reliance upon — upon a friend who had promised to accommodate me with a loan — I

borrowed sixty pounds from my landlord which he was about to pay to his own. I can't get the money. My poor landlord's goods will be seized for rent; his wife and dear young children will be turned into the street; and this honest family will be ruined through my fault. But, as you say, Mr. Warrington, I ought not to snivel like a woman. I will remember that you helped me once, and will bid you farewell, sir."

And, taking his broad-leafed hat, Mr. Chaplain walked out of the room.

An execration and a savage laugh, I am sorry to say, burst out of Harry's lips at this sudden movement of the Chaplain's. He was in such a passion with himself, with circumstances, with all people round about him, that he scarce knew where to turn, or what he said. Sampson heard the savage laughter, and then the voice of Harry calling from the stairs, "Sampson, Sampson! hang you! come back! It's a mistake! I beg your pardon!" But the Chaplain was cut to the soul, and walked on. Harry heard the door of the street as the Parson slammed it. It thumped on his own breast. He entered his room, and sank back on his luxurious chair there. He was Prodigal, amongst the swine — his foul remorse; they had tripped him up, and were wallowing over him. Gambling, extravagance, debauchery, dissolute life, reckless companions, dangerous women — they were all upon him in a herd, and were trampling upon the prostrate young sinner.

Prodigal was not, however, yet utterly overcome, and had some fight left in him. Dashing the filthy importunate brutes aside, and, as it were, kicking his ugly remembrances away from him, Mr. Warrington

seized a great glass of that fire-water which he had recommended to poor humiliated Parson Sampson, and, flinging off his fine damask robe, rang for the trembling Gumbo, and ordered his coat. "Not that!" roars he, as Gumbo brings him a fine green coat with plated buttons and a gold cord. "A plain suit — the plainer the better! The black clothes." And Gumbo brings the mourning-coat which his master had discarded for some months past.

Mr. Harry then takes: — 1, his fine new gold watch; 2, his repeater (that which he had bought for Hetty), which he puts into his other fob; 3, his necklace, which he had purchased for Theo; 4, his rings, of which my gentleman must have half-a-dozen at least (with the exception of his grandfather's old seal-ring, which he kisses and lays down on the pincushion again); 5, his three gold snuff-boxes; and 6, his purse knitted by his mother, and containing three shillings and sixpence and a pocket-piece brought from Virginia; and, putting on his hat, issues from his door.

At the landing he is met by Mr. Ruff, his landlord, who bows and cringes and puts into his Honour's hand a strip of paper a yard long. "Much obliged if Mr. Warrington will settle. Mrs. Ruff has a large account to make up to-day." Mrs. Ruff is a milliner. Mr. Ruff is one of the head-waiters and aides-de-camp of Mr. Mackreth, the proprietor of White's Club. The sight of the landlord does not add to the lodger's good humour.

"Perhaps his Honour will have the kindness to settle the little account?" asks Mr. Ruff.

"Of course I will settle the account," says Harry,

glumly looking down over Mr. Ruff's head from the stair above him.

"Perhaps Mr. Warrington will settle it now?"

"No, sir, I will *not* settle it now!" says Mr. Warrington, bullying forward.

"I'm very — very much in want of money, sir," pleads the voice under him. "Mrs. Ruff is —"

"Hang you, sir, get out of the way!" cries Mr. Warrington, ferociously, and driving Mr. Ruff backward to the wall, sending him almost topsy-turvy down his own landing, he tramps down the stair, and walks forth into Bond Street.

The Guards were at exercise at the King's Mews at Charing Cross, as Harry passed, and he heard their drums and fifes, and looked in at the gate, and saw them at drill. "I can shoulder a musket at any rate," thought he to himself gloomily, as he strode on. He crossed St. Martin's Lane (where he transacted some business), and so made his way into Long Acre, and to the bootmaker's house where friend Sampson lodged. The woman of the house said Mr. Sampson was not at home, but had promised to be at home at one; and, as she knew Mr. Warrington, showed him up to the Parson's apartments, where he sate down, and, for want of occupation, tried to read an unfinished sermon of the Chaplain's. The subject was the Prodigal Son. Mr. Harry did not take very accurate cognisance of the sermon.

Presently he heard the landlady's shrill voice on the stair, pursuing somebody who ascended, and Sampson rushed into the room, followed by the sobbing woman.

At seeing Harry, Sampson started, and the landlady stopped. Absorbed in her own domestic cares,

she had doubtless forgot that a visitor was awaiting her lodger. "There's only thirteen pound in the house, and he will be here at one, I tell-you!" she was bawling out, as she pursued her victim.

"Hush, hush! my good creature!" cries the gasping Chaplain, pointing to Harry, who rose from the window-seat. "Don't you see Mr. Warrington? I've business with him — most important business. It will be all right, I tell you!" And he soothed and coaxed Mrs. Landlady out of the room, with the crowd of anxious little ones hanging at her coats.

"Sampson, I have come to ask your pardon again," says Mr. Warrington, rising up. "What I said to-day to you was very cruel and unjust, and unlike a gentleman."

"Not a word more, sir," says the other, coldly and sadly, bowing and scarcely pressing the hand which Harry offered him.

"I see you are still angry with me," Harry continues.

"Nay, sir, an apology is an apology. A man of my station can ask for no more from one of yours. No doubt you did not mean to give me pain. And what if you did? And you are not the only one of the family who has," he said, as he looked piteously round the room. "I wish I had never known the name of Esmond or Castlewood," he continues, "or that place yonder of which the picture hangs over my fire-place, and where I have buried myself these long, long years. My lord, your cousin, took a fancy to me, said he would make my fortune, has kept me as his dependent till fortune has passed by me, and now refuses me my due."

"How do you mean your due, Mr. Sampson?" asks Harry.

"I mean three years' salary which he owes me as Chaplain of Castlewood. Seeing you could give me no money, I went to his lordship this morning, and asked him. I fell on my knees, and asked him, sir. But his lordship had none. He gave me civil words, at least (saving your presence, Mr. Warrington), but no money — that is, five guineas, which he declared was all he had, and which I took. But what are five guineas amongst so many? O, those poor little children! those poor little children!"

"Lord Castlewood said he had no money?" cries out Harry. "He won eleven hundred pounds, yesterday, of me at picquet — which I paid him out of this pocket-book.

"I daresay, sir; I daresay, sir. One can't believe a word his lordship says, sir," says Mr. Sampson; "but I am thinking of execution in this house and ruin upon these poor folks to-morrow."

"That need not happen," says Mr. Warrington. "Here are eighty guineas, Sampson. As far as they go, God help you! 'Tis all I have to give you. I wish to my heart I could give more as I promised; but you did not come at the right time, and I am a poor devil now until I get my remittances from Virginia."

The Chaplain gave a wild look of surprise, and turned quite white. He flung himself down on his knees and seized Harry's hand.

"Great Powers, sir!" says he, "are you a guardian angel that Heaven hath sent me? You quarrelled with my tears this morning, Mr. Warrington. I can't help

them now. They burst, sir, from a grateful heart. A rock of stone would pour them forth, sir, before such goodness as yours! May Heaven eternally bless you, and give you prosperity! May my unworthy prayers be heard in your behalf, my friend, my best benefactor! May —”

“Nay, nay! get up, friend — get up, Sampson!” says Harry, whom the Chaplain’s adulation and fine phrases rather annoyed. “I am glad to have been able to do you a service — sincerely glad. There — there! Don’t be on your knees to me!”

“To Heaven who sent you to me, sir!” cries the Chaplain. “Mrs. Weston! Mrs. Weston!”

“What is it, sir?” says the landlady, instantly, who, indeed, had been at the door the whole time. “We are saved, Mrs. Weston! We are saved!” cries the Chaplain. “Kneel, kneel, woman, and thank our benefactor! Raise your innocent voices, children, and bless him!” A universal whimper arose round Harry, which the Chaplain led off, whilst the young Virginian stood, simpering and well-pleased, in the midst of this congregation. They *would* worship, do what he might. One of the children, not understanding the kneeling order, and standing up, the mother fetched her a slap on the ear, crying, “Drat it, Jane, kneel down, and bless the gentleman, I tell ’ee!” . . . We leave them performing this sweet benedictory service. Mr. Harry walks off from Long Acre, forgetting almost the griefs of the former four or five days, and tingling with the consciousness of having done a good action.

The young woman with whom Gumbo had been conversing on that evening when Harry drove up from

White's to his lodging, was Mrs. Molly, from Oakhurst, the attendant of the ladies there. Wherever that fascinating Gumbo went, he left friends and admirers in the servants' hall. I think we said it was on a Wednesday evening, he and Mrs. Molly had fetched a walk together, and they were performing the amiable courtesies incident upon parting, when Gumbo's master came up, and put an end to their twilight whisperings and what not.

For many hours on Wednesday, on Thursday, on Friday, a pale little maiden sate at a window in Lord Wrotham's house, in Hill Street, her mother and sister wistfully watching her. She would not go out. They knew whom she was expecting. He passed the door once, and she might have thought he was coming, but he did not. He went into a neighbouring house. Papa had never told the girls of the presents which Harry had sent, and only whispered a word or two to their mother regarding his quarrel with the young Virginian.

On Saturday night there was an Opera of Mr. Handel's, and papa brought home tickets for the gallery. Hetty went this evening. The change would do her good, Theo thought, and — and, perhaps there might be Somebody amongst the fine company; but Somebody was not there; and Mr. Handel's fine music fell blank upon the poor child. It might have been Signor Bononcini's, and she would have scarce known the difference.

As the children are undressing, and taking off those smart new satin sacks in which they appeared at the Opera, looking so fresh and so pretty amongst all the tawdry rouged folk, Theo remarks how very sad and woe-begone, Mrs. Molly their maid appears. Theo is

always anxious when other people seem in trouble; not so Hetty, now, who is suffering, poor thing, from one of the most selfish maladies which ever visits mortals. Have you ever been amongst insane people, and remarked how they never, never think of any but themselves?

"What is the matter, Molly?" asks kind Theo: and, indeed, Molly has been longing to tell her young ladies. "O Miss Theo! O Miss Hetty!" she says; "How ever can I tell you? Mr. Gumbo have been here, Mr. Warrington's coloured gentleman, miss; and he says Mr. Warrington have been took by two bailiffs this evening, as he comes out of Sir Miles Warrington's house, three doors off."

"Silence!" cries Theo, quite sternly. Who is it that gives those three shrieks? It is Mrs. Molly, who chooses to scream, because Miss Hetty has fallen fainting from her chair.

CHAPTER XXI.

In which Harry finds two Uncles.

WE have all of us, no doubt, had a fine experience of the world, and a vast variety of characters have passed under our eyes; but there is one sort of men — not an uncommon object of satire in novels and plays — of whom I confess to have met with scarce any specimens at all in my intercourse with this sinful mankind. I mean, mere religious hypocrites, preaching for ever, and not believing a word of their own sermons; infidels in broad brims and sables, expounding, exhorting, comminating, blessing, without any faith in their own paradise, or fear about their pandemonium. Look at those candid troops of hobnails clumping to church on a Sunday evening; those rustling maid-servants in their ribbons whom the young apprentices follow; those little regiments of schoolboys; those trim young maidens and staid matrons, marching with their glistening prayer-books, as the chapel bell chinks yonder (passing Ebenezer, very likely, where the congregation of umbrellas, great bonnets, and pattens, is by this time assembled under the flaring gas-lamps). Look at those! How many of them are hypocrites, think you? Very likely the maid-servant is thinking of her sweetheart: the grocer is casting about how he can buy that parcel of sugar, and whether the Country Bank will take any more of his paper: the head-schoolboy is conning Latin verses for Monday's exercise: the young scapegrace remembers that after this service and sermon, there will be papa's exposition at home, but that there will be pie for

supper: the clerk who calls out the psalm has his daughter in trouble, and drones through his responses scarcely aware of their meaning: the very moment the parson hides his face on his cushion, he may be thinking of that bill which is coming due on Monday. These people are not heavenly-minded; they are of the world, worldly, and have not yet got their feet off of it; but they are not hypocrites, look you. Folks have their religion in some handy mental lock-up, as it were, — a valuable medicine, to be taken in ill-health; and a man administers his nostrum to his neighbour, and recommends his private cure for the other's complaint. "My dear madam, you have spasms? You will find these drops infallible!" "You have been taking too much wine, my good sir? By this pill you may defy any evil consequences from too much wine, and take your bottle of port daily." Of spiritual and bodily physic, who are more fond and eager dispensers than women? And we know that, especially a hundred years ago, every lady in the country had her still-room, and her medicine-chest, her pills, powders, potions, for all the village round.

My Lady Warrington took charge of the consciences and the digestions of her husband's tenants and family. She had the faith and health of the servants'-hall in keeping. Heaven can tell whether she knew how to doctor them rightly: but, was it pill or doctrine, she administered one or the other with equal belief in her own authority, and her disciples swallowed both obediently. She believed herself to be one of the most virtuous, self-denying, wise, learned women in the world; and, dinning this opinion perpetually into the ears of all round about her, succeeded in bringing not a few persons to join in her persuasion.

At Sir Miles's dinner there was so fine a side-board of plate, and such a number of men in livery, that it required some presence of mind to perceive that the beer was of the smallest which the butler brought round in the splendid tankard, and that there was but one joint of mutton on the grand silver dish. When Sir Miles called the King's health, and smacked his jolly lips over his wine, he eyed it and the company as if the liquor was ambrosia. He asked Harry Warrington whether they had port like that in Virginia? He said that was nothing to the wine Harry should taste in Norfolk. He praised the wine so, that Harry almost believed that it was good, and winked into his own glass, trying to see some of the merits which his uncle perceived in the ruby nectar.

Just as we see in many a well-regulated family of this present century, the Warringtons had their two paragons. Of the two grown daughters, the one was the greatest beauty, the other the greatest genius and angel of any young lady then alive, as Lady Warrington told Harry. The eldest, the Beauty, was engaged to dear Tom Claypool, the fond mother informed her Cousin Harry in confidence. But the second daughter, the Genius and Angel was for ever set upon our young friend to improve his wits and morals. She sang to him at the harpsichord — rather out of tune for an angel, Harry thought; she was ready with advice, instruction, conversation — with almost too much instruction and advice, thought Harry, who would have far preferred the society of the little cousin who reminded him of Fanny Mountain at home. But the last-mentioned young maiden, after dinner retired to her nursery commonly. Beauty went off on her own avocations;

Mamma had to attend to her poor or write her voluminous letters; Papa dozed in his arm-chair; and the Genius remained to keep her young cousin company.

The calm of the house somehow pleased the young man, and he liked to take refuge there away from the riot and dissipation in which he ordinarily lived. Certainly no welcome could be kinder than that which he got. The doors were opened to him at all hours. If Flora was not at home, Dora was ready to receive him: Ere many days' acquaintance, he and his little Cousin Miles had been to have a galloping-match in the Park, and Harry, who was kind and generous to every man alive who came near him, had in view the purchase of a little horse for his cousin, far better than that which the boy rode, when the circumstances occurred which brought all our poor Harry's coaches and horses to a sudden break-down.

Though Sir Miles Warrington had imagined Virginia to be an island, the ladies were much better instructed in geography, and anxious to hear from Harry all about his home and his native country. He, on his part, was not averse to talk about it. He described to them the length and breadth of his estate; the rivers which it coasted; the produce which it bore. He had had with a friend a little practice of surveying in his boyhood. He made a map of his county, with some fine towns here and there, which, in truth, were but log-huts (but, for the honour of his country, he was desirous that they should wear as handsome a look as possible). Here was Potomac; here was James River; here were the wharves whence his mother's ships and tobacco were brought to the sea. In truth, the estate

was as large as a county. He did not brag about the place overmuch. To see the handsome young fellow, in a fine suit of velvet and silver-lace, making his draught, pointing out this hill and that forest or town, you might have imagined him a travelling prince describing the realms of the queen his mother. He almost fancied himself to be so at times. He had miles where gentlemen in England had acres. Not only Dora listened, but the beauteous Flora bowed her fair head and heard him with attention. Why, what was young Tom Claypool, their brother baronet's son in Norfolk, with his great boots, his great voice, and his heirdom to a poor five thousand acres, compared to this young American prince and charming stranger? Angel as she was, Dora began to lose her angelic temper, and to twit Flora for a flirt. Claypool, in his red waistcoat, would sit dumb before the splendid Harry in his ruffles and laces, talking of March and Chesterfield, Selwyn and Bolingbroke, and the whole company of Macaronis. Mamma began to love Harry more and more as a son. She was anxious about the spiritual welfare of those poor negroes in Virginia. What could she do to help dear Madam Esmond (a precious woman, she knew!) in the good work? She had a serious butler and housekeeper: they were delighted with the spiritual behaviour and sweet musical gifts of Gumbo.

"Ah! Harry, Harry! you have been a sad wild boy! Why did you not come sooner to us, sir, and not lose your time amongst the spendthrifts and the vain world? But 'tis not yet too late. We must reclaim thee, dear Harry! Musn't we, Sir Miles? Musn't we, Dora? Mustn't we, Flora?"

The three ladies all look up to the ceiling. They *will* reclaim the dear prodigal. It is which shall reclaim him most. Dora sits by and watches Flora. As for mamma, when the girls are away, she talks to him more and more seriously, more and more tenderly. She will be a mother to him in the absence of his own admirable parent. She gives him a hymn-book. She kisses him on the forehead. She is actuated by the purest love, tenderness, religious regard, towards her dear, wayward, wild, amiable nephew.

Whilst these sentimentalities were going on, it is to be presumed that Mr. Warrington kept his own counsel about his affairs out-of-doors, which we have seen were in the very worst condition. He who had been favoured by fortune for so many weeks was suddenly deserted by her, and a few days had served to kick down all his heap of winnings. Do we say that my Lord Castlewood, his own kinsman, had dealt unfairly by the young Virginian, and in the course of a couple of afternoons' closet practice had robbed him? We would insinuate nothing so disrespectful to his lordship's character; but he had won from Harry every shilling which properly belonged to him, and would have played him for his reversions but that the young man flung up his hands when he saw himself so far beaten, and declared that he must continue the battle no more. Remembering that there still remained a spar out of the wreck, as it were — that portion which he had set aside for poor Sampson — Harry ventured it at the gaming-table; but that last resource went down along with the rest of Harry's possessions, and Fortune fluttered off in the storm, leaving the luckless adventurer almost naked on the shore.

When a man is young and generous and hearty the loss of money scarce afflicts him. Harry would sell his horses and carriages, and diminish his *train* of life. If he wanted immediate supplies of money, would not his Aunt Bernstein be his banker, or his kinsman who had won so much from him, or his kind Uncle Warrington and Lady Warrington who were always talking virtue and benevolence, and declaring that they loved him as a son? He would call upon these, or any one of them whom he might choose to favour, at his leisure; meanwhile, Sampson's story of his landlord's distress touched the young gentleman, and, in order to raise a hasty supply for the clergyman, he carried off all his trinkets to a certain pawnbroker's shop in St. Martin's Lane.

Now this broker was a relative or partner of that very Mr. Sparks of Tavistock Street from whom Harry had purchased—purchased did we say?—no; taken the trinkets which he had intended to present to his Oakhurst friends; and it chanced that Mr. Sparks came to visit his brother tradesman very soon after Mr. Warrington had disposed of his goods. Recognising immediately the little enamelled diamond-handled repeater which he had sold to the Fortunate Youth, the jeweller broke out into expressions regarding Harry which I will not mention here, being already accused of speaking much too plainly. A gentleman who is acquainted with a pawnbroker, we may be sure has a bailiff or two amongst his acquaintances; and those bailiffs have followers who, at the bidding of the impartial Law, will touch with equal hand the fiercest captain's epaulet or the finest Macaroni's shoulder. The very gentlemen who had seized upon Lady Maria at Tunbridge were set upon

her cousin in London. They easily learned from the garrulous Gumbo that his honour was at Sir Miles Warrington's house in Hill Street, and whilst the black was courting Mrs. Lambert's maid at the adjoining mansion, Mr. Costigan and his assistant lay in wait for poor Harry, who was enjoying the delights of intercourse with a virtuous family circle assembled round his aunt's table. Never had Uncle Miles been more cordial, never had Aunt Warrington been more gracious, gentle, and affectionate; Flora looked unusually lovely, Dora had been more than ordinarily amiable. At parting my lady gave him both her hands, and called benedictions from the ceiling down upon him. Papa had said in his most jovial manner, "Hang it, nephew! when I was thy age I should have kissed two such fine girls as Do and Flo ere this, and my own flesh and blood, too! Don't tell me! I *should*, my Lady Warrington! Odds-fish! 'tis the boy blushes, and not the girls, I think — I suppose they are used to it. He! — he!"

"Papa!" cry the virgins.

"Sir Miles!" says the august mother at the same instant.

"There, there," says papa, "a kiss won't do no harm, and won't tell no tales: will it nephew Harry?" I suppose, during the utterance of the above three brief phrases, the harmless little osculatory operation has taken place, and blushing Cousin Harry has touched the damask cheek of Cousin Flora and Cousin Dora..

As he goes down stairs with his uncle, mamma makes a speech to the girls, looking, as usual, up to the ceiling, and saying, "What precious qualities your poor dear cousin has! What shrewdness mingled with his simplicity, and what a fine genteel manner, though upon mere worldly elegance I set little store. What a

dreadful pity to think that such a vessel should ever be lost! We must rescue him, my loves. We must take him away from those wicked companions, and those horrible Castlewoods — not that I would speak ill of my neighbours. But I shall hope, I shall pray, that he may be rescued from his evil courses!" and again Lady Warrington eyes the cornice in a most determined manner, as the girls wistfully look towards the door behind which their interesting cousin has just vanished.

His uncle will go down stairs with him. He calls "God bless you, my boy!" most affectionately: he presses Harry's hand, and repeats his valuable benediction at the door. As it closes, the light from the hall within having sufficiently illuminated Mr. Warrington's face and figure, two gentlemen, who have been standing on the opposite side of the way, advance rapidly, and one of them takes a strip of paper out of his pocket, and putting his hand upon Mr. Warrington's shoulder, declares him his prisoner. A hackney coach is in attendance, and poor Harry goes to sleep in Chancery Lane.

O, to think that a Virginian prince's back should be slapped by a ragged bailiff's follower! — that Madame Esmond's son should be in a spunging house in Cursitor Street! I do not envy our young prodigal his rest on that dismal night. Let us hit him now he is down, my beloved young friends. Let us imagine the stings of remorse keeping him wakeful on his dingy pillow: the horrid jollifications of other hardened inmates of the place ringing in his ears from the room hard by, where they sit boozing; the rage and shame and discomfiture. No pity on him I say, my honest young gentlemen, for *you*, of course, have never indulged in extravagance or folly, or paid the reckoning of remorse.

CHAPTER XXII.

Chains and Slavery.

REMORSE for past misdeeds and follies Harry sincerely felt, when he found himself a prisoner in that dismal lock-up house, and wrath and annoyance at the idea of being subjected to the indignity of arrest; but the present unpleasantry he felt sure could only be momentary. He had twenty friends who would release him from his confinement: to which of them should he apply, was the question. Mr. Draper, the man of business, who had been so obsequious to him: his kind uncle the baronet, who had offered to make his house Harry's home, who loved him as a son: his Cousin Castlewood, who had won such large sums from him: his noble friends at the Chocolate House, his good Aunt Bernstein — any one of these Harry felt sure would give him a help in his trouble, though some of the relatives, perhaps, might administer to him a little scolding for his imprudence. The main point was, that the matter should be transacted quietly, for Mr. Warrington was anxious that as few as possible of the public should know how a gentleman of his prodigious importance had been subject to such a vulgar process as an arrest. As if the public does not end by knowing everything it cares to know. As if the dinner I shall have to-day, and the hole in the stocking which I wear at this present writing, can be kept a secret from some enemy or other who has a mind to pry it out — though my boots are on, and my door was locked when I dressed myself! I mention that hole in the stocking

for sake of example merely. The world can pry out everything about us which it has a mind to know. But then there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and *blasé* it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison, and fancy yourself indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Psha! Your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing *has* happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes; appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose Society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsolable when you die? Why should it care very much, then, whether your worship graces yourself or disgraces yourself? Whatever happens it talks, meets, jokes, yawns, has its dinner, pretty much as before. Therefore don't be so conceited about yourself as to fancy your private affairs of so much importance, *mi fili*. Whereas Mr. Harry Warrington chafed and fumed as though all the world was tingling with the touch of that hand which had been laid on his sublime shoulder.

"A pretty sensation my arrest must have created at the club!" thought Harry. "I suppose that Mr. Selwyn will be cutting all sorts of jokes about my misfortune, plague take him! Everybody round the table will have heard of it. March will tremble about the bet I have with him; and, faith, 'twill be difficult to pay him when I lose. They will all be setting up a whoop of con-

gratulation at the Savage, as they call me, being taken prisoner. How shall I ever be able to appear in the world again? Whom shall I ask to come to my help? No," thought he, with his mingled acuteness and simplicity, "I will not send in the first instance to any of my relations or my noble friends at White's. I will have Sampson's counsel. He has often been in a similar predicament, and will know how to advise me." Accordingly, as soon as the light of dawn appeared, after an almost intolerable delay — for it seemed to Harry as if the sun had forgotten to visit Cursitor Street in his rounds that morning — and as soon as the inmates of the house of bondage were stirring, Mr. Warrington dispatched a messenger to his friend in Long Acre, acquainting the Chaplain with the calamity just befallen him, and beseeching his reverence to give him the benefit of his advice and consolation.

Mr. Warrington did not know, to be sure, that to send such a message to the parson was as if he said, "I am fallen amongst the lions. Come down, my dear friend, into the pit with me." Harry very likely thought Sampson's difficulties were over; or, more likely still, was so much engrossed with his own affairs and perplexities, as to bestow little thought upon his neighbour's. Having sent off his missive the captive's mind was somewhat more at ease, and he condescended to call for breakfast, which was brought to him presently. The attendant who served him with his morning repast, asked him whether he would order dinner, or take his meal at Mrs. Bailiff's table with some other gentlemen? No. Mr. Warrington would not order dinner. He should quit the place before dinner-time, he informed the chamberlain who waited on him in

that grim tavern. The man went away, thinking no doubt that this was not the first young gentleman who had announced that he was going away ere two hours were over. "Well, if your honour *does* stay, there is good beef and carrot at two o'clock," says the sceptic, and closes the door on Mr. Harry and his solitary meditations.

Harry's messenger to Mr. Sampson brought back a message from that gentleman to say that he would be with his patron as soon as might be: but ten o'clock came, eleven o'clock, noon, and no Sampson. No Sampson arrived, but about twelve Gumbo with a port-manteau of his master's clothes, who flung himself, roaring with grief, at Harry's feet: and with a thousand vows of fidelity, expressed himself ready to die, to sell himself into slavery over again, to do anything to rescue his beloved Master Harry from this calamitous position. Harry was touched with the lad's expressions of affection, and told him to get up from the ground where he was grovelling on his knees, embracing his master's. "All you have to do, sir, is to give me my clothes to dress, and to hold your tongue about this business. Mind you, not a word, sir, about it to anybody!" says Mr. Warrington, severely.

"O no, sir, never to nobody!" says Gumbo, looking most solemnly, and proceeded to dress his master carefully, who had need of a change and a toilette after his yesterday's sudden capture, and night's dismal rest. Accordingly Gumbo flung a dash of powder in Harry's hair, and arrayed his master carefully and elegantly, so that he made Mr. Warrington look as fine and splendid as if he had been stepping into his chair to go to St. James's.

Indeed all that love and servility could do Mr. Gumbo faithfully did for his master, for whom he had an extreme regard and attachment. But there were certain things beyond Gumbo's power. He could not undo things which were done already; and he could not help lying and excusing himself when pressed upon points disagreeable to himself. The language of slaves is lies (I mean black slaves and white). The creature slinks away and hides with subterfuges, as a hunted animal runs to his covert at the sight of man, the tyrant and pursuer. Strange relics of feudality, and consequence of our ever-so-old social life! Our domestics (are they not men, too, and brethren?) are all hypocrites before us. They never speak naturally to us, or the whole truth. We should be indignant: we should say, confound their impudence: we should turn them out of doors if they did. But *quo me rapis?* O my unbridled hobby?

Well, the truth is, that as for swearing not to say a word about his master's arrest — such an oath as that was impossible to keep: for, with a heart full of grief indeed, but with a tongue that never could cease wagging, bragging, joking, and lying, Mr. Gumbo had announced the woful circumstance to a prodigious number of his acquaintances already, chiefly gentlemen of the shoulder-knot and worsted lace. We have seen how he carried the news to Colonel Lambert's and Lord Wrotham's servants: he had proclaimed it at the footman's club to which he belonged, and which was frequented by the gentlemen of some of the first nobility. He had subsequently condescended to partake of a mug of ale in Sir Miles Warrington's butler's room, and there had repeated and embellished the story. Then he had

gone off to Madame Bernstein's people, with some of whom he was on terms of affectionate intercourse, and had informed that domestic circle of his grief: and, his master being captured, and there being no earthly call for his personal services that evening, Gumbo had stepped up to Lord Castlewood's, and informed the gentry there of the incident which had just come to pass. So when, laying his hand on his heart, and with gushing floods of tears, Gumbo says, in reply to his master's injunction, "O, no, master! nebber to nobody!" we are in a condition to judge of the degree of credibility which ought to be given to the lad's statement.

The black had long completed his master's toilet: the dreary breakfast was over: slow as the hours went to the prisoner, still they were passing one after another, but no Sampson came in accordance with the promise sent in the morning. At length, some time after noon, there arrived, not Sampson, but a billet from him, sealed with a moist wafer, and with the ink almost yet wet. The unlucky divine's letter ran as follows:

O, sir, dear sir, I have done all that a man can at the command and in the behalf of his patron! You did not know, sir, to what you were subjecting me, did you? Else, if I was to go to prison, why did I not share yours, and why am I in a lock-up house three doors off?

Yes. Such is the fact. As I was hastening to you, knowing full well the danger to which I was subject: — but what danger will I not affront at the call of such a benefactor as Mr. Warrington hath been to me? — I was seized by two villains who had a writ against me, and who have lodged me at Naboth's, hard

by, and so close to your honour, that we could almost hear each other across the garden-walls of the respective houses where we are confined.

I had much and of importance to say, which I do not care to write down on paper, regarding your affairs. May they mend! May my cursed fortunes, too, better themselves, is the prayer of

Your honour's afflicted Chaplain in Ordinary,
J. S.

And now, as Mr. Sampson refuses to speak, it will be our duty to acquaint the reader with those matters whereof the poor Chaplain did not care to discourse on paper.

Gumbo's loquacity had not reached so far as Long Acre, and Mr. Sampson was ignorant of the extent of his patron's calamity until he received Harry's letter and messenger from Chancery Lane. The divine was still ardent with gratitude for the service Mr. Warrington had just conferred on him, and eager to find some means to succour his distressed patron. He knew what a large sum Lord Castlewood had won from his cousin, had dined in company with his lordship on the day before, and now ran to Lord Castlewood's house, with a hope of arousing him to some pity for Mr. Warrington. Sampson made a very eloquent and touching speech to Lord Castlewood about his kinsman's misfortune, and spoke with a real kindness and sympathy, which however failed to touch the nobleman to whom he addressed himself.

My lord peevishly and curtly put a stop to the Chaplain's passionate pleading. "Did I not tell you, two days since, when you came for money, that I was

as poor as a beggar, Sampson," said his lordship, "and has anybody left me a fortune since? The little sum I won from my cousin was swallowed up by others. I not only can't help Mr. Warrington, but, as I pledge you my word, not being in the least aware of his calamity, I had positively written to him this morning to ask him to help *me*." And a letter to this effect did actually reach Mr. Warrington from his lodgings, whither it had been dispatched by the penny-post.

"I must get him money, my lord. I know he had scarcely anything left in his pocket after relieving me. Were I to pawn my cassock and bands, he must have money," cried the Chaplain.

"Amen. Go and pawn your bands, your cassock, anything you please. Your enthusiasm does you credit," said my lord, and resumed the reading of his paper, whilst, in the deepest despondency, poor Sampson left him.

My Lady Maria meanwhile had heard that the Chaplain was with her brother, and conjectured what might be the subject on which they had been talking. She seized upon the parson as he issued from out his fruitless interview with my lord. She drew him into the dining-room: the strongest marks of grief and sympathy were in her countenance. "Tell me, what is this has happened to Mr. Warrington?" she asked.

"Your ladyship, then, knows?" asked the Chaplain.

"Have I not been in mortal anxiety ever since his servant brought the dreadful news last night?" asked my lady. "We had it as we came from the Opera — from my Lady Yarmouth's box — my lord, my Lady Castlewood, and I."

"His lordship, then, *did* know?" continued Sampson.

"Benson told the news when we came from the playhouse to our tea," repeats Lady Maria.

The Chaplain lost all patience and temper at such duplicity. "This is too bad," he said, with an oath; and he told Lady Maria of the conversation, which he had just had with Lord Castlewood, and of the latter's refusal to succour his cousin, after winning great sums of money from him, and with much eloquence and feeling of Mr. Warrington's most generous behaviour to himself.

Then my Lady Maria broke out with a series of remarks regarding her own family, which were by no means complimentary to her own kith and kin. Although not accustomed to tell truth commonly, yet, when certain families fall out, it is wonderful what a number of truths they will tell about one another. With tears, imprecations, I do not like to think how much stronger language, Lady Maria burst into a furious and impassioned tirade, in which she touched upon the history of almost all her noble family. She complimented the men and the ladies alike; she shrieked out interrogatories to Heaven, inquiring why it had made such — (never mind what names she called her brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, parents); and, emboldened with wrath, she dashed at her brother's library-door, so shrill in her outcries, so furious in her demeanour, that the alarmed Chaplain, fearing the scene which might ensue, made for the street.

My lord, looking up from the book or other occupation which engaged him, regarded the furious woman with some surprise, and selected a good strong oath to fling at her, as it were, and check her onset.

But, when roused, we have seen how courageous

Maria could be. Afraid as she was ordinarily of her brother, she was not in a mood to be frightened now by any language of abuse or sarcasm at his command.

"So, my lord!" she called out; "you sit down with him in private to cards, and pigeon him! You get the poor boy's last shilling, and you won't give him a guinea out of his own winnings now he is penniless!"

"So that infernal Chaplain has been telling tales!" says my lord.

"Dismiss him: do! Pay him his wages, and let him go, — he will be glad enough!" cries Maria.

"I keep him to marry one of my sisters, in case he is wanted," says Castlewood, glaring at her.

"What can the women be in a family where there are such men?" says the lady.

"*Effectivement!*" says my lord, with a shrug of his shoulder.

"What can we be, when our fathers and brothers are what they are? We are bad enough, but what are you? I say, you neither have courage — no, nor honour, nor common feeling. As your equals won't play with you, my Lord Castlewood, you must take this poor lad out of Virginia, your own kinsman, and pigeon him! O, it's a shame — a shame!"

"We are all playing our own game, I suppose. Haven't you played and won one, Maria? Is it you that are squeamish all of a sudden about the poor lad from Virginia? Has Mr. Harry cried off, or has your ladyship got a better offer?" cried my lord. "If you won't have him, one of the Warrington girls will, I promise you; and the old Methodist woman in Hill Street will

give him the choice of either. Are you a fool, Maria Esmond? A greater fool, I mean, than in common?"

"I should be a fool if I thought that either of my brothers could act like an honest man, Eugene!" said Maria. "I am a fool to expect that you will be other than you are; that if you find any relative in distress you will help him; that if you can meet with a victim you won't fleece him."

"Fleece him! Psha! What folly are you talking! Have you not seen, from the course which the lad has been running for months past, how he would end? If I had not won his money, some other would? I never grudged thee thy little plans regarding him. Why shouldst thou fly in a passion, because I have just put out my hand to take what he was offering to all the world? I reason with you, I don't know why, Maria. You should be old enough to understand reason, at any rate. You think this money belonged of right to Lady Maria Warrington and her children? I tell you that in three months more every shilling would have found its way to White's macco-table, and that it is much better spent in paying my debts. So much for your ladyship's anger, and tears, and menaces, and naughty language. See! I am a good brother, and repay them with reason and kind words."

"My good brother might have given a little more than kind words to the lad from whom he has just taken hundreds," interposed the sister of this affectionate brother.

"Great Heavens, Maria! Don't you see that even out of this affair, unpleasant as it seems, a clever woman may make her advantage," cries my lord. Maria said she failed to comprehend.

"As thus. I name no names; I meddle in no person's business, having quite enough to do to manage my own cursed affairs. But suppose I happen to know of a case in another family which may be applicable to ours. It is this. A green young lad of tolerable expectations, comes up from the country to his friends in town — never mind from what country: never mind to what town. An elderly female relative, who has been dragging her spinsterhood about these — how many years shall we say? — extorts a promise of marriage from my young gentleman, never mind on what conditions."

"My lord, do you want to insult your sister as well as to injure your cousin?" asks Maria.

"My good child, did I say a single word about fleecing, or cheating, or pigeoning, or did I fly into a passion when you insulted *me*? I know the allowance that must be made for your temper, and the natural folly of your sex. I say I treated you with soft words — I go on with my story. The elderly relative extracts a promise of marriage from the young lad, which my gentleman is quite unwilling to keep. No, he won't keep it. He is utterly tired of his elderly relative: he will plead his mother's refusal: he will do anything to get out of his promise."

"Yes; if he was one of us Esmonds, my Lord Castlewood. But this is a man of honour we are speaking of," cried Maria, who, I suppose, admired truth in others, however little she saw it in her own family.

"I do not contradict either of my dear sister's remarks. One of us would fling the promise to the winds, especially as it does not exist in writing."

"My lord!" gasps out Maria.

“Bah! I know all. That little *coup* of Tunbridge was played by the Aunt Bernstein with excellent skill. The old woman is the best man of our family. While you were arrested, your boxes were searched for the Mohock’s letters to you. When you were let loose, the letters had disappeared, and you said nothing, like a wise woman as you are sometimes. You still hanker after your Cherokee. *Soit*. A woman of your mature experience knows the value of a husband. What is this little loss of two or three hundred pounds?”

“Not more than three hundred, my lord?” interposes Maria.

“Eh! never mind a hundred or two, more or less. What is this loss at cards? A mere bagatelle! You are playing for a principality. You want your kingdom in Virginia; and if you listen to my opinion, the little misfortune which has happened to your swain is a piece of great good fortune to you.”

“I don’t understand you, my lord.”

“*C’est possible*; but sit down, and I will explain what I mean in a manner suited to your capacity.” And so Maria Esmond, who had advanced to her brother like a raging lion, now sate down at his feet like a gentle lamb.

Madame de Bernstein was not a little moved at the news of her nephew’s arrest, which Mr. Gumbo brought to Clarges-street on the night of the calamity. She would have cross-examined the black, and had further particulars respecting Harry’s mishap; but Mr. Gumbo, anxious to carry his intelligence to other quarters, had vanished when her ladyship sent for him. Her temper was not improved by the news, or by the sleepless night which

she spent. I do not envy the *dame de compagnie* who played cards with her, or the servant who had to lie in her chamber. An arrest was an everyday occurrence, as she knew very well as a woman of the world. Into what difficulties had her scapegrace of a nephew fallen? How much money should she be called upon to pay to release him? And had he run through all his own? Provided he had not committed himself very deeply, she was quite disposed to aid him. She liked even his extravagances and follies. He was the only being in the world on whom, for long, long years, that weary woman had been able to bestow a little natural affection. So, on their different beds, she and Harry were lying wakeful together; and quite early in the morning the messengers which each sent forth on the same business may have crossed each other.

Madame Bernstein's messenger was despatched to the chambers of her man of business, Mr. Draper, with an order that Mr. D. should ascertain for what sums Mr. Warrington had been arrested, and forthwith repair to the Baroness. Draper's emissaries speedily found out that Mr. Warrington was locked up close beside them, and the amount of detainers against him so far. Were there other creditors, as no doubt there were, they would certainly close upon him when they were made acquainted with his imprisonment.

To Mr. Sparks, the jeweller, for those unlucky presents, so much; to the landlord in Bond Street, for board, fire, lodging, so much: these were at present the only claims against Mr. Warrington, Mr. Draper found. He was ready at a signal from her ladyship to settle them at a moment. The jeweller's account ought especially to be paid, for Mr. Harry had acted most

imprudently in taking goods from Mr. Sparks on credit, and pledging them with a pawnbroker. He must have been under some immediate pressure for money; intended to redeem the goods immediately, meant nothing but what was honourable of course; but the affair would have an ugly look, if made public, and had better be settled out of hand. "There cannot be the least difficulty regarding a thousand pounds more or less, for a gentleman of Mr. Warrington's rank and expectations," said Madame de Bernstein. Not the least: her ladyship knew very well that there were funds belonging to Mr. Warrington, on which money could be at once raised with her ladyship's guarantee.

Should he go that instant and settle the matter with Messrs. Amos? Mr. Harry might be back to dine with her at two, and to confound the people at the clubs, who are no doubt rejoicing over his misfortunes, said the compassionate Mr. Draper.

But the Baroness had other views. "I think, my good Mr. Draper," she said, "that my young gentleman has sown wild oats enough; and when he comes out of prison, I should like him to come out clear, and without any liabilities at all. You are not aware of all his."

"No gentleman ever does tell all his debts, madame," says Mr. Draper; "no one *I* ever had to deal with."

"There is one which the silly boy has contracted, and from which he ought to be released, Mr. Draper. You remember a little circumstance which occurred at Tunbridge Wells in the autumn? About which I sent up my man Case to you?"

"When your ladyship pleases to recall it, I remember it — not otherwise," says Mr. Draper, with a

bow. "A lawyer should be like a Popish confessor, — what is told him is a secret for ever, and for every body." So we must not whisper Madame Bernstein's secret to Mr. Draper; but the reader may perhaps guess it from the lawyer's conduct subsequently.

The lawyer felt pretty certain that ere long he would receive a summons from the poor young prisoner in Cursitor Street, and waited for that invitation before he visited Mr. Warrington. Six and thirty hours passed ere the invitation came, during which period Harry passed the dreariest two days which he ever remembered to have spent.

There was no want of company in the lock-up house, the bailiff's rooms were nearly always full; but Harry preferred the dingy solitude of his own room to the society round his landlady's table, and it was only on the second day of his arrest, and when his purse was emptied by the heavy charges of the place, that he made up his mind to apply to Mr. Draper. He despatched a letter then to the lawyer at the Temple, informing him of his plight, and desiring him, in an emphatic postscript, not to say one word about the matter to his aunt Madame de Bernstein.

He had made up his mind not to apply to the old lady except at the very last extremity. She had treated him with so much kindness, that he revolted from the notion of trespassing on her bounty, and for a while tried to please himself with the idea that he might get out of durance without her even knowing that any misfortune at all had befallen him. There seemed to him something humiliating in petitioning a woman for money. No! He would apply first to his male friends, all of whom might help him if they would. It had been his

intention to send Sampson to one or other of them as a negotiator, had not the poor fellow been captured on his way to succour his friend.

Sampson gone, Harry was obliged to have recourse to his own negro servant, who was kept on the trot all day between Temple Bar and the Court end of the town with letters from his unlucky master. Firstly, then, Harry sent off a most private and confidential letter to his kinsman the Right Honourable the Earl of Castlewood, saying how he had been cast into prison, and begging Castlewood to lend him the amount of the debt. "Please to keep my application, and the cause of it, a profound secret from the dear ladies," wrote poor Harry.

"Was ever anything so unfortunate?" wrote back Lord Castlewood, in reply. "I suppose you have not got my note of yesterday? It must be lying at your lodgings, where — I hope in heaven! — you will soon be, too. My dear Mr. Warrington, thinking you were as rich as Croesus — otherwise I never should have sate down to cards with you — I wrote to you yesterday, begging you to lend *me* some money to appease some hungry duns whom I don't know how else to pacify. My poor fellow! every shilling of your money went to them, and but for my peer's privilege I might be hob-and-nob with you now in your dungeon. May you soon escape from it, is the prayer of your sincere Castlewood."

This was the result of application number one: and we may imagine that Mr. Harry read the reply to his petition with rather a blank face. Never mind! There was kind, jolly Uncle Warrington. Only last night his aunt had kissed him and loved him like a son. His

uncle had called down blessings on his head, and professed quite a paternal regard for him. With a feeling of shyness and modesty in presence of those virtuous parents and family, Harry had never said a word about his wild doings, or his horse-racings, or his gamblings, or his extravagances. It must all out now. He must confess himself a Prodigal and a Sinner, and ask for their forgiveness and aid. So Prodigal sate down and composed a penitent letter to Uncle Warrington, and exposed his sad case, and besought him to come to the rescue. Was not that a bitter nut to crack for our haughty young Virginian? Hours of mortification and profound thought as to the pathos of the composition did Harry pass over that letter; sheet after sheet of Mr. Amos's sixpence a sheet letter-paper did he tear up before the missive was complete, with which poor blubbering Gumbo (much vilified by the bailiff's followers and parasites, whom he was robbing, as they conceived, of their perquisites) went his way.

At evening the faithful negro brought back a thick letter in his aunt's handwriting. Harry opened the letter with a trembling hand. He thought it was full of bank-notes. Ah, me! it contained a sermon (Daniel in the Lion's Den) by Mr. Whitfield and a letter from Lady Warrington saying that, in Sir Miles's absence from London, she was in the habit of opening his letters, and hence, perforce, was become acquainted with a fact which she *deplored from her inmost soul* to learn, namely, that her nephew Warrington had been *extravagant and was in debt*. Of course, in the absence of Sir Miles, she could not hope to have at command such a sum as that for which Mr. Warrington wrote, but she sent him her *heartfelt prayers*, her *deepest com-*

miseration, and a discourse by dear Mr. Whitfield, which would comfort him in his present (alas! she feared not undeserved) calamity. She added profuse references to particular Scriptural chapters which would do him good. If she might speak of things worldly she said at *such a moment*, she would hint to Mr. Warrington that his epistolary orthography was anything but correct. She would not fail for her part to comply with his express desire that his *dear cousins* should know nothing of this most *painful circumstance*, and with every wish for his welfare here and elsewhere, she subscribed herself his loving aunt,

MARGARET WARRINGTON.

Poor Harry hid his face between his hands, and sate for a while with elbows on the greasy table blankly staring into the candle before him. The bailiff's servant, who was touched by his handsome face, suggested a mug of beer for his honour, but Harry could not drink, nor eat the meat that was placed before him. Gumbo however could, whose grief did not deprive him of appetite, and who, blubbering the while, finished all the beer, and all the bread and the meat. Meanwhile, Harry had finished another letter, with which Gumbo was commissioned to start again, and away the faithful creature ran upon his errand.

Gumbo ran as far as White's Club, to which house he was ordered in the first instance to carry the letter, and where he found the person to whom it was addressed. Even the prisoner, for whom time passed so slowly, was surprised at the celerity with which his negro had performed his errand.

At least the letter which Harry expected had not

taken long to write. "My lord wrote it at the hall-porter's desk, while I stood there then with Mr. Morris," said Gumbo, and the letter was to this effect: —

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry I cannot comply with your wish, as I'm short of money at present, having paid large sums to you as well as to other gentlemen.

Yours obediently,
MARCH and R.

Henry Warrington, Esq.

"Did Lord March say anything?" asked Mr. Warrington, looking very pale.

"He say it was the coolest thing he ever knew. So did Mr. Morris. He showed him your letter, Master Harry. Yes, and Mr. Morris say, 'Dam his imperence!'" added Gumbo.

Harry burst into such a yell of laughter that his landlord thought he had good news, and ran in in alarm lest he was about to lose his tenant. But by this time poor Harry's laughter was over, and he was flung down in his chair gazing dismally in the fire.

"I — I should like to smoke a pipe of Virginia," he groaned.

Gumbo burst into tears: he flung himself at Harry's knees. He kissed his knees and his hands. "O master, my dear master, what will they say at home?" he sobbed out.

The jailor was touched at the sight of the black's grief and fidelity, and at Harry's pale face as he sank back in his chair, quite overcome and beaten by his calamity.

"Your honour ain't eat anything these two days," the man said, in a voice of rough pity. "Pluck up a little, sir. You aren't the first gentleman who has been in and out of grief before this. Let me go down and get you a glass of punch and a little supper."

"My good friend," said Harry, a sickly smile playing over his white face, "you pay ready money for everything in this house, don't you? I must tell you that I haven't a shilling left to buy a dish of meat. All the money I have I want for letter-paper."

"O, master, my master!" roared out Gumbo. "Look here, my dear Master Harry! Here's plenty of money — here's twenty-three five-guineas. Here's gold moi-dore from Virginia — here — no, not that — that's keepsakes the girls gave me. Take everything — everything. I go sell myself to-morrow morning; but here's plenty for to-night, master!"

"God bless you, Gumbo!" Harry said, laying his hand on the lad's woolly head. "You are free if I am not, and Heaven forbid I should not take the offered help of such a friend as you. Bring me some supper: but the pipe too, mind — the pipe too!" And Harry ate his supper with a relish: and even the turnkeys and bailiff's followers, when Gumbo went out of the house that night, shook hands with him, and ever after treated him well.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Visitors in Trouble.

MR. GUMBO's generous and feeling conduct soothed and softened the angry heart of his master, and Harry's second night in the sponging-house was passed more pleasantly than the first. Somebody at least there was, to help and compassionate with him. Still, though softened in that one particular spot, Harry's heart was hard and proud towards almost all the rest of the world. They were selfish and ungenerous, he thought. His pious aunt Warrington, his lordly friend March, his cynical cousin Castlewood, — all had been tried, and were found wanting. Not to avoid twenty years of prison would he stoop to ask a favour of one of them again. Fool that he had been, to believe in their promises, and confide in their friendship! There was no friendship in this cursed, cold, selfish country. He would leave it. He would trust no Englishman, great or small. He would go to Germany, and make a campaign with the king; or he would go home to Virginia, bury himself in the woods there, and hunt all day; become his mother's factor and land-steward; marry Polly Broadbent, or Fanny Mountain; turn regular tobacco-grower and farmer; do anything, rather than remain amongst these English fine gentlemen. So he arose with an outwardly cheerful countenance, but an angry spirit; and at an early hour in the morning the faithful Gumbo was in attendance in his master's chamber, having come from Bond Street, and brought Mr. Harry's letters thence. "I wanted to bring some more clothes,"

honest Gumbo said; "but Mr. Ruff, the landlord, he wouldn't let me bring no more."

Harry did not care to look at the letters: he opened one, two, three; they were all bills. He opened a fourth; it was from the landlord, to say that he would allow no more of Mr. Warrington's things to go out of the house, — that unless his bill was paid he should sell Mr. W.'s goods and pay himself; and that his black man must go and sleep elsewhere. He would hardly let Gumbo take his own clothes and portmanteau away. The black said he had found refuge elsewhere — with some friends at Lord Wrotham's house. "With Colonel Lambert's people," says Mr. Gumbo, looking very hard at his master. "And Miss Hetty she fall down in a faint, when she hear you taken up; and Mr. Lambert, he very good man, and he say to me this morning, he say, 'Gumbo, you tell your master if he want me he send to me, and I come to him.'"

Harry was touched when he heard that Hetty had been afflicted by his misfortune. He did not believe Gumbo's story about her fainting; he was accustomed to translate his black's language and to allow for exaggeration. But when Gumbo spoke of the Colonel the young Virginian's spirit was darkened again. "*I send to Lambert,*" he thought, grinding his teeth, "the man who insulted me, and flung my presents back in my face! If I were starving I would not ask him for a crust!" And presently, being dressed, Mr. Warrington called for his breakfast, and dispatched Gumbo with a brief note to Mr. Draper in the Temple, requiring that gentleman's attendance.

"The note was as haughty as if he was writing to one of his negroes, and not to a free-born English

gentleman," Draper said; whom indeed Harry had always treated with insufferable condescension. "It's all very well for a fine gentleman to give himself airs; but for a fellow in a sponging-house! Hang him!" says Draper, "I've a great mind not to go!" Nevertheless, Mr. Draper did go, and found Mr. Warrington in his misfortune even more arrogant than he had ever been in the days of his utmost prosperity. Mr. W. sat on his bed, like a lord, in a splendid gown with his hair dressed. He motioned his black man to fetch him a chair.

"Excuse me, madam, but such haughtiness and airs I ain't accustomed to!" said the outraged attorney.

"Take a chair and go on with your story, my good Mr. Draper?" said Madame de Bernstein, smiling, to whom he went to report proceedings. She was amused at the lawyer's anger. She liked her nephew for being insolent in adversity.

The course which Draper was to pursue in his interview with Harry had been arranged between the Baroness and her man of business on the previous day. Draper was an able man, and likely in most cases to do a client good service; he failed in the present instance because he was piqued and angry, or, more likely still, because he could not understand the gentleman with whom he had to deal. I presume that he who casts his eye on the present page is the most gentle of readers. Gentleman, as you unquestionably are then, my dear sir, have you not remarked in your dealings with people who are no gentlemen, that you offend them not knowing the how or the why? So the man who is no gentleman offends you in a thousand ways of which the poor creature has no idea himself.

He does or says something which provokes your scorn. He perceives that scorn (being always on the watch, and uneasy about himself, his manners and behaviour) and he rages. You speak to him naturally, and he fancies still that you are sneering at him. You have indifference towards him, but he hates *you* and hates you the worse because you don't care. "Gumbo, a chair to Mr. Draper!" says Mr. Warrington, folding his brocaded dressing-gown round his legs as he sits on the dingy bed. "Sit down, if you please, and let us talk my business over. Much obliged to you for coming so soon in reply to my message. Had you heard of this piece of ill-luck before?"

Mr. Draper had heard of the circumstance. "Bad news travel quick, Mr. Warrington," he said; "and I was eager to offer my humble services as soon as ever you should require them. Your friends, your family, will be much pained that a gentleman of your rank should be in such a position."

"I have been very imprudent, Mr. Draper. I have lived beyond my means." (Mr. Draper bowed.) "I played in company with gentlemen who were much richer than myself, and a cursed run of ill-luck has carried away all my ready-money, leaving me with liabilities to the amount of five hundred pounds, and more."

"Five hundred now in the office," says Mr. Draper.

"Well, this is such a trifle that I thought by sending to one or two friends, yesterday, I could have paid my debt and gone home without farther to do. I have been mistaken; and will thank you to have the kindness to put me in the way of raising the money, as soon as may be."

Mr. Draper said "Hm!" and pulled a very grave and long face.

"Why, sir, it can be done!" says Mr. Warrington, staring at the lawyer.

It not only could be done, but Mr. Draper had proposed to Madame Bernstein on the day before instantly to pay the money, and release Mr. Warrington. That lady had declared she intended to make the young gentleman her heir. In common with the rest of the world, Draper believed Harry's hereditary property in Virginia to be as great in money-value as in extent. He had notes in his pocket, and Madame Bernstein's order to pay them under certain conditions: nevertheless, when Harry said, "It can be done!" Draper pulled his long face, and said, "It can be done in time, sir; but it will require a considerable time. To touch the property in England which is yours on Mr. George Warrington's death, we must have the event proved, the trustees released: and who is to do either? Lady Esmond Warrington in Virginia, of course, will not allow her son to remain in prison, but we must wait six months before we hear from her. Has your Bristol agent any authority to honour your drafts?"

"He is only authorised to pay me two hundred pounds a-year," says Mr. Warrington. "I suppose I have no resource, then, but to apply to my aunt, Madame de Bernstein. She will be my security."

"Her ladyship will do anything for you, sir; she has said so to me, often and often," said the lawyer; "and, if she gives the word, at that moment you can walk out of this place."

"Go to her, then, from me, Mr. Draper. I did not

want to have troubled my relations: but rather than continue in this horrible needless imprisonment, I must speak to her. Say where I am, and what has befallen me. Disguise nothing! And tell her, that I confide in her affection and kindness for me to release me from this — this disgrace,” and Mr. Warrington’s voice shook a little, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

“Sir,” says Mr. Draper, eyeing the young man, “I was with her ladyship yesterday, when we talked over the whole of this here most unpleasant — I won’t say as you do, disgraceful business.

“What do you mean, sir? Does Madame de Bernstein know of my misfortune?” asked Harry.

“Every circumstance, sir; the pawning the watches, and all.”

Harry turned burning red. “It is an unfortunate business, the pawning them watches and things which you had never paid for,” continued the lawyer. The young man started up from the bed, looking so fierce that Draper felt a little alarmed.

“It may lead to litigation and unpleasant remarks being made in court, sir. Them barristers respect nothing, and when they get a feller in the box —”

“Great Heaven, sir, you don’t suppose a gentleman of my rank can’t take a watch upon credit without intending to cheat the tradesman?” cried Harry, in the greatest agitation.

“Of course you meant everything that’s honourable; only, you see, the law mayn’t happen to think so,” says Mr. Draper, winking his eye. “(Hang the supercilious beast; I touch him there!) Your aunt says it’s the most imprudent thing ever she heard of — to call it by no *worse* name.”

"You call it by no worse name yourself, Mr. Draper?" says Harry, speaking each word very slow, and evidently trying to keep a command of himself.

Draper did not like his looks. "Heaven forbid that I should say anything as between gentleman and gentleman, — but between me and my client, it's my duty to say, 'Sir, you are in a very unpleasant scrape,' just as a doctor would have to tell his patient, 'Sir, you are very ill.'"

"And you can't help me to pay this debt off, — and you have come only to tell me that I may be accused of roguery?" says Harry.

"Of obtaining goods under false pretences? Most undoubtedly, yes. I can't help it, sir. Don't look as if you would knock me down. (Curse him, I am making him wince, though.) A young gentleman, who has only two hundred a-year from his ma', orders diamonds and watches, and takes 'em to a pawnbroker. You ask me what people will think of such behaviour, and I tell you honestly. Don't be angry with *me*, Mr. Warrington."

"Go on, sir!" says Harry, with a groan.

The lawyer thought the day was his own. "But you ask if I can't help to pay this debt off? And I say Yes — and that here is the money in my pocket to do it now, if you like — not mine, sir, my honoured client's, your aunt, Lady Bernstein. But she has a right to impose her conditions, and I 've brought 'em with me."

"Tell them, sir," says Mr. Harry.

"They are not hard. They are only for your own good: and if you say Yes, we can call a hackney-coach, and go to Clarges Street together, which I have pro-

mised to go there, whether you will or no. Mr. Warrington, I name no names, but there was a question of marriage between you and a certain party."

"Ah!" said Harry; and his countenance looked more cheerful than it had yet done.

"To that marriage my noble client, the Baroness, is most averse — having other views for you, and thinking it will be your ruin to marry a party, — of noble birth and title it is true; but, excuse me, not of first-rate character, and so much older than yourself. You had given an imprudent promise to that party."

"Yes; and she has it still," says Mr. Warrington.

"It has been recovered. She dropped it by an accident at Tunbridge," says Mr. Draper, "so my client informed me; indeed her ladyship showed it me, for the matter of that. It was wrote in bl—"

"Never mind, sir!" cries Harry, turning almost as red as the ink which he had used to write his absurd promise, of which the madness and folly had smote him with shame a thousand times over.

"At the same time letters, wrote to you, and compromising a noble family, were recovered," continues the lawyer. "You had lost 'em. It was no fault of yours. You were away when they were found again. You may say that that noble family, that you yourself, have a friend such as few young men have. Well, sir, there's no earthly promise to bind you — only so many idle words said over a bottle, which very likely any gentleman may forget. Say you won't go on with this marriage — give me and my noble friend your word of honour. Cry off, I say, Mr. W.! Don't be such a d— fool, saving your presence, as to marry an old woman who has jilted scores of men in her time. Say

the word, and I step down stairs, pay every shilling against you in the office, and put you down in my coach, either at your aunt's or at White's Club, if you like, with a couple of hundred in your pocket. Say yes; and give us your hand! There's no use in sitting grinning behind these bars all day!"

So far Mr. Draper had had the best of the talk. Harry only longed himself to be rid of the engagement from which his aunt wanted to free him. His foolish flame for Maria Esmond had died out long since. If she would release him, how thankful would he be! "Come! give us your hand, and say done!" says the lawyer, with a knowing wink. "Don't stand shilly-shallying, sir. Law bless you, Mr. W., if I had married everybody I promised, I should be like the grand Turk, or Captain Macheath in the play!"

The lawyer's familiarity disgusted Harry, who shrank from Draper, scarcely knowing that he did so. He folded his dressing-gown round him, and stepped back from the other's proffered hand. "Give me a little time to think of the matter, if you please, Mr. Draper," he said, "and have the goodness to come to me again in an hour."

"Very good, sir, very good, sir!" says the lawyer, biting his lips, and, as he seized up his hat, turning very red. "Most parties would not want an hour to consider about such an offer as I make you: but I suppose my time must be yours, and I'll come again, and see whether you are to go or to stay. Good morning, sir, good morning:" and he went his way, growling curses down the stairs. "Won't take my hand, won't he? Will tell me in an hour's time! Hang his impudence! I'll show him what an hour is!"

Mr. Draper went to his chambers in dudgeon then; bullied his clerks all round, sent off a messenger to the Baroness, to say that he had waited on the young gentleman, who had demanded a little time for consideration, which was for form's sake, as he had no doubt; the lawyer then saw clients, transacted business, went out to his dinner in the most leisurely manner; and then finally turned his steps towards the neighbouring Cursitor Street. "He'll be at home when I call, the haughty beast!" says Draper, with a sneer. "The Fortunate Youth in his room?" the lawyer asked of the sheriff's officer's aid-de-camp who came to open the double doors.

"Mr. Warrington is in his apartment," said the gentleman, "but —" and here the gentleman winked at Mr. Draper, and laid his hand on his nose.

"But what? Mr. Paddy from Cork!" said the lawyer.

"My name is Costigan; me familee is noble, and me neetive place is the Irish methrawpolis, Mr. Six-and-eightpence!" said the Janitor, scowling at Draper. A rich colour of spirituous liquors filled the little space between the double doors where he held the attorney in conversation.

"Confound you, sir, let me pass!" bawled out Mr. Draper.

"I can hear you perfectly well, Six-and-eightpence, except your h's, which you dthrop out of your conversation. I'll thank ye not to call neems, me good friend, or me fingers and your nose will have to make an intimate hic-quaintance. Walk in, sir? Be polite for the future to your shuparriors in birth and manners, though they me be your infarriors in temporary station.

Confound the kay! Walk in, sir, I say! — Madam, I have the honour of saluting ye most respectfully!”

A lady with her face covered with a capuchin, and further hidden by her handkerchief, uttered a little exclamation as of alarm as she came down the stairs at this instant and hurried past the lawyer. He was pressing forward to look at her — for Mr. Draper was very cavalier in his manners to women — but the bailiff's follower thrust his leg between Draper and the retreating lady, crying, “Keep your own distance, if you please! This way, madam! I at once recognised your ladysh—” Here he closed the door on Draper's nose, and left that attorney to find his own way to his client up-stairs.

At six o'clock that evening the old Baroness de Bernstein was pacing up and down her drawing-room leaning on her crutch, and for ever running to the window when the noise of a coach was heard passing in Clarges Street. She had delayed her dinner from hour to hour: she who scolded so fiercely, on ordinary occasions, if her cook was five minutes after his time. She had ordered two covers to be set out, and some extra dishes to be prepared as if for a little *fête*. Four — five o'clock passed, and at six she looked from the window, and a coach actually stopped at her door.

“Mr. Draper” was announced, and entered bowing profoundly.

The old lady trembled on her stick. “Where is the boy?” she said quickly. “I told you to bring him, sir! How dare you come without him?”

“It is not my fault, madam, that Mr. Warrington refuses to come.” And Draper gave his version of the interview which had just taken place between himself and the young Virginian.

CHAPTER XXIV.

An Apparition.

GOING off in his wrath from his morning's conversation with Harry, Mr. Draper thought he heard the young prisoner speak behind him; and, indeed, Harry had risen, and uttered a half-exclamation to call the lawyer back. But he was proud, and the other offended: Harry checked his words, and Draper did not choose to stop. It wounded Harry's pride to be obliged to humble himself before the lawyer, and to have to yield from mere lack and desire of money. "An hour hence will do as well," thought Harry, and lapsed sulkily on to the bed again. No, he did not care for Maria Esmond. No: he was ashamed of the way in which he had been entrapped into that engagement. A wily and experienced woman, she had cheated his boyish ardour. She had taken unfair advantage of him, as her brother had at play. They were his own flesh and blood, and they ought to have spared him. Instead, one and the other had made a prey of him, and had used him for their selfish ends. He thought how they had betrayed the rights of hospitality: how they had made a victim of the young kinsman who came confiding within their gates. His heart was sore wounded; his head sank back on his pillow: bitter tears wetted it. "Had they come to Virginia," he thought, "I had given them a different welcome!"

He was roused from this mood of despondency by Gumbo's grinning face at his door, who said a lady was come to see Master Harry, and behind the lad came the lady in the capuchin, of whom we have just made mention. Harry sat up, pale and haggard, on his bed.

The lady, with a sob, and almost ere the servant-man withdrew, ran towards the young prisoner, put her arms round his neck with real emotion and a maternal tenderness, sobbed over his pale cheek and kissed it in the midst of plentiful tears, and cried out —

“O, my Harry! Did I ever, ever think to see thee here?”

He started back, scared as it seemed at her presence, but she sank down at the bedside, and seized his feverish hand, and embraced his knees. She had a real regard and tenderness for him. The wretched place in which she found him, his wretched look, filled her heart with a sincere love and pity.

“I — I thought none of you would come!” said poor Harry, with a groan.

More tears, more kisses of the hot young hand, more clasps and pressure with hers, were the lady’s reply for a moment or two.

“O, my dear! my dear! I cannot bear to think of thee in misery,” she sobbed out.

Hardened though it might be, that heart was not all marble — that dreary life not all desert. Harry’s mother could not have been fonder, nor her tones more tender than those of his kinswoman now kneeling at his feet.

“Some of the debts, I fear, were owing to my extravagance!” she said (and this was true). “You bought trinkets and jewels in order to give me pleasure. O, how I hate them now! I little thought I ever could! I have brought them all with me, and more trinkets — here! and here! and all the money I have in the world!”

And she poured brooches, rings, a watch, and a score

or so of guineas into Harry's lap. The sight of which strangely agitated and immensely touched the young man.

"Dearest, kindest cousin!" he sobbed out.

His lips found no more words to utter, but yet, no doubt they served to express his gratitude, his affection, his emotion.

He became quite gay presently, and smiled as he put away some of the trinkets, his presents to Maria, and told her into what danger he had fallen by selling other goods which he had purchased on credit; and how a lawyer had insulted him just now upon this very point. He would not have his dear Maria's money — he had enough, quite enough for the present: but he valued her twenty guineas as much as if they had been twenty thousand. He would never forget her love and kindness: no, by all that was sacred he would not! His mother should know of all her goodness. It had cheered him when he was just on the point of breaking down under his disgrace and misery. Might Heaven bless her for it! There is no need to pursue beyond this, the cousins' conversation. The dark day seemed brighter to Harry after Maria's visit: the imprisonment not so hard to bear. The world was not all selfish and cold. Here was a fond creature who really and truly loved him. Even Castlewood was not so bad as he had thought. He had expressed the deepest grief at not being able to assist his kinsman. He was hopelessly in debt. Every shilling he had won from Harry he had lost on the next day to others. Anything that lay in his power he would do. He would come soon and see Mr. Warrington: he was in waiting to-day, and as much a prisoner as Harry himself. So the pair talked on cheerfully and affectionately until the dark-

ness began to close in, when Maria, with a sigh, bade Harry farewell.

The door scarcely closed upon her, when it opened to admit Draper.

"Your humble servant, sir," says the attorney. His voice jarred upon Harry's ear, and his presence offended the young man.

"I had expected you some hours ago, sir," he curtly said.

"A lawyer's time is not always his own, sir," said Mr. Draper, who had just been in consultation with a bottle of port at the Grecian. "Never mind, I'm at your orders now. Presume it's all right, Mr. Warrington. Packed your trunk? Why, now, there you are in your bed-gown still. Let me go down and settle whilst you call in your black man and titivate a bit. I've a coach at the door, and we'll be off and dine with the old lady."

"Are you going to dine with the Baroness de Bernstein, pray?"

"Not me — no such honour. Had my dinner already. It's you are a-going to dine with your aunt, I suppose?"

"Mr. Draper, you suppose a great deal more than you know," says Mr. Warrington, looking very fierce and tall, as he folds his brocade dressing-gown round him.

"Great goodness, sir, what do you mean?" asks Draper.

"I mean, sir, that I have considered, and, that having given my word to a faithful and honourable lady, it does not become me to withdraw it."

"Confound it, sir!" shrieks the lawyer, "I tell you

she has lost the paper. There's nothing to bind you — nothing. Why she's old enough to be —"

"Enough, sir," says Mr. Warrington, with a stamp of his foot. "You seem to think you are talking to some other pettifogger. I take it, Mr. Draper, you are not accustomed to have dealings with men of honour."

"Pettifogger, indeed," cries Draper in a fury. "Men of honour, indeed! I'd have you to know, Mr. Warrington, that I'm as good a man of honour as you. I don't know so many gamblers and horse-jockeys, perhaps. I haven't gambled away my patrimony, and lived as if I was a nobleman on two hundred a-year. I haven't bought watches on credit, and pawned — touch me if you dare, sir," and the lawyer sprang to the door.

"That is the way out, sir. You can't go through the window, because it is barred," said Mr. Warrington.

"And the answer I take to my client is No, then!" screamed out Draper.

Harry stepped forward, with his two hands clenched. "If you utter another word," he said, "I'll —" The door was shut rapidly — the sentence was never finished, and Draper went away furious to Madame de Bernstein, from whom, though he gave her the best version of his story, he got still fiercer language than he had received from Mr. Warrington himself.

"What? Shall she trust me, and I desert her?" says Harry, stalking up and down his room in his flowing, rustling brocade. "Dear, faithful, generous woman! If I lie in prison for years, I'll be true to her."

Her lawyer dismissed after a stormy interview, the desolate old woman was fain to sit down to the meal which she had hoped to share with her nephew. The

chair was before her which he was to have filled, the glasses shining by the silver. One dish after another was laid before her by the silent major-domo, and tasted and pushed away. The man pressed his mistress at last. "It is eight o'clock," he said. "You have had nothing all day. It is good for you to eat." She could not eat. She would have her coffee. Let Case go get her her coffee. The lacqueys bore the dishes off the table, leaving their mistress sitting at it before the vacant chair.

Presently the old servant re-entered the room without his lady's coffee and with a strange scared face, and said, "Mr. WARRINGTON!"

The old woman uttered an exclamation, got up from her arm chair, but sank back in it trembling very much. "So you are come, sir, are you?" she said, with a fond shaking voice. "Bring back the — Ah!" here she screamed, "Gracious God, who is it?" Her eyes stared wildly: her white face looked ghastly through her rouge. She clung to the arms of her chair for support, as the visitor approached her.

A gentleman whose face and figure exactly resembled Harry Warrington, and whose voice, when he spoke, had tones strangely similar, had followed the servant into the room. He bowed low towards the Baroness.

"You expected my brother, madam?" he said. "I am but now arrived in London. I went to his house. I met his servant at your door, who was bearing this letter for you. I thought I would bring it to your ladyship before going to him," — and the stranger laid down a letter before Madame Bernstein.

"Are you" — gasped out the Baroness — "are you my nephew, that we supposed was —"

"Was killed — and is alive! I am George Warrington, madam, and I ask his kinsfolk, what have you done with my brother?"

"Look, George!" said the bewildered old lady. "I expected him here to-night — that chair was set for him — I have been waiting for him, sir, till now — till I am quite faint — I don't like — I don't like being alone. Do stay and sup with me!"

"Pardon me, madam. Please God, my supper will be with Harry to-night!"

"Bring him back. Bring him back here on any conditions! It is but five hundred pounds! Here is the money, sir, if you need it!"

"I have no want, madam. I have money with me that can't be better employed than in my brother's service."

"And you will bring him to me, sir! Say you will bring him to me!"

Mr. Warrington made a very stately bow for answer, and quitted the room, passing by the amazed domestics, and calling with an air of authority to Gumbo to follow him.

Had Mr. Harry received no letters from home? Master Harry had not opened all his letters the last day or two. Had he received no letter announcing his brother's escape from the French settlements and return to Virginia? O, no! No such letter had come, else Master Harry certainly tell Gumbo. Quick, horses! Quick by Strand to Temple Bar! Here is the house of Captivity and the Deliverer come to the rescue!

END OF VOLUME II.



